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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

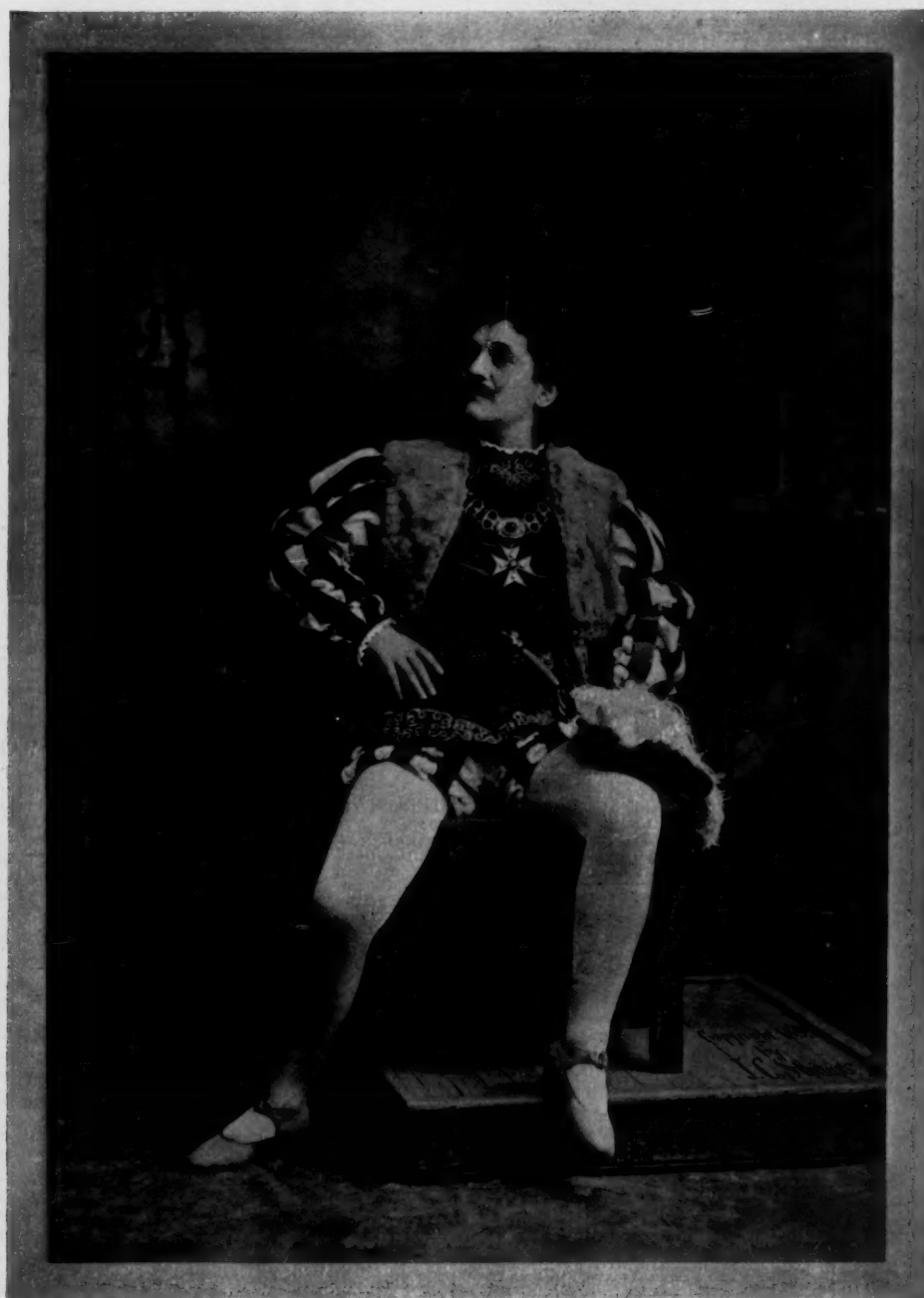
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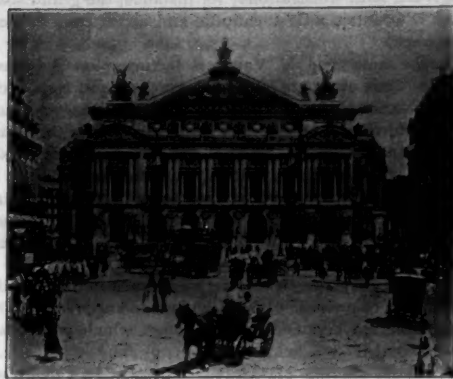
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PARIS, February 14, 1896.

BERLIOZ ON THE NINE SYMPHONIES.

To be a hero costs many a tear.—BERLIOZ.

AFTER an almost inspired treatise on the Heroic Symphony in his book *À Travers Chants*, Berlioz drops into reflection as to the effect of composition on the general public, in this fashion:

"One of the greatest of mysteries to me is why people are not more touched and enthused by the Heroic Symphony. But the fact remains that they are not. I have watched it again and again. They admire it, they realize its grandeur and nobility, but they seem to take it as a matter of course, as though it were something that anybody could do, and did do every day.

"When all is said and done, I am afraid it is true (and what a sad truth it is!) that the composer often lacks the power to get down to where the people are, and bring them up with him to the plane of inspiration on which he stands. Burning with enthusiasm himself, and expressing to himself all that he feels, yet there is missing that subtle link of communication between his soul and theirs—he leaves the audience cold.

"The wonder does not end here. Still more so that the same audience becomes thrilled and stirred by other works of equal, but no greater, worth. All appreciate the allegretto in A minor of the Seventh Symphony, the allegretto scherzando of the Eighth, the finale of the Fifth, the scherzo of the Ninth, but, outside of being impressed by its admirable grandeur, they rest comparatively cold beside the Heroic Symphony. Why?

"No philosophy explains this. It is useless to say that it is the depth or profound excellence of a creation that holds it apart from human sympathy, that the causes of emotion are subtle and inappreciable. All that does not console the writer for the mysterious lack, for lack it must be called, in himself. Neither does it calm the indignation, involuntary, instinctive, absurd, even, which fills the heart at seeing that inert perception of a public before a divine marvel of inspiration.

"It is a dreadful thing to say, but how much more sad to think, that what is beautiful to me is banal to my best friend, that a work which stirs me leaves him cold and unmoved.

"I am afraid that the bare truth of the matter is that to many of the most poetic taste, only the trivial and feeble portions of music arrive. They have no suspicion of the beauty possible to a great chef d'œuvre. This is a sad fact, but an incontestable one. Only the stubbornness of hope prevents this truth from being generally accepted.

"I have seen a dog howl with passionate pleasure at hearing major thirds played double on a violin, an effect produced by no other beauties of fifth, sixth, or octave. In regard to the grand musical conception, the general public is much like this animal. They have certain nerves which vibrate at certain resonances, but this incomplete (or untrained) organization is absolutely incapable of grappling with the larger influences. It is folly to count upon the finesse of art to produce it upon them. The composer has nothing to do but follow blindly his own instinct as to what he must produce, resigning himself in advance to total disappointment from the public as a mass."

[In speaking of a "composer" in this sense one must think of a man who is forced to write what is in him, regardless of impression; not one who gathers from without on purpose to produce an impression.]

In analyzing the Heroic Symphony Berlioz expresses the keenest regret that the real title of the composition has been cut in two, thus impeding the correct conception of the work.

The original title was, "Heroic Symphony; to Fête the Memory of a Hero."

This makes the subject not to deal with the noise of battle and triumphal march, but with the profound and serious thought, the sense of responsibility, the melancholy memories, the ceremonies imposing in their grand-

eur and sadness—a sort of summary of the reflections that underly the thoughts of a great man, a funeral oration, as it were, of a hero.

The first part in triple time opens equal and waltz-like, an allegro sonorous and dramatic. The energetic theme does not at first appear in its entirety. For several measures only the suggestion of the idea is given. The rhythm is remarkable in the frequency of syncopation and in the strange combination of measure in double time, being thrown into triple measure by halting rhythms.

After this a sort of unconquerable fury appears, in the rude dissonances which follow. It is a voice of rage and despair, with question as to the why of this emotion in the hidden motive. Suddenly the music calms, as if weakened by agitation, and this is followed by the sweetest phrases of tender sadness.

This theme is made to appear, or only indicated, in a multitude of melodies and harmonious aspects one so eccentric and bizarre that the first editor who published it corrected it, supposing it to be a serious error. In it three notes of the tonic chord are made to strike against two dissonant chords of the dominant. A vigorous chorus of instruments resolves the almost unbearable tension, the violoncellos bringing in the theme entire through a piano entrance, when the natural harmony continues.

Beethoven held strongly to this eccentricity, difficult enough to account for by ordinary criticism. He once, indeed, was present at a rehearsal of the work in which the chef d'orchestre scolded the instrumentalists as coming in too soon, and got soundly rated himself in consequence by the irritated composer. This is the only instance of such peculiarity in the entire composition.

The funeral march is a drama in itself, especially the close, which is infinitely touching. The theme reappears, but by fragmentary passages, cut by silences the most effective, with contre-basse pizzicato accompaniment.

After these rays of grief, naked, broken, bruised and alone, have passed one by one to the tonic, a cry is sent forth by the wind instruments, as if a last adieu by warriors to their companions, and the whole orchestra dies in pianissimo.

The word scherzo, meaning play or oadinage, is a conventional arrangement, or rather naming, but it required the genius of a Beethoven to make it accord with this epic composition. The rhythm of the scherzo is indeed there, but it is the scherzo of grief, not of gladness, as one might imagine the play of the Iliad warriors celebrating over the tombs of their chiefs. The grave, sombre color is faithfully guarded, and the profound sadness belonging to the subject. The finale is but a development of the same idea.

An illustration of tone shading unknown before Beethoven's time is found in the opening passages of the finale, in which a B flat, struck by the violins, is repeated by the flutes and hautbois in the form of an echo. Although the same note of the scale, the same equality of force, and the same movement, the difference in the tone color between the two is as the difference between blue and violet.

This finale is constructed on a fugue theme, very simple, upon which two other themes (one of great beauty) are built. The melody reappears before the close with a slower movement, and a harmony of twice the sadness. After these last regrets of memory the composition leaves the elegy to paint the hero's glory, full of vital éclat, crowning with dignity this colossal musical monument. This may not be the most striking or effective of the symphonies for the general public, but it is so strong in thought and execution, the style so nervous and constantly elevated, and the form so poetic that it ranks with the greatest of Beethoven's works.

What a week for the Dead March! Alas! prince and peasant, prophet, priest and painter, each filling his turn and falling off, and the only question being, "Did he fill his turn?"

Madame Gayraud-Pacini, a musician now established in Paris, was for ten years teacher of music to the children of the Princess of Wales. Nothing wonderful in that, except the fact of a Frenchwoman leaving her country for any consideration at that time. It seems that she had as pupil in France an English lady who was intimate at court and suggested madame as one of rare imparting gift, and so she was called to the position.

Solfège, the early principles of piano and music talks were the burden of her work. The royal children were bright and intelligent, and extremely docile, with the gentle, lady-like demeanor for which their mother is remarkable.

Always original, madame has chosen for her specialty in teaching that important but neglected department, voice placing.

She has bent her energies in the direction of study for teaching. She believes firmly in the necessity of an anatomical and physical knowledge of the tones' home. She is besides a charming pianist and accompanist. Her ideas are all basic and fundamental, and certainly it would be

well for the vocal art to-day if more teachers were grounded in these matters.

It would also be well if more teachers consulted their special fitness and concentrated upon it as a specialty. Why not have more teachers who confine themselves to voice placing, to répertory, to teaching departments, &c.? Surely it would be just as lucrative, and what relief to girls to know just where to go for what they wanted! Voice placing during ten minutes of a lesson, and Lakmé the other twenty, with diction, French, gesture and talk mixed in, is not a practical division of time for people who come over here (as Americans do) to study singing.

Of course Americans are wrong to come here to study that way, but that should not prevent their teachers from acting logically for their own good.

"I tell you what," said a fair minded teacher in acknowledging the truth of some teaching theories offered—"I tell you what, after you have got in twenty lessons a day you do not have very much time to think of all those fine things!"

Did not the man strike right on the head the clon of the foreign education failure?

Has anyone a right to give twenty lessons a day, and by so doing crowd out those practices which he knows to be wise and just as theories? Is it wise to do it? Would not ten good, useful, musicianly pupils, on whom any director could count, pay better for a reputation? And reputation means money. Let any teacher establish such a prestige as this and she or he will not have to stand the strain of a muddy stream running in one door and out the other the entire season. It is this vulgar irregularity that keeps some teachers poor all the time, and obliged to keep a quantity of useless material on hand in order to pay their rent.

"Do you know what would happen if we were to begin to draw the educational lines tight around the girls in the manner you suggest?" asked another. "Two-thirds of them would go away to other teachers, and if all the teachers agreed upon the same just course, why two-thirds of them would go home!"

Delightful! Just the thing! The thing of all others to be desired! The survival of the fittest. Let the poor material go home. That is, the poor artistic material. They would all doubtless make something good and useful out of their lives if once convinced by their teachers that they were thoroughly incapacitated for stage fame.

"What makes you think she will never make a stage success?" asked one lady of another, when speaking of the folly of a certain girl's staying over here "studying for opera" at heavy expense.

"Why, just look at her," was the reply. "She is thin and flat and narrow chested. She turns her toes in, her arms are long and awkward. She has no special looks—is just like hundreds of girls. She has nice skin and hair—the two features of no use on the stage. She is not gifted, cannot read at sight, and has no special ear or memory. Then she is hopelessly stiff and awkward, and she has not a voice to offset these things. Act! Why, she would not make a stir in a church sociable, let alone in the world."

"Her teacher says she will be ready for opera in a year."

"Her teacher is very wrong to offer any such hope as that; she has not the least dramatic instinct."

"I know; but look at Melba!"

This look at Melba has become the watchword of Forlorn Hope to modern times.

"It has been a commerce, you see," said a smart Frenchman. "Vocal art has become an industry. Why should not these teachers make their living by their goods, the same as the manufacturers of stoves and wash boilers do?"

There is a big difference. One is a case of demand and supply. The other is a case of supply and no demand. Two-thirds of the vocal harvest consist of broken hopes and throats, disappointed women, discontented housekeepers, and bad mothers.

"It is a mania!" said a farsighted home lover up in Passy. It is a mania belonging to the time and going with all the rest of it to point to a decadence of home on the modern earth. It is plain to be seen. The immense travel spirit, the ennui and discontent of the small circle the hotel and apartment life, the maternal infelicity, the divorce and mock marriage laws, the parody on motherhood, and the craze for stage adulation. It is all of a piece. Home is becoming a thing of the past.

"A big change and revolution is coming one of these days, but meantime the mania of these poor creatures will have to run its course. You cannot do anything with them. Let them alone."

An enterprise here which ought to be encouraged in this day and generation is the free normal school for the preparation of teachers of piano. This philanthropic and artistic work, founded in 1893 by an enthusiastic music lover, Mme. Marguerite Balutet, has for its object the training of pianists in the art of teaching, an art wholly separate from that of execution and equally if not more important.

Besides virtuosity are taught the principles and history

of music, the life of masters, and their works, harmony, accompaniment, pedagogy, and the practice of the professorat. At the close of every year the best pupils pass a series of examinations before a jury composed of the best artists in Paris. After five tests successfully passed certificates of capacity of two degrees, signed by the jury, form a diploma on which parents, and those wishing to secure teachers, can depend as guarantees of fitness to instruct.

M. Guilman is president of the examining committee, of which MM. Viardot, Pierné, d'Harcourt, Vincent d'Indy, Xavier Leroux, Vidal, Salomé, Mangin, Fauré Boellman, &c., are members. The committee of patronage numbers, besides many distinguished musicians, MM. Dubois, Widor, Delaborde, Marmontel, Roujon, Taffanel, Lyon, Marsick, Faure and others. It is a most astonishing thing that a country with the artistic foresight of France does not take this subject in hand and compel the following of its example by all art teachers.

Art teachings of all kinds should be free as the sowing of dandelion by the wind. But artist makers should not be left to the movements of their own sweet wills, nor should "artists" (?) be turned out by the gross, like collar buttons.

PRACTICE IN TALKING FRENCH.

A French lady, stirred by the treatise on the study of French in Paris which appeared in a recent issue of THE MUSICAL COURIER, has decided to open her parlors once a week to pupils and other foreigners who complain of a lack of opportunity for hearing and talking French.

The plan of work is somewhat unique and is just exactly what is needed. For 2 fra. each people may step in from 2 to 5 every Monday afternoon, hear French conversation, speak all they wish to, under correction, hear pieces recited, songs sung, and plays given, to accustom the opening ears to the new language, and pass a delightful afternoon, without hearing a word of English or reciting a lesson. People who cannot give the three hours may leave when they please, and if one day a week proves the success that is expected, others will be devoted to the same practical measure, and students of French will no longer have to complain that they have no chance to speak or hear.

Madame Hammer is the name of the lady. She is the wife of a well-known violinist and composer, and 77 rue Blanche is the address, a locality in the centre of the city and easily reached from all points. I heartily recommend the enterprise to my compatriots in Paris, as students or as visitors. Go next Monday anyway and see.

The strident Valkyrie cries were changed for Donizetti echoes at the Opéra this week, in the revival of *La Favorite*. The tragic sadness of the life and death of the king's favorite was softened by Delibes' always charming *Coppelia* ballet, also a revival, which followed.

Mme. Deschamps-Jehin, whose last effort was *Jeanne* in La Jacquerie, at Monte Carlo, was *Leonore*, Alvares *Fernand*, Renaud, of Evening Star fame, *Alphonse*; Gresse, *Balthazar*. Opéra audiences seem to have forgotten how to be enthusiastic, but the duo of the last act was encored, and satisfaction seemed general. The addition of the ballet, written for the opera, but usually cut out, was liked by some, while others would have preferred the story without it. The décor was quite new, owing to the destruction of the ancient properties by fire a few years ago.

The way to see what havoc modern declamation is working with singers is to hear them return to these simple melodies after having been singing Wagner.

This is not the place to discuss whether it is the false methods of singing Wagner intervals, or the practice of singing them, that has worked this disaster, but certain it is that the same voices which sounded strained and incapable in Wagner, sound used and old in Donizetti. Habits of phrasing and breathing are likewise changed—and we are changed too. To the most unmusical person there is

something lacking in the simple, sweet harmonies in their teens. Our ears have become accustomed to the philosophy, penetration and voluptuousness of maturity in sound. However much we may regret it, we have gone past the moonlight walk series, never to return—until he comes who can unite the two, and then we will go mad for music.

It is said by French people that since M. Faure left the Opéra no one has sung with the color, power and sonority of Renaud, the baritone. In 1840, when this opera first appeared, it was sung by Dupré, Mme. Stoltz, Levasseur and Baroillet. Mme. Deschamps will be replaced this week by Mlle. Dufrane.

This performance of *La Favorite* was the last representation conducted by M. Madier de Montjau, who resigns this season (according to the age limit regulation of the Academy) with the well earned honor and love of the Parisian music world.

In connection with the reprise of the Barber of Seville at the Opéra Comique, it may be recalled that the version of this opera by Beaumarchais was given in 1776 at the Petit Trianon, and that at a time when Marie Antoinette ought to have been close by the side of her august and feeble minded husband, directing (unconsciously) his wabbling mind to the clouds on the darkling horizon, and the best manner to disperse them, or to get in out of the wet, she was powdering her piquant nose in an extemporized greenroom and mincing through the marchings of *Rosine* in the château down by the shadowed lake.

A hint to the wise is sufficient.

Mme. Emma Eames has refused a magnificent engagement in Russia in order to devote herself wholly to her Monte Carlo engagements and to the serious preparation for them. For the latter she is to sing in six representations of *Hamlet* with Tamagno, after which she returns to Paris to study Ghisella, by César Franck, which is to be a creation, the prima donna singing in the title rôle; also in Monte Carlo. Study will be further continued then to the time of her departure for the London season.

All the studying is being done with Trabadello, in whom she fervently believes. Those who have heard her sing say that her progress in stage warmth and fervor is remarkable. Her voice and interpretation are also improved. Best wishes of all Americans for the best success of their talented and beautiful compatriot.

News comes at the last moment of the serious illness of Mr. Ambroise Thomas. Although his friends are disturbed, his early recovery is hoped and earnestly prayed for. M. Thomas has devoted himself this year to the heavy duties of his responsible position with the ardor and devotion of twenty years.

This afternoon the Opéra Comique orchestra read through for the first time the Orphée score. This was first given in 1774 at the Royal Academy. I believe it had been previously given in Vienna. It has not been played in Paris since 1859, when Pauline Viardot, Marie Sasse, Marimon and Moreau were in the cast.

It seems that since then the heroine's score has been altered more or less to suit various registers of singers, but as Delna's wonderful organ is equal to the task the original Viardot score will be followed. Not a little interest is being felt in the possibilities of the young artist.

M. Lamoureux has been giving supplemental concerts on Thursday evenings recently. This week he will have the interesting assistance of M. Safonoff, director of the Imperial Conservatoire of Moscow, and of his pupil, M. Lhévinne, who, it will be remembered, won the Rubinstein prize at Berlin. The latter will play the last concerto written by Rubinstein, his teacher conducting.

M. Bruneau is finishing a Zola opera for the Opéra of next year. More later. MM. Cain and Morand are writing for Pierné *L'île Heureuse*. An international concert devoted to Russian composition has been the latest at Monte Carlo. M. Bourgault Ducoudray is talking on the progress of Italian dramatic music under Cesti and

Legrenzi, with illustrations; for instance, the grand scene from *D'Oronte*, a Cesti cantata, and an air from *Étécle*, this week.

At the same time M. Vanor is lecturing on A Concert of the Time of Louis XV., with clavessin and lyric declamation accompaniment, and An Hour of Russian Music, with lecture by M. Pierre d'Alheim, takes place this afternoon at the Bodinière. The life and works of Moussorgski, 1839-81, with selections, will be the feature of this last.

M. Colonne gives the next fragments from the third act of *Crépuscule des Dieux*, including the taunting of *Siegfried* by the tricky Rhine girls, his death, the funeral march, and the end of the godly dynasty.

M. Henry Eymien, whose active interest in the direction of modern composition is well known and appreciated, has just published Ten Old French Songs, which promises to be welcomed.

An artist singing Massenet's *Manon* in Stockholm was recalled twenty-nine times in one evening. One would imagine her fortune made. Her name is Mlle. Petri.

M. Faure, President of the republic, caused a delightful surprise at the Opéra on Sunday by his appearance, all unannounced and unexpected, at the concert for the promotion of young French music. His appearance was the cause of enthusiastic and prolonged applause. He stayed to the very last note and betrayed the warmest interest. He had the grace to summon to his loge the oldest of the young men whose unpublished work was rendered, and to express to him and his companions the interest in and appreciation of their work and talents by the state. The directors and chefs d'orchestre were likewise congratulated. It was a joyous occasion.

The Opéra direction speaks of a reproduction of Don Juan, with Renaud in the rôle of the *Don*. This is good news.

M. Stephane Mallarme has been chosen prince of the poets by the young French school (?), in place of Verlaine deceased. Sully Prudhomme, Richepin, Coppée, Rodenbach, Mistral and Tailhade were among the other candidates.

Photography through wood, eh? No more cupboard lovers, madame. Brains may be regulated aussi, n'est-ce pas?

It may surprise our pampered choir singers a little to know that in religious Paris an earnest effort is constantly made to suppress feminine representation in the choirs. Some women slip in, take off their bonnets, part their hair on one side, sit low behind the railing, sing alto, and the good man at the altar is none the wiser. Others get in by force of talent and that forceful progress that tramples on tradition, but if the bishops had their way these Eves would not be allowed in the holy gardens.

Everybody forgets, everywhere, that it took an Adam and an Eve to eat an apple, but that's nothing here nor there.

Among the women who have been spared by the avenging sword have been Madame Krauss, Madame Richard, Mlle. Sanderson, the Baroness de Caters, daughter of the great Lablache; Duchemin, Gueymard-Lautrec, Watat, Vicountess de Trédern, Mmes. Duménil and Vidal, Rambaud and the Countess Malvezzi. Women and girls are allowed, I believe, on fête occasions in the choruses of la Madeleine and Notre Dame des Victoires.

A symphony for organ and orchestra by M. Guilman is to be played in Italy soon. M. Pugno is called to replace M. Fissot as piano teacher at the Conservatoire. M. Saint-Saëns sends a new song, *Sérénité*, to Durand, and they are showing an almost American invention down in Italy by producing one act of the three act *Maitre de Chapelle*, by Paer (French), without excuse, apology or explanation. It costs less, that's one thing, and who cares for the heads and tails of things any way, even of fish!

A lyric dramatist, returning from his daily task the other night, met on one of the city bridges a man to whom he imagined he "owed one." It was only after he had

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Gertrude May Stein

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thumped the life almost out of the astonished and unfortunate other one that he found it was not his man at all! He is apologizing back of the key of the depot this morning.

Miss Maud Roudé (Roudebush) has been singing the difficult duo of *Brünnhilde* and *Sigurd* admirably in Rouen. Applause was deafening, and bravas were called, and the theatre was filled to standing room.

Miss Reid is studying *Desdemona* with Madame Artot, and *Michaela* in Carmen.

By the way, Madame Marchesi was a pupil of Manuel Garcia, with whom she studied four years in Paris, and not of Madame Viardot, her distinguished sister, as recently stated by mistake.

You have recently read of the efforts of a M. Yersin, a pupil of Pasteur, in the direction of exorcising the plague in India. The young man is a cousin of the Yersin sisters, who are likely to become equally famous and useful by their method of teaching foreigners how to pronounce French correctly.

That is all right; one member of the family busy with the bacilli of the plague in India; two at home busy with the plague bacilli of bad French pronunciation in foreigners.

The Italian prima donna Madame Torrigi-Heiroth, recently established in Paris as teacher, gave a charming soirée this week, in which many beautiful selections were sung by the hostess and M. Valero, and the violin was admirably played by M. Herwegh. Madame Torrigi-Heiroth is an exponent of the Viardot-Garcia method.

In crossing the Alps, whenever it came to any of those tight squeezes of difficulty when the skein knotted, and the camel's back began to show the presence of the last straw, Napoleon always had the band play. And somehow or other, the rock clave, the straitened horses gave the supreme pull, the heavy cannons slipped through, weary soldier feet caught grip in the slippery ground, and the thing was done—somehow or other whenever the band played!

What a man, what a man, what a god of a man! What did he not know, and what did he not do! Except to die happily!

It would require more than the genius of a Beethoven to express the ineffable pathos of Napoleon's reflections. Once you get it right, there is the most heartbreaking story in all the earth.

Not his death. Everybody dies. Disappointed ambition. That's nothing. Lonely captivity; many have had it. Ingratitude, perfidy, humiliation; common thorns all these. It was worse than all that with him. He lost the trail!

Think what it meant for him to lose the scent of his own instinct! Think what it meant for the light of intuition to go suddenly out and leave the man to grope around and feel his way like common folk! Think, if you can without a torn heart, of the lonely man when he lost himself! The saddest story in the whole world's history. And what a discouraging story! What chance for any of us utilizing the resources of life, when Napoleon missed it! What chance for happiness for anybody when Napoleon was sad! What chance for anybody in anything, I want to know, when Napoleon did not make it!

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

Students' and Artists' Concert.—A students' and artists' concert by the National Institute of Music, New York, was held in Steinway Hall on Monday evening, February 3, and was a very creditable and encouraging performance. Prof. Wm. M. Semnacher, principal of the institute, had secured the assistance of Mme. Human-Blum, soprano; Miss Minnie Blenner, soprano, and the pupils of Mr. Ernst Bauer, principal violin teacher of the institute. Pauline Semnacher, Mamie Silberfeld, Angele Spielmann, Helen Koeszler, Bessie Silberfeld, Lillie Spielmann, Herbert Small, Ludwig Mondly, Mr. Richard Hahn, Mr. Lawrence Streitz and Willie Semnacher were among the performers.

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Music in Vienna.

VIENNA, January 31, 1906.

SAUER may be the next greatest sensation in the musical world. In the first place he has a head of hair that is only second to Paderewski's, albeit of sombre hue, and his fine, handsome boyish face and figure, together with his tout ensemble of manner and bearing, remind one of the gentlemen of the old school in the latter part of the eighteenth century or the early part of the present century.

He looks like a poet, and he plays like one. His first touch on the keys as he began the sadly beautiful and beautifully sad air of the Schubert Andantino and Variations in B minor, arranged by Tausig, told us all in a second that there was a dreamer, a poet, an idealist—in short, a bona fide musician before us. I thought of Keats—only a happy, successful Keats—as I watched him playing; I thought of an æolian harp as I listened, and when he then took up that most beautiful poem of the Beethoven muse, the A major sonata, op. 110, Beethoven's Christmas gift to the world (the MS. sonata bears the date of December 25, 1821), it seemed that Sauer had all at once been seized with the mood of holy consecration in which this lyric and epic combined, so like a fragment from some Christian Iliad written for the Christian world, must have been composed.

A St. Cecilia at her organ could not have better caught the spirit of the loftiest, most exalted soul that ever penetrated and understood the divine mysteries of music. It will be remembered that a sort of intermezzo in F minor follows the first movement, then a short adagio and lastly a fugue. Before the last movement he paused a moment, and then began the most soulful and poetic interpretation of this fugue that has ever been my good fortune to listen to. In a few years Paderewski will have to look well to his laurels if Sauer continues to develop in this fashion.

One of the few criticisms that can be made upon Sauer's playing is that in fortissimo passages, especially in chords, he attacks the keyboard so as to cut off the tone, and this sometimes produced a hard, metallic effect. Indeed as one listened it was difficult to believe that it was the same artist who a minute before was melting us with soft, dreamy strains of zephyrous melancholy, and who could then pounce down upon the keys in a manner that would give concussion of the brain to every little hammer individual under the wires.

I have never heard Paderewski play the Schumann Carnival; I very much wished that I had, so that I could compare notes. The most that I can say for Sauer is that I, at least, have never heard it played so well. Individuality is a word which I think will characterize Sauer. Rubinstein, you will remember, said in speaking of the hordes of artists who pose in public, that they "all played very well;" it was only the one in a thousand that displayed the individuality of genius.

I thought he took the nocturne of Chopin, op. 37, No. 2, a trifle too fast perhaps; but it is more dangerous to attempt in too slow a tempo. If too fast, however, the second theme loses a little of its dignity and seriousness. That tremendous B minor scherzo of Chopin seemed to have no difficulties for Sauer; but here, too, I think the second part—the sostenuto—loses much by being played too fast. I never heard any other artist take this in so rapid a tempo.

There were three numbers of Sauer's compositions on the program—*Französisches Ständchen*, *Menuetto in alter Weise*, *Concert Etude (Waldesflüster)*.

The menuet was charming, and so were the other two numbers, for that matter; but there were echoes from Mozart, Bach and Haydn in the menuet, and either one of these masters might have risen up and called him blessed. The *Liebesträume* of Liszt and *Galop aus Le Bal* of Rubinstein closed the program, and then these enthusiastic, music mad Viennese gave him an ovation that would have fairly turned the head of a less modest artist. Leschetizky remained with the rest, and seemed delighted

with the first encore, *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges* of Mendelssohn; for poetic warmth of expression this was the master stroke of the evening. The platform of the Bösendorfer Saal was crowded, and when the "Diener" came to close the piano the hall was in an uproar of protest. This demonstration seemed a little appalling to the gentle, unassuming pianist; he came out again and gave a very short encore, and then in some unseen manner was spirited away. Not two-thirds of the people who had crowded around to get a view of him saw him leave. So swiftly was he conducted through the crowd that "Where is he?" "Where did he go?" "When did he go?" were asked on all sides. Sauer certainly took Vienna by storm this year.

Mrs. Henschel gave four concerts here, the last—farewell—concert being on the 23d inst. She has been fêted, dined and rejoiced over, petted, caressed and admired ever since she has been here, and I should think that, on the whole, it might be very nice to be a favorite with the Viennese.

On the same evening Prof. César Thomson gave a concert, with the assistance of one of Italy's most prominent operatic singers, Isabella Stricher, from Mailand, who is said to have celebrated great triumphs on the operatic stage in Spain, Italy, Portugal and South America, and to have just returned from a brilliant tour through Russia, where she sang at court before the Emperor. As a coloratura singer Stricher certainly deserves great praise. She has a voice and vocal technic that Patti might be proud of, and her compass is remarkable. She spoiled much of her artistic effect, however, by mannerisms that were suitable only to the stage and not at all to the concert hall. Stricher needs to cultivate a dignity and elegance of manner worthy of her voice and undoubted musical gifts. She sang arias from Bellini's *Die Puritaner* and Mignon; also Pixis' famous variations for coloratura voice.

The Nikita-Naval concert did not have the brilliant success in numbers that their efforts deserved. Nikita was in excellent voice and Naval at his best. Naval is considered the first lyric tenor of the Berlin Royal Opera, I believe. He did not appear to an advantage as the Evangelist in the Bach Christmas oratorio, but as a singer of Lieder he is simply above criticism. This is the first time he has appeared in public in this capacity since he left the Viennese Conservatory. Two years ago he scored such a success in the opera here that he was called to Berlin as a result. Some of his songs from Schubert, Mendelssohn, Mozart and Beethoven were delicious to the ear. His voice has a smooth, soft, velvety quality and a silvery *Kling* that is rare in a male voice; his range, too, will compare well with Van Dyck's.

The duet from Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*, which he sang with Nikita and which was accompanied by orchestra, Richter directing, was given with a profoundly impressive effect. All the rich wealth of Nikita's fine voice blended marvelously well with Naval's, and the masterly orchestral accompaniment combined to make this by far the most enjoyable number of the evening. For, although I may be uttering a heresy, I confess I was rather disappointed in Nikita. All these airs and graces of song and manner supposed to be so "taking" in public favor seem to me very tame and overdone, ad nauseam usque. To do Nikita full justice, however, one must acknowledge that our fair countrywoman is vocally well-nigh irreplaceable.

In the fourth subscription concert of the Quartet Rosé a clavier quintet of Sgambati was heard for the first time. Ernest Consolo was at the piano. The latter is to give a concert on February 7.

As I had engagements which conflicted I did not hear Margit Abranyi, of the Hungarian Royal Opera, who gave a concert on the 30th inst., with the assistance of the pianist Fr. Gusti Meitner; or the concert of Anton Sistermans, whose program was made up of songs from Schubert, Brahms, Schumann, Rückauf and some old German Volks songs.

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Hubermann, was warmly applauded by the orchestra at his rehearsal before his concert of last Wednesday night, and heartily congratulated by them afterward. His concert was a brilliant success financially and socially, for it was another occasion for the Viennese élite to appear in full dress and large numbers to do honor to the gifts of this marvelous child of ten years. Whether one listened to the Bach adagio and fugue or the Wagner Albumblatt or the Hungarian Dances of Brahms-Joachim, it was alike difficult to believe that it was a mere child not so far removed from infancy before us, who with such clear, pure, silvery tones and an evidently well-nigh complete mastery of violin technic, was interpreting these compositions with all the power of a fully matured artist. Hubermann has great versatility. He passed with the greatest ease from the classic Bach fugue to the dreamy, gliding, floating, ethereal poetry of the Wagner Albumblatt, and then to the gracefully gay and light fantastic tripping of the characteristic Hungarian Dances, played in tempo rubato and with the utmost elegance of finish.

Hubermann should change his dress. He is now too old to appear with the blouse and trousers, the "bang" and long hair of a child of five or six years, and he might study the manner of Gérardy with becoming effect. His careless, graceless airs are not in keeping with the dignity of his wonderful gifts.

Much to the delight of his pupils, Leschetizky's fortnightly classes were begun this month. These are as interesting as they are delightful. Here the great master teacher, surrounded by his pupils, is seen in his best characteristics—as a musician, warm, earnest, interested and enthusiastic; as a man really at heart kind and lovable. His criticisms are generally given tempered with whatever praise the performer merited and a kind sympathy that shows he has the true interests of his pupils at heart, but always true and just. In the course of the evening many a valuable hint may be gathered by his listeners, and in many respects the rehearsals are treats in themselves.

Rosenthal is here. Grünfeld is to be heard several times in February. Adele Aus der Ohe gives a concert soon; Hubermann a second concert. Madame Darlays, from Paris, who, I should have said, assisted at Hubermann's first concert, will give one of her own in the Bösendorfer Saal in February. The air is rife with conflicts in the Carl Theater and the Theater an der Wien, a half dozen premières, and the Evangelimann is having a tremendous success. EMMELINE POTTER FRISSELL.

Another Lankow Pupil's Success.—Miss Mary N. Berry, the accomplished soprano pupil of Mme. Anna Lankow, of New York, has been engaged as vocal instructor in the Strassberger Conservatory of Music, St. Louis, Mo., where she has already begun to distinguish herself as vocalist and teacher. She is a true exponent of the real Garcia method as taught by Mme. Lankow, whose pupils are of late coming prominently to the front in professional as well as amateur ranks.

Mme. Crane's Plans and Concerts.—Mme. Crane is very busy, and owing to an increased number of pupils has taken a larger studio in the same building, No. 3 East Fourteenth street, where she intends giving occasional student musicals.

The third subscription concert of the Ogden Musical Club, under the direction of Mme. Ogden Crane, consisting entirely of her pupils, will be given in Chickering Hall the latter part of March.

A. Victor Benham's Musicales.—Mr. A. Victor Benham gave one of his monthly musicales on Thursday evening, February 6, and was assisted by Miss Helen Lang, Mr. L. H. Balcom and others. The program included the Chopin-Tausig E minor concerto; études by Chopin, Liszt, Brahms, &c.

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The reciprocal civility of authors is one of the most visible scenes in the farce of life.—DR. JOHNSON.

RASH though the statement sounds, I venture to assert that some advance, some small movement in the direction of reason and propriety, has of late been made in the theory, if not in the practice, of musical criticism.

To suggest, not so long ago, that this second-hand art, like the other second-hand arts, its fellows—literary, dramatic and art criticism—demanded, in the first place, æsthetic sensitiveness; in the second, a certain minimum of literary skill and tact, and was not rendered impossible by knowledge, by clearness and sanity of judgment, nor by a humorous or even a poetic temperament—to suggest this, I say, was to set taverns roaring. For the "old" critics believed in the "method" they followed quite as firmly as they believed in Ruskin and the Ten Commandments, and for exactly the same reason; namely, that it had never, to their limited knowledge, been questioned. They held themselves and each other in mighty respect. In the early days they nicknamed one of the craft, Mr. J. W. Davison, "prince of musical critics," because he was blindest of them all and often dared to rush in where a man with eyes would certainly have feared to tread.

After Mr. Davison's withdrawal they transferred their allegiance to Mr. Joseph Bennett, who, on Mr. Davison's own lines, "went," not "one" but, say, fifty "better" than Mr. Davison. They had a score or so stereotyped phrases; and these appeared day after day kaleidoscopically, now in one kind of disorder, now in another, and—to a man who wanted to get at some definite notion of the matter "criticised"—each worse confused and more confusing than the last. Had you hinted that these phrases applied as well to one artist or composition as to another, and therefore conveyed no precise meaning, and, in a word, had better be let drop, the feelings of the old critics would have resembled (to take an extreme simile) those of an enthusiastic missionary who should be requested to put off the dusky livery of his calling and turn chief of a cannibal tribe. As matter of fact no one interfered with the old critics. But for their own folly they might to this day be writing that "Miss A. played with her customary good taste," that "the part of Nebuchadnezzar was safe in the hands of Mr. B.," that "Dr. C.'s oratorio, Jonah in the Whale's Belly (written as a degree exercise,) bears the stamp of the composer's genius on every page, and is a work of which English music may well be proud"—this sort of thing might still be pouring forth unstinted, while the "new" critics might smile a contented smile, but certainly make no other comment. But the old critics did not know their luck. When Mr. Bernard Shaw began to write genuine criticism, and to put cleverness, feeling, wit, and knowledge into it, there was not a critic in Fleet street who could not point to Mr. Shaw's knowledge, wit, feeling, and cleverness, as so many proofs that he knew nothing of music, and was, in fact, no musical critic at all.

It is needless to describe the ensuing battle. It lasted, intermittently, some four or five years; indeed a guerrilla warfare still goes on. But when the smoke of the main combat cleared away toward the end of last year the "new" men were to be seen unharmed, while some of the "old" seemed, but only seemed, to have had their prejudices shot away. Mr. Fuller Maitland, after declining my invitation to come over to the side of reason and propriety, and writing from the other side, admitted (in THE MUSICAL COURIER last autumn) that musical criticism should be all the new men wished. He had, however, apparently given the matter insufficient consideration, for he qualified this with the odd remark that technical terminology remained an insuperable hindrance to the realization of the ideal. More recently, Mr. E. F. Jacques, a runagate from the aforesaid school, in the discussion following a lecture on musical criticism delivered by Mr. Sydney Thomson, under

the auspices of the Society of Women Journalists, assailed his audience by a wise utterance. He said (in effect) that unless a man was artistic, and possessed of clear discernment and mental balance of technical knowledge and literary power, he was "not fitted to fill the post of musical critic to any responsible paper;" and I, who listened, heard this quasi-official acknowledgment of the advance in musical criticism with equal wonder and delight.

II.

This, however, is a mere change of position. The old critics do admit, in fact, that criticism need not be illiterate; but in their practice they have not budged an inch, and the change of front in theory would seem to be solely for the purpose of fighting the younger men to greater advantage. Why they should want to fight at all is not very clear, unless indeed they want to get back to the old state of things, when every man might hold and draw the emoluments of half a dozen offices.

Anyhow, they insist upon fighting, and will possibly have their fill, or more than their fill, of it before they have done. The younger men, they repeatedly declare (now loudly to the public, now in an impressive whisper to a misguided editor), give but untutored impressions, restrained by no sense of responsibility, supported by no knowledge. The inference is, not only that the younger men should be ejected and their places given to their elders (pluralists in grain) who know the value of stereotype, but that these elders have the very qualities the others lack, and never have fallen, never do, and never will fall into error. Now before considering these points let us briefly note the assurance with which the older men go forth to harry and to slay their junior colleagues; an examination of their own achievements will then enable us to judge whether that assurance is not a little unbecoming.

My purpose compels me to recall a piece of ancient history. Last year, in the windy month of March, the Bach Choir, under the direction of Professor Villiers Stanford, gave a disgraceful performance of Bach's Matthew Passion. The musical critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette* did not call the performance disgraceful. "The performance at the Queen's Hall last night," he wrote, "of Bach's Passion according to St. Matthew by the Bach Choir, under the direction of Professor Villiers Stanford, was naturally an event to be expected with some eagerness. Now that all is over, one can scarcely realize the depth of disappointment in which one grovelled. We began with a spirit of warm approval. This splendid, this highest achievement of musical genius appealed, as it should do, at the outset by reason of its own force and compulsion. One forgets, with the beginning of any such interpretation of such a work, to be minutely critical. One is inclined to lapse into mere enjoyment. Unfortunately, this was not long possible last night."

"After the first flush of immemorial delight there came a gradual and startling awakening. Mr. Robert Kaufman had come from Germany to please us; but, after the initial pleasure, one could not but recognize the spasmodic character of his style, and his lack of the knowledge of his own vocal possibility; once, indeed, he ran very near breaking down altogether. The choruses, too, were seen to be first timid, then—we regret to say—unfeeling. The orchestra played with some fineness indeed, yet well within any Bach orchestral ideal. Mr. Salmond sang with a sincere kind of insincerity. Miss Fillunger was not equal to the exacting demands of the soprano part. Miss Marie Brema and Mr. David Bispham indeed sang with extreme conscientiousness; and Mr. Villiers Stanford conducted. Mr. Stanford is a most excellent musician, a man of delicate musical sympathies, and of occasional musical exquisiteness; but is he—well, is he?—quite the ideal conductor of Bach's music? There was an exotic languor over the whole interpretation which suited so ill with Bach that, though it was useless to be very angry—we had our Bach after all—filled, and could not but fill,

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every conscientious listener with a world of regrets and disappointments."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, March 16, 1894.

Whether the critic was right or wrong, could he have uttered his opinion with greater restraint and courtesy? But his suggestion that one of the ring that rules things musical in England was something less than an ideal conductor proved too much for the other members of that ring. With unparalleled ingenuousness five "eminent musicians" "protested" "in the name of English music" against his verdict. The document deserves reprinting, if only as a warning to all future academics never to write anything in a temper. Here it is:

"SIR—We desire to utter an emphatic protest, in the name of English music, against the article which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 16th instant on the subject of the performance of Bach's Passion according to St. Matthew, given by the Bach Choir on the previous evening. Musicians in London know by this time how much value to attach to the strange utterances on the art which are appearing in your columns; and the sheer ineptitude of the whole notice, like the attempt to take refuge behind such a fatuous paradox as 'a sincere kind of insincerity' need cause no more than the usual amount of amused contempt. As, however, the *Pall Mall Gazette* has a foreign circulation, it is necessary that the reporter's observations on the performance should not go unchallenged or be accepted on the Continent as representing the views of English musicians. The falsity of his remarks is so patent to every musician who was present at the concert that they might be ascribed to willful malice did not experience of the writer's style prove them to be merely the result of his profound ignorance. We remain yours, faithfully,

"A. C. MACKENZIE, P. R. A. M.

"G. GROVE, Director R. C. M.

"OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT, late Director of the Bach Choir.

"WALTER PARRATT, Master of the Queen's Music.

"C. HUBERT H. PARRY."

Apart from its ingenuousness, the claim of these gentlemen to speak for "English music" was extravagant. A strong minority, at least, if not an actual majority, would emphatically deny that Sir George Grove and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, amateurs; Sir W. Parratt, an organist; Sir A. C. Mackenzie, a composer of very dull music and an uninteresting conductor, and Dr. Parry, a writer of oratorios and of articles on the technology of music, represented anything save English academicism. But whatever they might represent, and whether he of the *Pall Mall* was right or wrong, there are two reasons why every critic should have resented this "protest." First, it was no protest, but, as the *National Observer* said, an attempt to "square the press"; to force the editor of the *Pall Mall* by weight of authority into gagging or summarily ejecting his critic; and, as a matter of feeling, then, or, if you like it better, of etiquette, the critics, new and old, should have sunk their private differences and come to the rescue of the fellow craftsman attacked. Second, if feeling and etiquette were nothing, self-preservation should have prompted the old men to resist the encroachment of a censorship which might become as intolerably irksome as that exercised by the Royal Academy of Arts in the days before its fall.

These considerations counted for nothing with the old critics, and their conduct appears doubly odious when we remember that they must have known that he of the *Pall Mall* had a great deal of right on his side. For the world yet waits to learn whether the five academics were or were not at the concert, and their silence has encouraged a belief that they were not. Further, I can testify that a musician so distinguished that he has at least as strong a claim as any of the five to speak for "English music" quitted the hall at the end of the first part of the Matthew Passion with every appearance of impatience, if not of disgust. Last, many papers condemned the performance in language less measured than that of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. These facts, I say, had no influence whatever upon the "Old" Critics. The *Pall Mall* man was a "New" Critic, and must no longer breathe this vital air, and with one consent the olds got out their tomahawks and went after the offender. With the honorable exception of the *Musical Standard*, the "professional" musical

press joined in the cheerful hunt. A Mr. de Nevers wrote to the *Pall Mall*, asking: "May I be allowed a few words in reference of (sic) your column?" and proceeded to demonstrate with irrefragable logic and in very refragable English that the criticism of the *Pall Mall* should be held by "an expert;" should be held, that is (if I read the letter aright), by Mr. de Nevers. Mr. Southgate, then editor of *Musical News* (a penny weekly), also wrote to the *Pall Mall*, proving the critic to be absolutely wrong; for had not Sir George Grove edited dictionaries, made analytical programs, organized schools, concerts, shows and circuses, built bridges, and heaven knows what besides? Mr. Charles Graves, who is understood to be critic of the *Daily Graphic*, and is certainly on the committee of the Bach Choir, and sang at the famous concert as a member of the chorus, poured forth his unbiased soul in a letter accusing the *Pall Mall* of "suppression" and other crimes. The others, some openly, some anonymously, suggested that the *Pall Mall* man was a fool, an idiot, a humbug, a malicious maniac, and in short, had better be removed with all possible haste. Luckily the editor of the *Pall Mall* was not the squeezable person they thought. He declined their kind suggestions; and he laughed at the five academics, telling them they were five nobodies who had better get back to their counterpoint. The offender took the matter lightly enough. He insisted that his opinion was as good as any musical doctor's in the kingdom, treated the pigeon English of Mr. de Nevers with the contempt of silence, and prescribed a natural and easy remedy for the hysteria of Mr. Graves.

The moral is plain. Unless you turn out the old, old clichés; unless you fill your columns with profound references to consecutive fifths, and the birth and death rates of composers and popular singers, the old critics and the academics of this land (who should have read their Schumann, their Berlioz, and their Wagner, and so know better) at once assume that you are ignorant, inept, fatuous, and so forth, but chiefly ignorant—ignorant, that is, of the technique of music. And unless you receive with a pleased and grateful smile whatever is done by the "heads of the profession," you are rash, presumptuous, wholly without judgment, and worthy the scorn of decent (and obedient) men. I might give many instances. To descend to so humble a person as myself, I had occasion to condemn some organ music sent me for review by Messrs. Novello; and though I gave high praise to certain songs issued by the same firm, they declined to advertise any longer in the paper wherein the review appeared, with the remark that I was an incompetent person—this to my editor, of course. Moreover, Messrs. Novello's monthly price list, the *Musical Times and Singing Class Circular*, declared that "even those who are the butts of this comic reviewer cannot complain. The fooling is so obvious that the most simple reader will not take it seriously." Messrs. Novello showed that they were no simpler than their simplest reader, and did "not take it seriously" by adopting, doubtless in a spirit of pure fun, the course I have mentioned. But instead of accumulating instances, let me give a small selection from the divers terms of endearment applied to the new critics of late. It may serve as a contribution towards some future Critic's Lexicon of Abuse:

"The writer . . . whose vulgar remarks . . . His erratic performances . . . A man of insignificant powers . . . ready to adopt, and to offensively (sic) proclaim, any wild theory of studied insolence. . . . Name calling, unmerited abuse . . . The fanfaronade of abuse he sets down . . . A contrapuntal devil—counterpoint is a form of music (!) quite beyond his knowledge. . . . This wild person's sneers. . . . Abuse is not criticism . . . The calling of offensive names . . . no cultured person"—(Mr. T. L. Southgate works in a bank)—"mistakes this for criticism . . . The writer has earned his reward—contempt" (leading article *Musical News*, February 2, 1895). "The miserable subject of our protest . . . An irresponsible, feather-brained person . . . His scandalous innuendoes (sic) . . . Surely such productions have not been seen outside the columns of the *Eatonswill Gazette* . . . A libel of the grossest kind . . . It was for much less than this that the Earl of Lonsdale got the late Mr. Yates sent to Holloway

Jail (sic) for a libel that appeared in the *World*, and still less for the offense which, at the suit of Mrs. Weldon, the editor of the *Figaro* was punished (sic) in the same manner" (*Musical News*, February 9, 1895). "Those critics who seem to live only to persuade us that everything we like is bad . . . We wonder if this gentleman ever writes an appreciative notice" (*Musical News*, March 9, 1895). "A comic reviewer of music . . . The hysterical nonsense slung . . . by impressionist critics" (*Musical Times*, February, 1895). "Musicians watched with amusement the innocent gambols of G. B. S., who did, after all, occasionally, though not often, deviate into accuracy . . . A thing is not necessarily good literature from the mere fact that it is bad criticism" (letter from Mr. Fuller Maitland). "Drunken helot of musical criticism" (Mr. C. L. Graves, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, March 18, 1894). "The 'new criticism,' which consists largely in 'a nice derangement of epitaphs'" (Mr. Joseph Bennett, in the *Musical Times*, May, 1894).

Assurance to spare is surely here displayed! It is true, then, that the old critics have, and have always had, a monopoly of technical knowledge and sober judgment? Have all the mistakes been made by the younger school? Let us see.

III.

It is impossible to read half a dozen lines of the "technical" criticism of the *Standard*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Musical Times* or *Musical News*, without being forced to the conviction that the writers have no more than just such a text book acquaintance with musical technique as they might get by a course of evening classes at Trinity College; and often not even that. I have waded through long reaches of the *Daily News* and *Truth*, and find that the accusation brought against the new critics—that they purposely avoid technicalities—applies equally to the gentleman who writes for those papers. He avoids them as religiously as he avoids aesthetic criticism or a literary manner, and fills his columns with a kind of greenroom gossip about the doings and sayings of musical artists, interlarded with irrelevant dates. The *Standard* sometimes goes so far as to speak of "old binary form" or a "masterly fugue"; but that, be it noted, shows only that the writer has heard these terms. Mr. Joseph Bennett, of the *Daily Telegraph*, who is spoken of as the "leading critic," and is undoubtedly the leading critic of the old school—a very different thing—once rashly entered upon a public discussion with the distinguished theorist Mr. Ebenezer Prout, and made such an exhibition of his unfamiliarity with the commonplaces of music that Mr. Prout took pity on him and spared him.

Mr. Southgate's blunders in the *Musical News* have kept the readers of that organ of officialism amused for some years past. I have played piano duets with the editor of the *Musical Times* and discussed Bach's fugues with him; and I can testify that his theoretical attainments are quite limited, and his piano playing not to compare to that of many less pretentious new critics. The critic of the *Musical Times* plays the harpsichord prettily; but as he draws no distinction between a Bach fugue and a Parry fugue one can only conclude that his practice is stronger than his theory. A rather comical hymn tune of his making may be found in a book lately compiled by Lady Radnor, and the consecutive (and unresolved) sevenths therein contained are a standing witness to his knowledge of the "laws of part writing." Of the others, some know a little and some nothing at all. (One who attacked the *Pall Mall* critic rather vehemently confesses to his friends that he is "only an amateur.") But it is needless to argue the matter; we have taken each other's measures, and we know very well that the most furious onslaughts on the new men have been delivered by those whose own acquirements were not above suspicion. To examine certain verdicts on artists and on compositions that have come before the public during, say, the last ten years would be a permanent cure for anyone who places his trust in the olds. Again and again, unrestrained by the memory of blunders done before, you find them eagerly rushing in to blunder on; hurrying to their offices to declare with fervor that Dr. C.'s new oratorio (now forgotten) was destined to immortality; that Berlioz's *Carnaval Romain* would never again be heard in London;

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that Mr. D. (now also forgotten) was the greatest pianist of the century; that Mr. Paderewski was no pianist at all. Many examples are a weariness; wherefore I shall take only this last point, and quote what was said of the greatest player of recent times by the enlightened, sober, balanced old critics who never fall into error:

His reading, if reading it can be called, of Beethoven's Appassionata Sonata on Tuesday last showed that his general musical culture has not kept pace with his musical training; no movement was even adequately played. . . . At the close of Liszt's transcription of the Divertissement à la Hongroise the player simply "ran amuck," to the delight of the less cultivated hearers and to the disgust of the rest of the audience.—*Times*, March, 22, 1890.

(May I ask, in parenthesis, how the old critics generally know so well what "disgusts" and what "delights" an audience, and how—to take this case—that it was the "less cultivated" hearers who were "delighted"?)

. . . . We do not pretend to much admiration for the Paderewski who astonishes . . . no one present at St. James' Hall had before heard Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor so played with clang and jangle of metal and with such confusion of sound that trying to follow the working of the parts was like watching moving machinery in a fog. Had Handel heard his Harmonious Blacksmith every hair would have stood upright. . . . Result of his labors not music. . . . We hope that time will effect a natural cure.—*Daily Telegraph*, May 12, 1890.

M. Paderewski succeeded in astonishing the audience, and if amateurs are still attracted by meretricious sensationalism in piano playing, his remaining recitals will be more largely attended. . . . He seems to imagine that effect is to be gained by violent contrasts. At times he pounded the piano until music degenerated into mere noise.—*Athenaeum*, May 17, 1890.

M. Paderewski created a far more favorable impression at his second recital . . . than he did on the occasion of his first appearance. There was very little exaggeration and much intelligence in his reading of Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, and Beethoven's Sonata in D, op. 28.—*Athenaeum*, June 2, 1890.

. . . . there is evidently a public for piano pounders as well as for piano ticklers. . . . M. Paderewski, who made his debut last Friday, is an excellent example of both schools.—*Truth*, May 16, 1890.

M. Paderewski . . . is, in brief, a virtuoso of no common order, but that he is entitled to the higher rank of an artist is more than can be said, judging from yesterday's performance. His subsequent recitals, however, may enable us to modify this judgment.—*Standard*, May 11, 1890.

. . . . advertised as the "Lion" of the Paris season . . . His lionine attributes were heard (sic) in Mendelssohn's E minor prelude and fugue . . . the fugue suffered most.—*Daily News*, May 10, 1890.

Let me call attention to the insolently patronizing tone of the second two of the notices above, showing more completely than the damnation of the first that the critic thought he was dealing with a tenth-rate pianist. Compare, again, these two with later notices:

The favorite pianist played his piquant and delightful Polish Fantasia, if possible, more brilliantly than ever.—*Athenaeum*, May 5, 1895.

Such playing has never been surpassed and rarely equaled . . . it is certain that Paderewski has immensely improved. No trace of eccentricity or extravagance.—*Athenaeum*, June 24, 1893.

And so I might go on. Apparently Heaven was determined that the old critics should have ample opportunity of blazoning their fatuity, for a tenth-rate lady pianist appeared at the same time, and the notices of her performances, printed by the side of the Paderewski notices, glow with a fervor of enthusiasm hardly got up in honor of Paderewski even now. The affair was made still more laughable by the subsequent behavior of the critics. The recital they so confidently condemned pleased the public; the fame of the player went abroad: the hall was filled at the second recital, packed at the third, while at Mr. Paderewski's orchestral concert seats could not be had for love or money. Then, indeed, the critics made haste to discover the player's merits; and the "marked improvement" which they observed in his playing thus finds a simple explanation.

Just the reverse happened recently. Mr. Sauer, a very excellent pianist, came, and the press announced that here was another Paderewski, perhaps a Rubinstein. It was quickly found that Mr. Sauer was not playing so well as at first, and now he gets even less than the praise he deserves. I could fill this review with cases similar to these, of judgments ignorantly and rashly made and speedily reversed. But perhaps I have given enough, and for those who want more there is always the newspaper room in the British Museum.

These, then, are the writers who insist on the over-hastiness, the untrustworthiness, the ignorance and the general inferiority of the new critics. The public may be left to decide whether the old practitioners can easily be outdone in rashness, or the new be possibly much less trustworthy. In truth, it is absurd to claim all the good qualities for either school. There are old critics and there are new who know their business, and some of both schools who do not know their business; and that is chiefly what I want acknowledged; for it becomes a little tiresome to hear it repeated so many times that the critics who write about consecutive fifths are experts because they write about consecutive fifths, while the new men are not experts because they do not write about consecutive fifths. Wagner, Berlioz and Schumann wrote little or nothing about consecutive fifths, and they after all were experts, no less than Mr. Fuller Maitland, or Mr. Jacques, or Mr. Betts, or even Mr. de Nevers. In fact, if a competition could be arranged between these gentlemen and any four of the new school I have reason to believe that the old school would not cover itself with glory. Both schools make mistakes; but a mistake no more proves a critic's incapacity than a stumble proves a broken leg. If it did, where would be the Mr. Bennett who, in 1876, described the Walkürenritt as a chorus? where the Sir George Grove who, in the Crystal Palace program for March 30 of the present year, includes Beethoven's Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage in a list of Mendelssohn's overtures?

The distinction between the new and the old consists not in absolute knowledge on the one side and blank ignorance on the other, but in this: that the adherents of the old theory conceive of criticism as reporting, while the others aim at the production of literature, with music as its subject matter, leaving others to report that will. Of course one other difference has been observed. It is said that the new men did nothing but "slate," and this change has an instructive explanation. The old school has always allied itself with academicism; the new has for the most part shown no reverence for unearned reputation or for conventions. The old has used the lash with all desirable vigor, but always upon unimportant people. Not until the new men came along, examining the credentials of the Stanfords, Parrys, Mackenzies, Groves, and treating them like common mortals, was anything said about harshness. This, I suspect, far more than any real faith in the dogma that good musical criticism must necessarily be bad English is the root of the hatred felt toward the new criticism. How strong the hatred is may be seen from the fact that Sir Alexander Mackenzie now refers to the present writer as one who is ignorant of the grammar of music, though in a letter written some years ago, and still in my possession, he indorsed the high praise given to a piece of rearranging and rescoring, which I now lament, but which could certainly not have been done without less of that "profound ignorance" which led Mr. Maitland to write consecutive sevenths.

Lately, indeed, Mr. Maitland and others of the old school—perhaps feeling their position a little unstable—have averred that the old criticism is as good English as the circumstances permit, and that the new is written in "Della Cruscan." If that be so I suggest the advisability of at once compiling a Critic's Lexicon of Praise and Abuse, so that instead of our being compelled to read for the five hundredth time that "the tenor music was safe in the hands of Mr. So-and-So," we shall merely read, "Mr. So-and-So: p. 7, No. 23," turn up the page in our lexicon

and know all about it. The lexicon need not be large, for the phrases are few, and in case that any biter of Della Cruscan should think of carrying out the notion—which would really be invaluable to the old critics' readers—I present him with the following as a commencement:

The scherzo was played in magnificent style.—*Times*, May 21, 1890.

Mr. — saug . . . in perfect artistic style.—*Times*, May 21, 1890.

Splendid performance of Brahms' fourth symphony.—*Times*, June 13, 1890.

The remarkably fine performance.—*Times*, June 13, 1890.

It was finely played.—*Times*, June 13, 1890.

. . . every part of the symphony was finely played.—*Times*, June 13, 1890.

Mr. — played remarkably finely.—*Times*, June 13, 1890.

Mr. —'s romantic reading gave great satisfaction.—*Sunday Times*, May 25, 1890.

At the end Mr. — was twice called forward and heartily cheered.—*Sunday Times*, May 25, 1890.

Both ladies were enthusiastically applauded and recalled.—*Sunday Times*, May 25, 1890.

There was a fairly large and highly appreciative audience.—*Sunday Times*, May 25, 1890.

. . . a remarkably fine rendering.—*Daily News*, May 23, 1890.

. . . they were admirably performed.—*Daily News*, May 29, 1890.

. . . a magnificent performance.—*Daily News*, May 30, 1890.

. . . was splendidly played.—*Daily News*, June 30, 1890.

Note that I came on all these gems of inexpressiveness without special search, during the task of examining some criticisms on Mr. Paderewski. It is alarming to think how many times the same phrase may do service in the course of one year. I hope Mr. Maitland will not be angry, and say that I am joking. I really mean that it is absurd of him to claim this stuff of his and his brethren as criticism to be compared with that which appears in, for example, the *Pall Mall Gazette*. If it be objected that these short phrases do not adequately represent the old criticism, then let these longer cuttings be considered. They are, I suppose, what one old critic would call "remarkably finely" written.

The composer . . . seeks to depict the sorrows of life under the smile of cloud, and its pleasure under the figure of sunshine.—*Daily News*, May 23, 1890.

Among other distinguished visitors at present in London are Herr Remenyi, the eminent Hungarian violinist, and Herr von zur Mühlen, the Russian tenor.—*Daily Graphic*.

Mr. Max Klein . . . continues to play (in Australia) important violin works with the orchestra, and invariably with success.—*Sunday Times*, May 25, 1890.

MR. HENRY PURCELL'S TOCCATA FOR DOUBLE ORGAN.

This interesting work consists of two separate movements, a prelude and a toccata.

The prelude commences with a scale passage for the left hand, leading to a long sustained chord.

Then follow many florid passages, distributed between two manuals, with points of imitation ending with a full close on the tonic. At the penultimate bar is a striking use of the diminished seventh, which is introduced with truly excellent effect. The toccata starts with a brilliant semiquaver subject, treated fugally. This subject is alternated with passages taken from the prelude. An episode in the relative minor in 18-16 time and of a somewhat different character next appears, abounding in triplets, and forming many imitative passages leading to a return in the original key. This return partakes of the nature of a free fantasia, with bold harmonic progressions. The style of the toccata is then resumed for a short time, and the work concludes with a grand cadenza, forcibly reminding one of those written later by the immortal Bach. . . .—*H. Davan Wetton*, in *Musical News*, February 2, 1895.

. . . the Royal box was occupied by a large party.—*Daily News*, May 24, 1890.

This is agreeable reading, and not on any account would I have it different. Is it criticism?—*John F. Runciman*, in *New Review*.

An Ogden Crane Pupil.—Miss Martha Briggs, one of Mme. Ogden Crane's successful pupils, has been engaged as solo soprano at the Washington Square Methodist Church, this city.

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Barron Berthald.

ONE of the singers who has come to prominence with a bound is Mr. Barron Berthald. Through his remarkable feat last spring in Boston, when he sang the part of *Lohengrin* at half an hour's notice, he attracted widespread attention, although before that time he had met some of the prominent musicians and composers, who predicted great success for him. Foremost among them was Mr. De Koven, who had great confidence in his ability.

This season he was engaged by Mr. Damrosch, and although it was the first time that Mr. Berthald had sung in Wagner opera he met with great and universal success wherever he appeared, and even surpassed Mr. Damrosch's expectations.

Very peculiarly he achieved the most pronounced success with a part that he thought he was not as yet equal to, and he begged Mr. Damrosch not to let him sing it—*Siegfried* in the *Walküre*. But after Mr. Damrosch and his stage manager, Mr. Harder, heard Mr. Berthald sing it at rehearsal, they predicted that he would make a great success in the part. The critics of all cities have been of but one opinion as to the excellence of his performance, which opinion has been corroborated by the applause of the audience.

But he has also had his successes as *Lohengrin*. *Walther von Stolzing* and *Tannhäuser*. Moreover he has shown remarkable endurance in singing these rôles three or four nights in succession on several occasions when his colleagues were ill, thereby saving many performances.

Although Mr. Berthald is a very young man he has a large repertory of sixty-five Italian, German and French operas, besides the Wagner operas, and many of them he sings in three different languages.

His appearance at the Academy of Music is awaited with much interest.

Following are a few of many press notices, all telling of Barron Berthald's success:

Mr. Barron Berthald's performance was a truly remarkable one, and promises a great future for this young tenor, who is only thirty-one years old and is singing this season for the first time in Wagner opera. Few people would suspect that this is the same Berthald who sang two years ago at Uhrig's Cave in comic opera, so great has he grown in vocal power and dramatic comprehension. It was his first appearance in the part of *Siegfried*, and yet there was not the slightest sign of trepidation or uncertainty. His voice too, which is a true tenor of great sweetness and much power, showed no sign of weakness through all the trying music of the long first act, and was as strong and clear in the closing *Sword Song* as it was in the opening passages. His rendition of the famous *Love Song* was especially admirable. His appearance, too, was very pleasing and his gestures and poses capital.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, December 4.

Few people at Music Hall last night recognized in the Barron Berthald, the *Siegfried* of the performance, a tenor who sang a variety of parts at Uhrig's Cave two summers ago. There was nothing in his work last evening in common with his performances of that time. With the confidence that comes with position, surrounding and support, the genuine artist ought to change. Mr. Berthald seems to be made of the real material, for his *Siegfried* last night was a broad, full performance. It merited the four recalls at the close of the first act, when, after sixty-five minutes of uninterrupted singing and acting, the tenor developed the closing number triumphantly. It would be a pleasure to hear Mr. Berthald's *Lohengrin*. One may feel with confidence that this young artist has qualities that ought to insure a continuance of his present flattering encouragement.—*St. Louis Republic*, December 4, 1895.

There was an important, and one may expect an agreeable, change in the published cast. Mr. Berthald filled the part of *Walther von Stolzing* in a most admirable way. The tenor is making rapid headway in the Damrosch management. Mr. Berthald invested the part with a knightly grace that made it comparable to the magnificent creation that Jean de Reszke gives. In his entrance song in the third act he gave a singing of the music in an ideally poetic spirit. Berthald is a handsome *Walther*, too, a fact that carries weight in consideration of fitness.—*St. Louis Republic*, December 7, 1895.

Mr. Berthald as *Lohengrin* more than fulfilled the expectations, and there is in his accomplishments the assurance that

there is yet more in his future. His voice is a pure tenor, agreeable in quality and fully equal to ensemble demands. His enunciation is unusually distinct, and in physique he appeared in the rôle to excellent advantage.—*Chicago Tribune*, November 20, 1895.

The *Tannhäuser* of the cast, Mr. Berthald, is a newcomer in the Damrosch ranks. He has a fine presence and a voice of enough power for the rôle. His dramatic ability is good, and in the last act he rose to the occasion and gave a powerful rendition of the narrative. His acting in the second act was dashing, impetuous and effective.—*Atlanta Constitution*, December 16, 1895.

Mr. Berthald in the rôle of *Florestan* was a surprise and a revelation as a tenor of skill and sweetness. Here was something like a tenor; something that could not be heard without a desire to hear more, and in the full recollection of years Berthald is to be spoken of with highest respect. Beautiful tonality attained to an artistic method.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*, December 23, 1895.

Mr. Berthald made an ideal *Lohengrin*. Of majestic bearing, he looked the typical knight of honor. He scored an instantaneous success. His voice is rich and full, and he met the dramatic climax in a manner which stamped him at once as an actor of the very highest calibre.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*, January 25, 1896.

Much interest was manifested in Mr. Berthald's *Lohengrin*. The very sensational and romantic way he was called on to sing the part during last season was responsible for this. To be suddenly metamorphosed from *Prince Charles* in *Rob Roy* to the knight of the Holy Grail in *Lohengrin* and to make a success in both parts is a unique experience for an artist. Mr. Damrosch is to be congratulated in discovering Mr. Berthald, who rightly belongs to the grand opera stage. He has qualifications which are rare—a real tenor voice of beautiful quality, which he uses artistically and with considerable dramatic ability. He was highly successful as *Lohengrin*.—*Baltimore American*, January 29, 1896.

Mr. Berthald as *Walther* in *Lohengrin* was excellent. His rendition of the famous *Preislied* will always remain one of the most pleasant memories connected with any operatic production ever witnessed in Washington.—*Washington Post*, February 2, 1896.

It was a pleasure to observe the artistic growth of Mr. Berthald. He was a great success as *Siegfried*. His style is broader, he sings with more authority and less effort, and he can now carry conviction even in repose. It is no longer to be said of Mr. Berthald that he has a future; this excellent tenor has a decided present. In the exacting part he rose constantly to the demands of the situation. His love making was neither animal nor mawkish; noble was the quietness in which he listened to *Brunhilde*, touching in its simplicity was his farewell. Mr. Berthald is a tenor of whom an opera manager might well be proud. It is to be hoped that his abilities are appreciated.—*Boston Morning Journal*, February 5, 1896.

Mr. Berthald, who was warmly received, displayed unexpected power and freedom of style as *Siegfried*, despite the excellent impression he made here last season when suddenly called on to sing *Lohengrin*. He has broadened and advanced greatly since then. Through the whole of the exacting first act he surprised by the vigor and intensity of his acting and fire and expressiveness of his singing. Nothing could have been finer and more stirring than the large vigor that marked his declamation in the situation where he seized the sword imbedded in the tree, and the spirit with which he worked up to the climax as he wrested it forth. In the impassioned love duet he was no less effective in the impetuosity and fervor of his feeling and brilliancy of his singing of the sensuous music. At the close the audience broke into thunders of plaudits with almost startling spontaneity, and they continued until the curtain was raised some four times.—*Boston Herald*, February 5, 1896.

Barron Berthald's work as *Siegfried* was another proof of the fine attainments of this somewhat meteoric grand tenor. Noble in bearing, intelligent in his conception of the character and thoroughly excellent in his singing he showed the advance he had made and is constantly making, and Mr. Damrosch may well count him on the list of his stars. His handling of the sword episode in particular was powerful and impressive.—*Boston Traveller*, February 5, 1896.

A Violin Pupil.—Miss Bessie Wilder Holmes, violinist, a Boston girl, is a pupil of Dr. Prof. Joachim in the Royal Conservatory of Berlin. Miss Holmes is a niece of the late Solon Wilder, a well-known composer, and was for several years a pupil of the late Julius Eichberg.

Ellen Beach Yaw.

ELLEN BEACH YAW is creating good impressions wherever she sings, and gratifying press notices are abundant. The following record Miss Yaw's success in Providence, R. I.

As a matter of course, the chief interest of the concert centred in the singer whose ability to perform such wonderful feats of vocalization had been so widely heralded as to stimulate a natural curiosity. While it is true that notes of abnormal range do not form any part of the necessary equipment of an artist, the power to perform feats impossible to others is a gift which must excite interest. For all practical purposes of singing the extreme limit of the human voice—male and female together—may be placed at four octaves counted upward the great C or D, and even this range may be shortened by a note or two at either end. Anything outside of these limits is entitled to be termed phenomenal, and its value confined to whatever of interest is excited by an abnormal development. As a rule, voices capable of such unusual extension are mere freaks, and of little use for any serious singing. It is to be said of Miss Yaw, however, that she is a good singer outside of her special and unique ability to soar skyward an octave or more beyond her sisters. Her voice is of pleasing quality in the ordinary singing register, possessing a natural flexibility and smoothness, which has evidently had the benefit of good schooling. She has an attractive manner and displays a musically gifted temperament. Last night she suffered from a slight hoarseness, and her auditors were not favored with the display of the extreme high notes which she is said to possess. The "three-lined" G, however, was reached several times, and with such apparent ease as left little doubt that higher flights could be safely attempted. Miss Yaw's singing was very cordially received, and she was kind in the matter of encores.

Miss Yaw's dressing room was thronged after the concert, there seeming to be a general desire to see at close range the possessor of so remarkable a voice. All were pleasantly greeted by the singer, whose manner is as natural and unacted as though her voice were an octave shorter.—*Providence Journal*, February 14.

It was most unfortunate that Miss Yaw had to sing last evening at Infantry Hall. The weather and counter attractions, together with the symphony concert in the same hall the previous evening, kept many away who might otherwise have enjoyed one of the finest musical entertainments of the season. All that has been said of this wonderfully high voiced singer has not been in the direction of overestimating her ability. Much was expected of her, and every anticipation was abundantly fulfilled.

The program called for four numbers as her share of the concert, this being still further increased by three encores that could not be denied, the last number being even more heartily applauded than any of the previous ones, the audience remaining and calling loudly for more of the exquisite music which Miss Yaw had furnished for them. Her voice is not a powerful one, and would in all probability be heard to better advantage in a smaller hall. Nevertheless her songs were of the sweetest character, especially so the French and Scottish ballads that were given as encores. The enthusiasm grew with the progress of the entertainment, the touching of the highest note in Miss Yaw's register seeming to send a thrill through the whole audience. There was no effort apparent in reaching these highest tones, the high and the low appearing to be taken with equal ease.

It was a concert that will be remembered a long time by those who ventured out in the wretched weather or who denied themselves the other attractions for the sake of listening to Miss Yaw's exceptional voice.—*Providence Evening Telegram*, February 14.

A Rally of Banjo Players.—The ninth annual gathering of most of the celebrated banjo performers of the United States will take place in Chickering Hall Thursday evening, March 5. Among the most noted players will be Reuben R. Brooks, Harry M. Denton, Vess L. Osaman, P. C. Shortis, "the Paganini of the banjo," and Alfred A. Farland, "the Paderewski of the banjo," who made such a success of last year's concert, playing Beethoven's eight violin sonatas on the banjo. There will also be a ladies' orchestra of fifty mandolins, and a banjo orchestra of 100; the Misses Leech, plantation melodies, with banjo accompaniments; Isenbarth and Lechler, sither duetists, and Mr. Cecil Barnard, the English entertainer, who has made such success in drawing rooms in New York in his musical sketch at the piano.

G. SCHIRMER, New York.

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BRITISH OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
15 ARGYL STREET, LONDON, W., February 15, 1896.

The opening of Parliament and the mild weather have a tendency to attract people back to town, and many social functions where music forms a part have been held the past week. Among them we might mention that of Lady Cook, who entertained a large number of guests at her home at Richmond last Friday.

Among the changes, which used to be much more infrequent in London than they are at the present time, I may mention that Prince's Hall in Piccadilly, which has long been a concert room and for years second to St. James' Hall, is to be converted into a restaurant. It was capable of seating an audience of about 700 or 800 people, but never was popular for some reason or other with artists; no matter how good the musician it was almost impossible to rouse enthusiasm, and consequently the artistic world will not sigh when they hear of its conversion into a copy of Bignon's, of the Café Anglaise. This makes the third restaurant that has taken the place of more staid institutions in this busy thoroughfare within the last twelve months.

Since the opening of Queen's Hall it has been unusually prosperous in the way of number, as well as importance, of their concerts. Last year from October to July considerably over 500 concerts were held in the two concert rooms known as Queen's Hall and Queen's Small Hall. St. James' Hall is still popular, as it is smaller than the larger Queen's Hall, and enjoys excellent acoustic properties. Since the death of Sir Joseph Barnby the enormous size of the Albert Hall has been a topic of much conversation, and it was thought that if a hall was built that would accommodate an audience of 5,000 people, and give plenty of room on the platform for a chorus of 500 voices and an orchestra of 100 pieces, there would probably be support enough in London to warrant the carrying on of a series of concerts of frequent occurrence, giving the principal orchestral and choral works. There is not, so far as I know of, a probability of such a hall being built at present.

Much regret is expressed on all sides that M. Ambroise Thomas has been taken away. He was best known in England, probably, for his *Mignon*, which was given here with Mlle. de Lussan in the part last week, and which I reported in my last letter. This opera used to be quite popular. Madame Meiba, Madame de Vere-Sapio and other vocalists who have frequently appeared here have chosen airs from his *Hamlet* with success.

Sunday concerts, which two or three years ago were meagrely supported in some of the outlying districts, have now become a popular means of entertainment and have multiplied so that nearly every section of the metropolitan districts has its concert, and many of them are excellent.

The most important of these by far is the one organized in the Queen's Hall by Mr. Robert Newman and conducted by Signor Randegger, where the best orchestral works are

well given and good vocalists and instrumental soloists are heard every Sunday afternoon.

Musicians are realizing more keenly the loss of Sir Joseph Barnby as time goes on, and all agree it will be exceedingly difficult to fill his position, either as conductor of the Albert Hall or principal of the Guildhall School of Music.

Mr. Wheatley W. Ingall is agitating here the question of local orchestras, supported by, or in part by, the municipal authorities throughout the kingdom. He has addressed a letter to Mr. Chamberlain, the colonial secretary, who, by the way, married an American lady, asking his opinion on the subject, and received the following reply: "Sir—I am directed by Mr. Chamberlain to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 31st ult., and to say that he does not see any objection to giving power to local authorities to contribute money for the purpose named."

Mme. Clara Ascher, who is known in private life as Mrs. Clarence Lucas, on Wednesday morning, February 12, gave birth to a son. The youth and mother have the good wishes of *THE MUSICAL COURIER*.

The performances of Bach's *Passion Music* (St. John) at St. Anne's Church, Soho, that were established by Sir Joseph Barnby twenty-four years ago, are to be continued as usual on Friday evenings in Lent and on Good Friday afternoon, under the direction of Mr. E. H. Thorne.

Mr. Kuhe, the veteran pianist, entrepreneur and teacher, celebrated his jubilee at Brighton last evening.

The services of various churches and programs of the Sunday concerts were largely devoted to compositions by Sir Joseph Barnby last Sunday evening.

Mr. Albert Blume, the well-known teacher of the voice, has had the distinguished honor of Royal Professor conferred upon him by the German Emperor. He has resigned his position at the Royal College of Music, and will go to reside in Wiesbaden early in the spring. He will revisit London for several months each year during the season. Nearly all of his American pupils will go with him to Wiesbaden.

Mme. Medora Henson, the well-known dramatic soprano, has been engaged for the forthcoming Cincinnati Festival.

Mr. Whitney Mockridge had an excellent opportunity of distinguishing himself, which he fully improved, in the singing of Tinel's *St. Francis* at the Sir Charles Hallé concerts at Manchester last Thursday. M. Edgar Tinel came over to conduct the performance, and Mr. Mockridge took Mr. Edward Lloyd's place at the last moment.

Miss Ada Crossley, the Australian contralto, who made her début here at the same time as Miss Laura Burnham, is making rapid progress. She was engaged for Mr. Percy Harrison's provincial tour last autumn, and he was so pleased with her work that he has engaged her for four Patti concerts in his second tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Ribolla, who I believe came from Cincinnati, will visit London this season for the purpose of trying their fortunes in the concert world. They have recently been studying in Paris.

Mr. Frederic Cowen, who has been appointed conductor of the Sir Charles Hallé and Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts, will live in the North during the six months concert season, coming to London occasionally, and will reside here during the summer months.

Dr. Hubert Parry gave his second lecture on *The Idealism and Realism in Music* at the Royal Institution of Great Britain last Saturday, a full report of which I gave in the British edition of *THE MUSICAL COURIER*. These lectures are some of the best delivered in London for years.

I have just received the following endorsement of the system of acquiring technic by Mr. Macdonald Smith's system. The case is such an absolute test that it requires no comments. "Dear Sir—I would have written to you sooner but for illness which kept me in bed from the end of October till near January. Your observant eye remarked the greater freedom in the writing of my last report. I had felt during the previous few days that I could write much more

quickly and easily. I intended to have told you that I had tried some of Beethoven's quick movements and the Rondo in Mendelssohn's G minor concerto, and after a few days' practice they went much more brightly and easily than in my best days. I am very much indebted to your system of exercises for the increased life and freedom in my fingers generally and for removing the numbness in the right hand first finger, and the stiffness and swelling from the injured joint to the tip of the third finger. Age 73. Pupil of Edward Perry, W. Mc. Dorrell, Walter Macfarren, Miss Dora Bright. First diploma for teaching taken in 1853."

OPERA.

To-day closes the four weeks' season of the Carl Rosa Opera Company in London with a performance of *Carmen*, with Mlle. de Lussan in the title rôle. The most conspicuous successes this season have been Miss Ella Russell's singing of *Elizabeth*, *Senta*, *Santuzza*, and Mlle. de Lussan as *Carmen*, *Mignon* and in the *Daughter of the Regiment*. Yesterday Miss Russell sang *Elizabeth*, and at the end of the performance was the recipient of an ovation. It is Miss Russell's custom to let one of the supers be carried in on the bier, and to dress herself to go home after finishing her acting in the last act. This she did and was all ready to leave the theatre when she was advised that loud cries for "Russell, Russell," were going through the house and she had to go on and bow her acknowledgments in her street dress.

She has made herself a great favorite by her singing and acting of the part of *Senta*, which I spoke of in my letter last week, but as *Santuzza* she made a very deep impression on all who saw her. Seldom, if ever, have I witnessed so fine a portrayal of this character. There was a throb in Miss Russell's work that was felt by all present, and the vividness of the picture left an impression that can never be effaced from the memory. It was one of the finest pieces of acting and singing that I have ever seen in London. Miss Russell is certainly a big artist and Messrs. Abbey & Grau will find it to their advantage to take this eminent prima donna to New York for the next season. Her histrionic ability is very marked, and her voice is always highly pleasing in the most difficult and trying music. I understand that negotiations are now in progress for Mlle. de Lussan to visit America next year.

Hänsel and Gretel also proved a draw. Miss Frances Graham's *Hänsel* was much admired. The most successful one in the part was Miss Edith Millar as the *Witch*. The company goes to Brighton for a week, and then to Liverpool for four or five weeks, following with Manchester for a like period.

CONCERTS.

Mr. Bispham's third and last concert of his winter series was given on Tuesday before a very large audience. The concert giver was in good voice, and sang a number of songs in Italian, French and German, in which languages he seemed as much at home as he does in English. The American public may look forward to seeing this distinguished artist with keen anticipation, for the time is not far distant when he will revisit America for the purpose of displaying his artistic accomplishments. There is an atmosphere surrounding his work that one seldom meets with to-day, and he has been eminently successful in England. His singing of *Quand'ero Paggio* from Verdi's *Falstaff* was replete with delicate humor. Tschaikowsky's number, *Nur, wer die Sehnsucht Kennt*, was, by contrast, given with the most tender and profound feeling. I am convinced that the serious is more in Mr. Bispham's line, notwithstanding the wonderful facility with which he adapts himself to any style. I must not forget to mention Mr. Henschel's new song *Salomo*, a distinguished and dignified composition, full of the deepest feeling. Mr. Bispham was ably assisted by Mlle. Camilla Laudl, Miss Fannie Davies, Signor Piatti, Mr. Hermann Vezin and Mr. Henschel, who accompanied Mr. Bispham in *Salomo*.

The members of the Musical Guild gave another of their excellent concerts in Kensington Town Hall on Tuesday.

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BERLIN.

The artists were ex-students of the Royal College of Music, who have done much to make the public in that part of the city acquainted with English chamber music.

Mr. Arthur Dolmetsch gave one of his unique concerts on the 4th, when he brought forward a set of four delightful pieces for two viols and lute by William Lawes. These were played probably for the first time for a century and a half, since apparently no other copy of the pieces exists than that in the library of the Royal College of Music. There is a symphony, air, jig and saraband. These, with other selections, were admirably interpreted by Mr. Dolmetsch and his capable associates.

A new cantata by the late Dr. Slowman was given by Mr. William Carter's choir at the Queen's Hall on the 7th inst. It is not a composition that will take a very high position in works of its class, but is well suited to small choral societies.

The Symphony Concert of the 6th inst. was one of the best attended of these concerts the present season. Among the selections were the Egmont overture and prelude to Die Meistersinger, which were both well played. The sixth symphony was not performed in an epoch making manner, to say the least. The first movement was very colorful and metronomic, while the last suffered with many ragged ensembles and uncertain phrasing. Mr. Henschel conducted the entire program from memory, but I have seen him do much better work.

On the following evening Mr. Albert Fransella, the flutist of the Crystal Palace orchestra, gave a recital in Queen's Hall, when he introduced to the public a new gold flute made specially for him. It is claimed by those who have tested the gold flute in comparison with the wood that the gold is superior. This is the opinion of Mr. August Manns and others who were present at a test at the Crystal Palace. It is certain that Mr. Fransella's artistic playing showed the instrument to its fullest advantage, but of course it is impossible to distinguish or to realize the difference without hearing the two played together.

FRANK V. ATWATER.

James Fitch Thomson at Montour Falls.—Mr. James Fitch Thomson, the eminent and popular baritone, gave a song recital on February 14 at the Cook Academy, Montour Falls, N. Y., assisted by Miss Lena Broughton, pianist, and Miss Alice J. Roberts at the piano. Mr. Thomson's success was pronounced. He sang a program arranged with excellent taste and judgment, composed of songs of Rotoli, Beethoven, Ries, Meyer-Helmund, Arné, Purcell, Händel and Hatton, and was equally intelligent and sympathetic in the classic, modern and old English schools.

A Burmeister Recital.—The following notice is from the Baltimore American of January 25, on the recital of Mr. Richard Burmeister:

A return was made yesterday to the customary afternoon recitals at the Peabody, which have been suspended since November, on account of the series of concerts which have been taking place Saturday evenings. Yesterday afternoon Prof. Richard Burmeister was the soloist, and he gave an interesting exposition of a well-arranged program, which read as follows:

R. Schumann, sonata in F sharp minor, op. 11; J. Haydn, Andante con Variazioni in F minor; Fr. Chopin, two preludes, from op. 28, and Impromptu, in F sharp major, op. 36; R. Burmeister, Capriccio, in C major, and Elegy, in D flat major; A. Rubinstein, Valse, in A flat major, op. 14, No. 4. Most of these numbers have figured frequently on Mr. Burmeister's program, so a detailed criticism is not necessary. Suffice it to say, Mr. Burmeister was in his best playing form, and gave forceful and brilliant renderings of the various pieces, winning much applause and a number of recalls. The next recital takes place next Friday afternoon.

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THEODOR WACHTEL, the famous tenor, writes: "I heartily recommend to amateurs and artists alike the system of my master, Maurice Strakosch, 'The Ten Commandments of Music,' to which I am indebted for all the success I have had."

EMMA THURSBY also testifies to the "inestimable value of my dear master's system, 'The Ten Commandments of Music.'"

CHRISTINE NILSSON acknowledges the priceless worth of her impresario's (Maurice Strakosch) system.

LOUISE NIKITA writes: "To the simple, common sense system employed by my late master, Maurice Strakosch and his successor, M. Le Roy, I shall ever be grateful for whatever success I have obtained in the many countries I have visited."

Review by the late Dr. HUEFFER, Musical Critic of the "Times," London: "Brief, singularly clear and absolutely free from pedding, physiological or otherwise. The hints for voice cultivation and the system of daily practice comprising the 'Ten Commandments of Music' must be regarded as the concentrated extract of the teachings of a phenomenally successful master. The result of many years' careful observation, they are designed not only for developing, but also for keeping the vocal organs in the highest state of efficiency possible to them."

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Maurel Talks on Schumann.

M. VICTOR MAUREL emerged from his laboratory the other afternoon in his apartment at the Hotel Gerlach, and moved straight toward the piano, where he began to turn quietly one after the other the pages of a copy of Schumann's songs. When M. Maurel is not busy with chemical experiments, testing a phonograph, or indulging freely in the noble art of boxing and other form of athletics, he can be one of the most tranquil thinkers and lucid talkers, reposing gently in an easy chair. The Schumann copy was set to the text translations of Jules Barbier and Victor Wilder.

"Your interpretation of Schumann was not accepted by the exclusively German contingent at your Schumann recital last week, M. Maurel?" was asked him. "Tell me candidly your true opinion. Do you believe Schumann can be well sung in other language than German? It would be quite possible for you to include Schumann in your repertory without the interior conviction that you were doing the right thing. What is your interior conviction?"

M. Maurel dropped into a deep arm chair and assumed the look of intense and reflective contemplation which compels listeners.

"My conviction is," he said, "that Schumann can be sung with justice in other than the German tongue. First because Schumann himself has permitted translations of his work. It is probable that the poet might not have been quite as accommodating, but Heine was dead at the time the French translations were made, and, besides, the literary point of view was secondary to the musician. It is nevertheless the case that Schumann in approving the Barbier and Wilder translations has considered that the French interpretations of his compositions could deal no harm to their true original value.

"Second," continued M. Maurel, with warmly increasing interest, "because the original effects remain the same they simply undergo some displacement. If I myself sang—as I hope soon to do—Schumann in German, I would not sing him the same as in French; certain effects possible in French are not similarly possible in the German text, and vice versa. Before an audience in which the German element dominates I hope to be able in a brief space to sing in German; but before a French audience I will sing Schumann always in French. The two interpretations will most certainly be different, but they will be equivalent and would merit the approval of the master.

"Mme. Clara Schumann herself has given me this assurance when I brought to her notice these French translations of her husband's work.

"One of my most treasured memories," said the baritone, gravely, "is that of my experience with Mme. Clara Schumann in London when she accompanied me during several consecutive days in a large number of her husband's songs. Mme. Schumann, austere and critical, found nothing to condemn in the delivery of her husband's lyrics, despite the exigencies imposed by the French text. She praised highly the unaltered presence of Schumann's true sentiment, and her eulogy remains with me vividly and encouragingly always. Something to sustain one, is it not?" said M. Maurel, with a serious smile, which, however, had no tinge of irony.

"Does it not strike you," was asked him, "that to create a Schumann monopoly within one country is to drive into a corner a poet-musician whose song and sentiment belong to all countries under the sun?"

"Ah, there you have anticipated me," said M. Maurel. "I was just about to express my last and principal argu-

ment. To sustain that Schumann cannot be sung except by a German, and consequently that he cannot be understood by any but a German, is to condemn Schumann to the limits of Germany itself. This was perhaps the desire of a few, but it was certainly not that of Schumann himself. Before any feeling of German or Germany, any spirit of national sympathy, Schumann felt firstly as a man. Germany cannot claim a monopoly of Schumannesque sentiment. Schumann's sentiment is universal and concerns everybody.

"There can be no question of nationality for sentiment as for individuals. When one says 'German sentiment,' 'French sentiment,' it is an abuse of language. Properly speaking one should say the German manner, the French manner, of expressing a sentiment, and even this differentiation would seem to me rather subtle."

"But now, M. Maurel, to return to the merits or demerits of a translated text?"

"Well," said M. Maurel, "I find no difficulty in recognizing that before a particular audience it is preferable to sing Schumann in German, not only from the musical standpoint, but also on the score of the inevitable inferiority of translations. It would be audacious, however, to pretend as some people concerning Schumann that a work loses everything if it is not sung in the language employed by the composer. In this case certain works of Gluck and Mozart should only be sung in French and in Italian, and to sing them in German would be a sacrilege. I think that this is sufficiently consequent and logical to overthrow the Schumann objection discussed.

"In looking this question fairly in the face I think the conclusion is bound to be arrived at that since a translation cannot be in absolute conformity with the original text, it should be esteemed fortunate when it reproduces faithfully the sentiment of that same text. It is admissible at once that it is preferable to sing a work in the language chosen by the composer, but also that it is possible to sing it in another language if the translation is sufficiently faithful.

"An illustration and striking example comes to the support of this opinion: I wish to speak of Wagner. The great master himself wished to write his operatic poems. He desired to accomplish the complete fusion of words and music, and with him the musical and literary points of view had, as he often said, an equal importance. Still further in order to translate Wagner one confronts greater difficulties than in the translation of any other works, the alteration, for example, so common with him and impossible to render in any other language. And yet has not Wagner approved the French translations of his works, and even the translations into verse, so much more traitorous than those in prose.

"With this example before us," concluded M. Maurel, "there would seem nothing left us to do but to bow. We have in France a proverb which says: 'Ne soyons plus royalistes que le roi!'"

Carl Fiqué Plays.—Last week Mr. Carl Fiqué made his appearance in a recital of piano music in Brooklyn after an apparent desertion from this line of work for about two years. His playing now discloses more temperament, fluency and enthusiasm than formerly. The hall could not possibly have held more people than were present, and the audience was one that had come prepared to sit through the program in its entirety.

Schumann's symphonic études were excellently played, and a capriccio by Mendelssohn was handled with exceptional brilliancy and skill.



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Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler.

THE following is clipped from the Chicago Tribune and tells the story, confirmed by our own correspondent, of the pianist's remarkable success in the Windy City:

Coming so shortly after Paderewski, Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler has possibly made a stronger impression than she would under other conditions. Neither of these great artists would lose in the summing up of characteristics in performance in juxtaposition. Comparison is not allowable, not because they do not stand on equal plane of eminence, but because in the matter of temperament they stand diametrically opposed. Paderewski is a poet in the sense that is lyric. Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler is dramatic in the sense that is intense. The one awakens excited admiration, the other commands enthusiasm. Each is pre-eminently admirable in so far as they appeal to the temperament of the individual listener. Clarity, sweetness and fluency belong to Paderewski, combined with virility and prodigious technique. But his passion is the passion of Mozart; the depths that he stirs are never beyond elegance of reserve. The impulse that comes of intense nervous force and lightly kindled imagination leads Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler into other paths. Each is equally sincere; it is the point of view.

It may be a trait of race, but the same qualities ascribed to Rachel, and which exist in the dramatic work of Mme. Bernhardt, are recalled in the performances of Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler in another field of art. Her climaxes are won through impulse and a self forgetfulness that is complete. As the composer in the moments of creation glows with his theme, so Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler seems to enter into the spirit of the work. In the first movement of the Rubinstein concerto, which she played in last week's program, already reviewed in these columns, the identity of sex became lost in that of the artist. The forcefulness and power of the performance were adequate to the point of exaction. It was in this really dramatic and broad movement that Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler was at her best, and one which appeared irresistible in its appeal to her.

There is in the woman's playing a peculiar aptness of gesture that is dramatic. It is not mannerism, for each has a meaning connected with the phrase in which it is employed. To the method of tone production required at the moment they are doubtless in a measure due. But beyond this they derive and obtain significance as fully as the gestures in a dramatic recital.

It may be through broadened experience, or it may be the result of general acknowledgment, but those traces of self-consciousness that once proved a bar to full enjoyment of Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler's work are no more a part of it. The opposite has succeeded, and we find instead absorption and enthusiastic intensity that do not necessarily belong to the ripened artist, but to the experienced few.

The second movement of the Rubinstein concerto proved in its performance that Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler is not eminently possessed of the poetry that is lyric. There was instead a womanly gentleness and sympathy that, heightened on the exultant side through variety and beauty in tone color and clearness in passage work, produced eminent effect. For so slight a physique to retain so great a degree of reserve power in the conclusion of the last movement of the concerto was a notable point. After the dramatic value of the first movement and the beauty of the second this final one of Rubinstein's D minor is not musically grateful in consequence. With audiences as a rule, however, it is likely to leave the desired impression—naturally awakened through scintillant brilliancy. But the sense of atmosphere is missing. So far as the balance of the work is concerned, it is a train of thought suddenly broken in upon by the recollection of effect for effect's sake—a ready made situation placed in the drama for the chief executant who is not likely to make one of his own.

Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler, however, gave to it an individual interest that placed it beyond the degree of significance it properly commands.

In speaking of her study of Rubinstein's D minor concerto from the point of the interpretant, Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler said: "My idea of a piece forms when I play it or hear it for the first time, whether done badly or well. And from that ideal I never depart, although I may not be able to attain it. But I cannot play any piece unless it appeals to me. I have tried, and in days gone by, when I really needed engagements, the request would come that I play some certain thing. I have taken up the work and given it up, notifying those who had engaged me that it was no use. The D minor of Rubinstein is the only one of my pieces that I feel that I play with authority, for it bears the stamp of the composer's approval. I never heard Rubinstein play it, nor

have I ever heard one of his pupils play it. Before I played it in Dresden I called upon him and told him these facts. I also told him that I had studied the work because it appealed to me and I admired it. Then he answered: 'If you do not play it well I will cut off your head.' From which I knew that it made no earthly difference to him how I played it. But my performance pleased him and he gave me full assurance of it. Afterward Paul Lindau, the novelist, wrote to me of Rubinstein's opinion expressed to him also.

"I do not claim that I play it with every diminuendo and ritardando that Rubinstein would have directed. He was too broad a man to let such little things become of moment. It was the general meaning that he demanded in the interpretation. Bach and Beethoven were not such old fogies as people would have us believe to-day, and we do not need to bring to the performance of their works a line and measure. Once I asked Grieg how to play a composition of his that I neither played for him nor he for me. He laughed and answered: 'Faster.' With Moszkowski it is the same. He has told me 'play things as they appeal to you.' It is the individuality of the performer that he desires in the interpretation. Technically there are certain points in the Rubinstein D minor that make me think of a race-horse at a hurdle. He may make it and he may not. And while I could be awakened out of my sleep to play that concerto there are certain passages in it of which I am never sure. They are as much a matter of inspiration as application. Although written by so great a pianist parts of the work are not for the piano."

How to Practice Singing or Playing.

AT the Utica (N. Y.) Conservatory of Music, Director Louis Lombard delivered recently the following interesting and instructive address on How to Practice.

"I would ask you to accept recognized authorities without much questioning until you are full fledged artists. You will gain more by obeying good teachers implicitly than by acting upon your own impulses. For example, classical music in the beginning of one's studies may be repugnant. Later, however, you will have acquired a taste for better works and the power to appreciate such.

"You might as well eat candy instead of meat as to play trashy music because it happens to please you to-day. The palate of the child cannot warn him against the danger threatening his stomach. I would compare his helpless condition to one's mind when taking initial steps in art life. A babe would gladly swallow poison if given in an attractive pill. If your teacher tells you to practice something which may now seem useless, or which may be positively annoying, obey! The advice is given for your own good, not for the teacher's pleasure.

"One of the most important duties is to train the mind and body to the habit of work. In time an acquired habit will become a new function of the brain, which will later manifest itself even without volition. After exercising the brain or muscles in a new channel we may not be able to perform that new act well at the hour of the next trial, but after a day or two, when we repeat the practice, we may find ourselves able to do it with astonishing facility. In other words, we grow silently, unconsciously, into the new psychological or physiological habit. The acts of irrational animals are mostly automatic. It is the privilege of man to add through study and practice an almost endless number of complex habits; in fact most of his performances are the result of training. This elevates him among animals. His aptitude to learn new and difficult movements proves his superiority over other creatures. There are many inborn tendencies to some actions in all animals, like the sudden closing of the eyelids to preserve the eye; but such unconscious, instinctive acts are very few compared to the many that are acquired by the civilized man in his daily pursuits, and by the highest exponent of a civilization—the great artist.

"Any act becomes easier by repetition. Were it not so our existence would be wasted to acquire only a few simple things, and these would demand constant practice, that we might retain them. Think of the difficulties experienced by the child when first trying to stand on its

feet! How hard it finds it to comb its hair! With a little practice, however, these acts become automatic; that is, they are done without conscious effort, whether of the will or muscles. Were it not that with repetition a performance becomes easier the pianist would spend his whole life trying to play one scale. An important advantage gained by reiteration of a correct habit is in the fact that the will is no longer required; and it is very important to economize that energy. Habit is indeed more than second nature. It simplifies our movements and diminishes fatigue. When first learning to play or sing we stumble at every step, and yet our whole attention may be concentrated upon the work in hand. After sufficient practice we cannot make mistakes if we would; then we may perform great difficulties with an insignificant expenditure of will power and muscular energy. With careful rehearsing we produce remarkable results instantaneously and simultaneously. At a glance we read a forty line score, and unravel its mechanical and physical mysteries with our ten fingers on the piano. We perform an astonishing series of marvelous acts as if we were only breathing.

"But it is just as easy to do the wrong thing as the right one—if bad habits have been acquired.

"A correct musical performance consists of many difficult movements performed simultaneously. This depends largely upon the mechanical, inattentive and unconscious feeling which has been ingrained in the performer through his past intellectual efforts, made in the silent hours of the night; perhaps when he suffered from a headache, or while his fingers ached and his throat burned. The acquirement of desirable and difficult automatic acts can only be in proportion to the amount of mental work done in the past. Acquire the unconscious memory of a difficulty, and you will perform it without the slightest effort. At this period of your life good or bad habits are easily formed, and now especially should you aim to assimilate all that is good. One of the greatest desiderata is to love labor, not merely beast of burden work, but love of the effort which demands the concentration of all your faculties. It is not sufficient merely to play or sing a set number of hours a day; that would produce little result unless the practicing were correct. How much you practice is not that which counts; it is how you practice. Were you to study incorrectly until doomsday what would the result be? As regards the acquirement of life habits, I may add without digressing unnecessarily from my subject: Acquire as many useful ones as soon as possible. Let your diction and phraseology be elegant, your manner and etiquette faultless, always respect the laws of man and nature, and never say, do or think aught but that which builds up a good reputation, and better still a beautiful character.

"Practice with brains and heart, as well as fingers and throat. The possession of a fine voice is not enough to be a singer, although it is an advantage that no training can supply. When one has the ability to regulate his voice, to understand its management, to interpret with correct traditions, perfect intonation, and, in addition, possesses a musical temperament, he can produce a better effect with an inferior voice than a stupid singer could with the finest organ. The most perfect use of the vocal apparatus is essential to good singing. Still, there is another qualification of much more importance. Although you might have the best regulated breathing, a precise intonation, and a faultless execution of difficult trills, groups, appoggiaturas, fiorituras and skips, these would only be means to an end. With such accomplishments alone you would never move an audience. Vivid emotion can only be imparted when you yourselves are agitated by a violent impulse. You should live the life you represent in your song, and the pain or joy in the composition ought to be as if your own. Real tears, I may almost say, ought to fill your eyes when singing a pathetic phrase. You should bubble over with joy if playing a gay strain, and the smile on your face must come there unbidden. Look



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*Mr. Gorb.
12 November
1895*

*C'est avec la plus vive attention et
un intérêt à plus en plus croissant
que j'ai examiné votre admirable
ouvrage: "Touch and Technique".
Sans entrer dans les détails — car
j'aimais à faire usage de chaque
page — je vous dirai simplement
tout ce que c'est la meilleure méthode
de piano que je connaisse et
vous félicite de tout coeur, et
l'auteur d'une œuvre aussi
magistrale.*

J. Paderewski

PADEREWSKI

—TO—

WILLIAM MASON.



(TRANSLATION.)

It is with the liveliest attention and an ever-increasing interest that I have examined your admirable work "Touch and Technique." Without going into details—for I should have to make a eulogy of each page—I simply tell you that it is the best Piano Method which I know, and congratulate you heartily on being the author of so masterly a work.

happy or sad, because you cannot help it. When intense passion is to be expressed, let the blood violently rush to your cheeks, as if the pain were really located in your own heart. If you can abandon yourselves to such tempestuous currents you will never be called mechanical, unsympathetic—the worst criticism that may be passed on work supposed to be artistic, for it means that the would-be artist is only an artisan, a workman, a cobbler—however well he made the shoes!

"To play or sing a new work well you should begin by dissecting it. First, read and enunciate the verses clearly, giving their full meaning, and adding later the facial expression and the gesticulations. After this attention should be turned to the musical side, the notation, the slightest details of expression. Unusual skips should be practiced often. You ought to try the accompaniment by itself. These things done well, one by one, might then be executed together.

"In playing or singing one should always listen to one's self. The most important thing to attain is a fine tone quality, and this can only be gained by constantly imagining a better color of tone than you produce, while at the same time endeavoring to create such an ideal.

Some will say it is a great task to practice in so thorough a manner. But if you do not study thus you might better not study at all; you would then save your time and money. Do you think it takes just as many minutes to play two hours carelessly as to play with care? I can prove to you it seems to take more of them. Have you not noticed how time drags if you are watching the clock, instead of centring your energies upon your work?

"You cannot learn too soon to love hard work. It is the only kind that is fruitful. Never be discouraged because anyone plays or sings better than you do. The only reason may be this one has practiced better. Let your instruments always be in perfect tune and of the best tone qualities. Conquer some new difficulty daily. Never do anything aimlessly. Never trifle with your instrument.

"Do not play that which the teacher has not suggested, and still less that which he forbids. Would you go to a doctor and then take the medicine you happen to like the taste of, and reject the one he gave you? What would be the use of going to him? When you perform composition, instead of going through its entire length, always stumbling over the same difficulties, mark those hard passages and play them frequently in proportion as they are difficult. If an arpeggio is in itself twenty times harder than the remainder of the piece, you should play it twenty consecutive times before proceeding to the next measure.

"You cannot too often go over the same unconquered spot. Paderewski has frequently played the same short run hundreds of times without intermission. A great singer who was praised for her wonderful gift of trill said, 'If you had practiced trilling as many hours during many years as I have, you, too, would trill as I do.' When a passage is ten times harder than another, why not play it ten times more? If a finger be weaker, why not use it oftener to raise its strength to that of the stronger fingers? The power for taking pains—that is genius! You cannot exercise this faculty too much; and you will be amply repaid for your sacrifice by the resultant talents.

"Be your own teachers at home by listening to yourselves, being very strict and critical concerning your own work, and you will derive almost as much advantage as if the teacher were with you all the time. Always be careful. A neat execution is the only kind that can bear fruit. The oftener you practice in a slovenly manner, the more deeply will that habit be impressed in your technic. Slow practice is the basis of all good execution. Always scrutinize a piece thoroughly before beginning it. Pupils often start and suddenly stop, merely because they have not looked at the signature. Never be angry with your instrument. It does not care a fig about your feelings. I would warn you to pay strict attention to rests when practicing alone. If you acquire the reckless way of stealing

the time of rests, you will find yourselves in trouble when performing with other musicians.

"Do not lower yourselves to the standard of your environment. If it is low, raise it to yourselves. This must be done judiciously. To please ignorant auditors, however, it is not necessary to perform musical monstrosities. There are many good compositions, simple, melodious, charming. Minstrel songs, two steps, and similar vulgarities are not essential, even to the common herd. Haydn, Händel, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Rubinstein, Gounod, Godard, Chaminade, Massenet, Buck and others have painted tone pictures which would please even a Bowery boy, quite as much as many of the ugly phrases now so dear to his heart. The tunes that are pleasing to him are so only through the power of association. He has heard them, they have impressed themselves upon his memory. Perhaps his sweetheart hummed them. Maybe with such melodies his mother rocked him to sleep! Is it to be wondered at should he prefer coarse songs learned under such conditions?

"As to the number of hours you should practice, let that be regulated by your strength, health and moods. Four hours a day for instrumentalists and two hours for singers may be regarded as a fair average. If your back aches, or your throat is sore, you are unwise in practicing again before you are in your normal condition. You should divide that time. If you practice without interruption during these hours, you may injure your health with gaining corresponding benefits. Back of all human efforts there needs be the substructure of a sound body. Give about one-half of your time to scales, tone and other technical details.

"Inventory your musical knowledge and keep a record of the studies and pieces you have mastered. Regulate the number of hours at your disposal. Make a note in your little book of your individual defects, and especially of those idiosyncrasies peculiarly your own—weak vocal organs, an unskillful hand, a careless way, the tendency to hurry, the abuse of the tempo rubato, slovenly pedaling, the inability to read, mannerisms, neglect of tone qualities, of accents, of rhythm, spasmodic dividing of time, &c.—habits resulting from heredity or idiotic practice, or inculcated by incompetent teachers. Beware of vanity! To the careful and modest student his execution may seem full of glaring faults, and he, even without his teacher, may discover remedies. The conceited will be blinded and will almost cherish his own defects—a bear loves its ugliest cub. To do a thing once well is not enough. In order to retain it, do it many times well without interruption. Practice one thing at a time. The left hand and now the right, if you are a pianist; the fingering, then the bowing, if a violinist; one tone in one breath, and then many, if a singer. Always have a high ideal, and strive to attain it. To succeed in this profession you must not regard musical art as an ear-tickling pastime. This would hardly inspire you to sacrifice much for the attainment of such a toy.

"You should look upon music as the universal language, as the most poetic and powerful of tongues, as the noblest expression of the soul, excelling in depth, intensity, variety, sublimity all the other arts. Then you will be on the road to success as a musical artist, provided you have the artistic temperament and the ability to work humbly, patiently, hopefully."

Mary Louise Clary.—The popular contralto Miss Mary Louise Clary is at present in Chicago, where she will remain for three weeks longer, singing in Trilby with Mr. Palmer's original company, and filling other local engagements.

Subsequent to this, she will go for a week successively to St. Louis, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, after which the company will return to this city and vicinity for the remainder of the season.

Music in Weimar.

SCHROTERSTRASSE 28, WEIMAR, February 5, 1896.

AN entertainment consisting of songs, readings and piano solos was given last Friday week at the Erholung by a Leipzig singer, Gustav Borchers, a Frau Bauer and Herr Morgenroth contributing respectively.

There is hardly anything so depressing to me as a sparsely filled concert hall, with a somewhat cold and critical public. Being a professional student, and having made some melancholy experiences in giving concerts in places where I was quite a stranger in a strange land, I can feel very acutely for the poor unfortunate who has to perform under such chilly circumstances. The above concert givers, in addition to having a small audience, were handicapped with a villainously bad piano with a tone like a kettledrum.

Mr. Borchers seemed to me to be a type of the lovesick tenor, who delights in expiring pianos and pianissimos. He has a very pretty voice and knows how to use it, and, on the whole, I enjoyed his selections. Unfortunately I was too tired to stay until the end of the program, where he had placed some songs of his own composition, and which, according to the local papers, were well received. The readings were responsible for my sleepiness. They might have been more interesting recited from memory, but so, they fell flat.

It would be unfair to criticize the pianist too sharply. I think I should have refused to play on such an old tub. He did his best; but a menuet of Stavenhagen and the Vogel étude of Henselt were not happily played; neither did I like his playing of Schumann's Aufschwung; he missed a great many points in it. A tarantella of Liszt, on the contrary, was well played and with a great deal of bravura. I must add that this Borchers is not the well-known singing master.

On January 30 the annual benefit concert for the orchestra was given in the court theatre. Frau Gmür-Harloff and Herr Burmester had given their services for the occasion, with the result that every seat in the theatre was sold. I have never seen such a crowd here, nor such an enthusiastic audience. The concert marks an epoch in the musical history of Weimar, at least as far as I know it. Krzyzanowski conducted, and opened with the Pastoral Symphony; one could feel though that everybody was impatiently awaiting the soloists of the evening. At last the symphony was over, and Paganini, Jr., made his appearance with the Paganini concerto No. 1. What is one to say about Burmester, excepting that he more than fulfills one's expectations of what is possible on the violin?

I greatly admired the coolness and presence of mind he displayed in what might have been a very embarrassing accident. In executing a couple of pizzicato notes in the middle of the bowing the bow slipped from his hand and fell nearly to the ground. Capellmeister Krzyzanowski gave a contra-bass grunt of surprise, and Burmester caught up his bow, skipped a bar and half, and came in with the orchestra again. Such a sigh of relief went up from the audience, I should have applauded him alone for that. Such a thing tries one's nerves considerably, and it is a wonder he continued so quietly.

Later in the program he played the Faust Fantasie with wonderful verve and, execution, and after allowing himself to be called out six or seven times, gave as encore the air of Bach played entirely on the G string. This was really a 'cello solo, for the tone he developed in it was decidedly worthy of the larger instrument. He was rewarded with a laurel wreath and inscription, "Dedicated to the German Paganini." Frau Gmür-Harloff, who, by the way, is the wife of our gifted Gmür, not sister-in-law, as I was wrongly informed, made her entry with the aria Ave Maria, Königin, from Max Bruch's Feuerkrenz. She did not seem quite at her ease in the beginning, and although she sang perfectly, as far as interpretation, technique, &c., are concerned, yet I did not feel satisfied; I

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think it was too heavily dramatic for her voice. In the songs of Schumann and Bengzon she was most charming. I cannot imagine anything more artistically perfect than her singing of the Nussbaum and the Schmetterling.

The Norwegian songs seem to be favorites with her; they were, too, beautifully given. I do not understand a word of the language, but there was a great deal of pathos in them. She was not let off, either, without an encore, and responded with a sort of Paganini concerto for the voice, viz., the Variations by Proch, which I heard for the first time, and which seemed to me to include every possibility and impossibility for the human throat. It seemed to be a night of accidents, for, while accompanying the variations, Krzyzanowski (oh, this awful name!) turned over a leaf too vigorously, and the music fell on his hand at the piano, and he continued playing thusly till somebody came and rescued him from the dilemma. Then a largo by Händel for sixteen violins, harp and organ was on the program, but the organ would not work; there was something wrong with the state of Denmark somewhere; so the wind instruments were substituted, and this, together with the Sylphentanz, by Berlioz, was redemanded by the public, a proceeding almost unprecedented in the annals of Athens on the Ith, as Weimar is called.

The Vorspiel to the Meistersinger closed the concert; but I had had enough by the time that came, and, with the last strains of Bach from Burmester's "arco magico" in my ears, left the theatre feeling grateful to my Creator for having included music among the blessings He has vouchsafed to bestow upon erring and sinful man.

EDW. W. OSBORN.

Music in Switzerland.

CLARENS, January 28, 1896.

ON Thursday, January 18, a concert was given in the Salle de Réunions in Clarens for the benefit of the English Church. The first part was composed of Brahms' trio, op. 87, for piano, violin and cello; of two violin soli; and four songs in German and French, by Madame Troyen-Bläsi. The popular little cantatrice did not look so charming as in more genial surroundings under artificial light. So, too, the acoustics—or rather the lack of them—told badly on her voice. I found it even more lacking in sweetness than when doing the heavier work of oratorio. She sang with expression, however, and modulated well; of her four selections, Brahms, Bizet, Rubinstein, and Chaminade, she sang the last best, the German Lieder being ill suited to her voice and style.

The second part consisted of three cello selections, the Kreutzer Sonata, and two piano soli by Madame Hirtzel-Langenhau. The violinist and cello being amateurs, and having concealed their identity under initials, we shall cheerfully leave them their desired incognito.

But why upon the seldom occasion of their public appearance do amateurs always choose the most difficult music—music whose difficult technicalities alone would place it beyond their grasp, and which requires, besides, a master hand for its interpretation, an artist's skill to properly express its meaning and beauty? Think of Brahms, with his knotty problems, his bewildering triplets, in such unaccustomed hands. Of phrasing, shading, &c., there was no attempt; indifferent to their attitude on the stage, to their bowing (oh, ye gods!), to the pianist and to each other, they sawed wildly away, intent only on their notes and on getting there in time. And sometimes they succeeded!

The violinist attempted Bach and the cello Popper, of course; then the undaunted knight of the fiddle came forward to attack the Kreutzer Sonata, in which assault he lost some hair (off his bow), a string, retired for repairs and finally got through.

The most remarkable thing about this concert was the quiet, self-contained, yet highly strung little woman on whom the whole concert depended, and to whom its success was due. I have seen and heard many artists play from

memory, but only their own selections; I have never seen, as here, an accompanist follow an entire concert, altogether without notes, as did Madame Langenhau Saturday. Brahms' long trio, through allegro, andante, scherzo and finale, all from memory, and this not alone but supporting, dragging two blunderers along, who depended entirely upon her. They with notes looked to her without notes for their cues and they got them. So in that most difficult Kreutzer Sonata it was she who helped the poor floundering violinist; none of his mistakes disturbed her coolness or betrayed her memory. It was wonderful! One did not know which most to admire, her "prodigious" memory, her perfect self-possession, or her brilliant execution. Her playing of the Kreutzer Sonata was not alone brilliant—it betrayed a depth of feeling and varying intense moods that must make her a Beethoven interpreter. One longed to hear her alone or with a worthy coadjutor.

Schubert's Minuetto I did not like; she gives—what I have noticed in so many artists—too great a difference between fortissimo and pianissimo. The mazurka by Leschetizky was perfect. She has a wrist of iron (shake hands with her once) and yet supple; her fingers a touch so light that their tips seem velvet padded. She has a clean staccato, a deep, true tone, phrases clearly and uses the pedal well. This young woman is only twenty-three; she has the artist's face and the artist's temperament—a pity it were to condemn her to the fireside, equally a pity for her to depend on this public and with such coworkers. She should go further afield. The small hall was comfortably filled, the audience was enthusiastic, and the organ was paid for. "All's well that ends well."

MONTEUX, January 27, 1896.

To hear this concert I was compelled to miss a solo concert in the Kursaal, but these Saturday concerts are no longer so attractive as formerly. The first violin has neither the repertory nor the technic to satisfy the public; further, we have been condemned to listen to, through him, many compositions of Capellmeister Jüttner's which are neither interesting nor beautiful.

In the middle of the season we have lost the second first violin, and the management, with a short sighted policy, has not replaced him—hence one soloist less and only four first violins, entirely inadequate to the size of the orchestra. Herr Jüttner tries to fill the solo gaps with wood and wind instruments, the cellist and the harp. The cornetist, Hönicke is good, but has failed to catch the public; the cellist has a limited repertory and has materially retrograded these two last seasons. The harpist is an old man, whose one point of resemblance to King David has reddened his nose, dimmed his eyes, and weakened the fingers that should sweep the strings. For three seasons he has played the same tunes, about six—full of scales and arpeggios—and always a telling last chord, which comes in with effect. It is very amusing to watch this old harpist in orchestra pieces, especially in the Valse Caprice of Rubinstein; his excitement, his nervous, unceasing attention and the director's uplifted, pointed baton, both equally unable to bring forth that last arpeggio in time. Yet the English adore this old man; a solo means always an encore, generally Wie schön bist Du, or Home, Sweet Home—(e's drawn out).

In Saturday's concert (January 25) we had a flute and a cornet solo, and two pieces new to this orchestra—Im Silberkranz, aus der Wiege bis zum Grabe, by Reinecke, and Musique de ballet de l'opéra Austin, by Marschner. The latter was chiefly remarkable for its striking resemblance to Weber's Invitation to the Waltz, not alone in melody, but in movement and in treatment. I do not know whether because of this resemblance Herr Jüttner had placed them so in juxtaposition upon the same program; otherwise the ballet was not very impressive. There was a violin solo with accompaniment that was odd, and suggested an Oriental dance, but the opera is to me totally unfamiliar.

It is singular the many similarities one traces in music, unavoidable I suppose, where ideas have been often used, and originality is at as much of a premium as in literature. The most we can exact now is originality of treatment.

Massenet's Hérodiade and parts of Mascagni, so similar; Gluck and Mozart, frequently, and Rubinstein's Fiançailles de Cachemire, with what?—is it Sylvia or Coppelia? I can't remember. Have you ever considered the educational value of such an orchestra? Orchestral music is not alone the most instructive, but also the most beautiful of all music, and an orchestra which, like this one, presents compositions of a higher grade exercises an immense influence upon the taste of a community. People may criticize as they please the Kursaal management and the administration or capacity of the present chef d'orchestre; I, for one, will never refuse to acknowledge the debt I owe them for pleasure received, and for the immense benefit the continual presentment of good music has been to the musical education of my children. Hence, I intend no invidious criticism in my previous remarks concerning the orchestra's present inadequacy; I only regret seeing its standard lowered and its power for giving good work impaired. No one can do good work without the proper tools, and Herr Jüttner deserves only the greater credit for struggling so successfully against obstacles.

There is no Kur orchestra that outranks this one in the standing of its musicians and in the quality of the music given. Monte Carlo, renowned for its magnificent orchestra, has abolished its daily free concerts; to the Thursday classic and the Sunday evening popular concerts an admission fee is required.

The principal charm of our concerts is their informal nature. You come and go when you please, beginning at 8 p. m. and ending at 5 o'clock, with twenty minutes' intermission; one remains only as long as interested, sometimes enters merely to hear a favorite selection. The hall is small, cosy and well heated, the seats comfortable, and the adjoining restaurant, a pretty glass-covered pavilion, convenient for the refreshment of the inner man. As is usually the case, women are the frequenters and patrons; men are here at a premium; the old, decrepit grandfathers, the ailing consumptives, or the gay adventurers who sometimes appear, filling poorly the bill of masculinity required. The women sew or knit or read and some talk, a few enjoy the music; some appear in elegant costumes, the greater number in rough climbing or linguery suits. There is no style, no fashion, no strictness, and this freedom is delightful and attractive.

The price for hotel guests is 2 francs per person weekly; for resident foreigners, per season, 30 francs. This includes entrance to two daily concerts, to a reading room liberally supplied with daily papers in various tongues and many of the principal periodicals, to a neat little billiard room, a pretty and well kept garden terrace, and to the lake, to the restaurant, ninepin alley, and the "petits chevaux." Since "le jeu est la passion des imbéciles," "imbéciles" must number largely in the transient population of Montreux, for 'tis said that from the "petits chevaux" comes the principal profit to the Kursaal management. The table is always surrounded, and while the betting is not and cannot be high, the gains are uncertain, and the losses a foregone conclusion, the game is fair and square, but, like all gambling, with the chances ever against the player. But attendance upon the gambling tables is not compulsory, and the harm they may possibly do some foolish people is more than counterbalanced by the benefits such a Kursaal bestows. As a resting place for the weary, a place of amusement for the young, a meeting place for the sociably inclined, without the tax of personal hospitality, and above all, as an important factor in the cultivation of musical taste in all classes, its power and the benefits it confers cannot be overlooked.

Such orchestras we lack in America, nor do I know any community that would support one, no class that would find leisure daily to enjoy such simple and beneficial—nay, necessary—relaxation. There is the charm of European life; the cures worked through a trip abroad come not so much from climate, change, &c., as from learning how to rest, and the value of it. Let us hope that in time the American will learn to appreciate that the highest art is the art of repose.

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BERLIN, W., LINKSTRASSE 17, February 4, 1906.

THE Russian musical invasion of Berlin was continued during the past week, but with considerably less force and consequently also with less effect.

The first one to open the assault was Miss Elise Pekschen, from Riga, who risked a piano recital in Bechstein Hall on Tuesday night a week ago. The program contained the Beethoven thirty-two variations, a group of four Chopin pieces, among which the most important was the A flat polonaise, the Schumann Carnival, which was so uninterestingly performed that I left the hall and did not wait for the usual Liszt transcriptions and a brace of Rubinstein pieces which formed the close of the program. Miss Pekschen plays like a decent conservatory pupil who may become a decent piano teacher at some future day, but to demonstrate this it was hardly worth while taking a trip from Riga to Berlin.

One of those artists who are always sure of a hearty welcome in Berlin is Eugen Gura, the Bavarian court and chamber singer, who gave one of his famous Lieder and ballad recitals on the same evening. The spacious Singakademie was sold out for the occasion and great enthusiasm prevailed.

A group of Schubert Lieder, among which the posthumous Grenzen der Menschheit (the Limitations of Humanity), words by Goethe, was the most important, I was sorry to have missed, although I was told that Gura's voice was not in the best of trim in the opening portion of the program. He seemed to have overcome his temporary indisposition, however, by the time I reached the hall, and his once glorious baritone voice, though no longer absolutely reliable, had regained some of its old-time lustre and sonority. He sang two entirely new Lieder from op. 29 by Richard Strauss, entitled Traum durch die Daemmerung and Schlagende Herzen, of which the latter especially is a fine mood picture. It was enthusiastically remanded and so was the same composer's humorous song, Ach weh'mir ungluekhaftem Mann, which Gura had also sung last season with the same pleasing result. Three Lieder from Alexander Ritter's op. 16 to words by Peter Cornelius are contemplative in mood and by no means uninteresting. The third one, entitled Nimm's Mit, is the most felicitous one in the way of musically illustrating the text and it greatly pleased the audience. So did Gura's singing of four of the best of Loewe's ballads, which, however, he had given here several times in bygone days, and which therefore need no special comment.

Of the new Ladies' String Quartet I spoke in my last week's budget, when I designated it as charming. After the second of their chamber music soirées, which they gave in Bechstein Hall on last Wednesday night, to a well filled and very attentive as well as enthusiastic audience, I am bound to add to the adjective charming the further descriptive of thoroughly musical.

The four young ladies (Marie Soldat-Roeger, Elly Finger-Baletti, Natalie Lechner-Bauer and Lucy Herbert-Campbell) had this time secured male co-operation of a most distinguished kind. It consisted of Herr Chamber, virtuoso; Richard Muehlfeld, the justly renowned clarinet player, for

whom Brahms has written, and it is said by whose performances he was really induced to write his latterday compositions for this instrument. The Brahms clarinet quintet, of course, was on the program, of which it formed the close and likewise the *pièce de résistance*. The Mozart clarinet quintet, however, and justly so, was not less enjoyed or applauded. It was the first number of the program and between these two works was wedged in Haydn's third string quartet from his op. 33.

It was particularly interesting to note how differently Mozart and Brahms employ the clarinet. The former makes use almost exclusively of its serene, sweet, singing quality, giving it almost exclusive control over the melodic structure of the work, which culminates in the renowned larghetto, one of the pearls of Mozart's muse and a movement which for tender beauty, purity and simplicity stands unrivaled among the musical master utterances of all times. How differently does Brahms employ the wide range and varied registers of the clarinet! He also but rarely sings with it, mostly he depicts with its lower tones his somber and at times almost pessimistic moods, and again he uses the more acid upper, and in the highest positions almost shrieking notes of the instrument in quite a dramatic manner. Again, sometimes the clarinet is submerged among the string instruments and only lends color to them through a blending process. Contrapuntally Brahms also makes more use of the instrument than does Mozart, master of polyphonic style though he was. No two more contrasting works of the same genre could easily be found than Mozart's lovely clarinet quintet in A major and Brahms' Schopenhauerish clarinet quintet in B minor. The very selection of keys is significant. I doubt if with all his skill and momentary predilection for the instrument, Brahms will succeed in resuscitating the clarinet as a modern solo instrument. He might possibly if there were more Mühlfelds or more Schuberts in the world. But the great clarinet players of the Baermann type have always been rare, and they are so more now than at the period when it was the fashion to have a clarinet concerto performed at a symphony concert.

The Ladies' String Quartet was admirable in its share of the two quintets, not only in the way of a flawless ensemble, but also as far as musical interpretation was concerned, and I was really astonished at the strength displayed in the Brahms quintet, not to mention the beauty of tone and gracefulness, as well as tenderness of expression, in the Mozart work. Altogether the playing was, as I stated above, thoroughly musical.

While the Ladies' String Quartet was in the act of "discussing" the Haydn quartet I took a short survey of matters at the neighboring Concertsaal in the Potsdamer street.

There a soprano, Mme. Cécilie Oncken, and a baritone named Georg Liebeherr gave a joint Lieder Abend. Of the gentleman, the least said is soonest mended. He was simply dreadful. The lady, as compared with him, stood in bold relief. She is not a model singer, but she has a pleasant voice and, at least, a correct ear. She might sing with more expression, but she is, on the other hand, free from affectation. The program offered nothing new except a very pretty song, Mond auf deine Silberstrahlen, by Woldemar Sacks, who accompanied with rare taste and discretion.

Thursday evening I gave the slip to the various concert halls and attended an operetta première at the Alexander Place Theatre. The novelty, which proved successful with an audience of many shades, is the first attempt of a young Berlin amateur composer named Hans Loewenfeld. His musical talent is of a slight order, and I could discover little originality or humor, let alone beauty or inspiration, in the three or four topical songs which make up the mainstay of the new operetta Pitts. Still they were all of them redemanded, and as moreover they were dreadfully sung by a cast which for pity's sake shall remain unpublished, my sufferings were painful and almost unendurable.

The composer's many friends in the house seemed to like the operetta, and he was called upon the stage many times after the fall of the curtain.

I have reason to believe that the author of the libretto of Pitts, whose name figured on the program as Frits Otto, is identical with the composer, and all I can say is that his book is worthy of his music and vice versa. Pitts is the name of a double distilled liquor which is guaranteed to cure all aches. He who is able to give the *highest* kind of a testimonial to the work of this patent medicine whiskey is to get the hand and fortune of the manufacturer's daughter. Of course the girl's secret lover gets the prize, and he succeeds by placing a flag with the name of Pitts on it upon a very high mountain in Switzerland which the girl's other suitors were afraid to climb. The only really funny topical song in Pitts tells of the story of a police commissioner who is in love with a fair incognita anarchist of the tender sex. She reciprocates his passion and, forgetting all about the infernal machine she is carrying concealed in her bosom, she allows the policeman to embrace her, when both of them are blasted into space and eternity. This episode, which is the best one in the original book, did not pass muster with the Berlin Censor, and in order not to eliminate it entirely the author had to change the anarchist girl into a hoydenish vixen with social democratic tendencies, who carries with her a revolver which goes off at the inopportune moment of her policeman lover's embrace and kills them both. Not very likely, is it? But such the police of Berlin would have it, or Pitts would never have seen the lights of the stage, which, after all, would have been no loss to posterity.

After the novelty there came a lively performance of Louis Varney's two act vaudeville The Little Lambs, which was given with much success last season in Paris at the Bouffes Parisiennes under the same title, Les petites brebis. The book is by Armand Liorat and is quite spicy, without being either vulgar or too risqué. The little lambs are sixteen year old girls at a young ladies' boarding school of the most approved style. So innocent and guileless are these young French maidens that they don't know a man when they see one, and the two young fellows who make bold to enter the dormitory at midnight (don't get frightened) are mistaken by the young misses for guardian angels. Well, such they prove themselves to be in the end and everything turns out nicely and satisfactorily. The scene where the girls undress and go to bed on the stage is so well screened and managed that not the most prudish woman in the audience would take serious offense at it. Well, you have all seen something similar when Patti goes to bed in Fra Diavolo. Such, at least, it was here at the Alexander Platz Theatre; whether the scene is just as seemly in Paris I don't know, but I am inclined to doubt it. The public was much amused and great hilarity prevailed. The music by Varney is very clever and catchy and these French fellows have a knack for orchestrating most charmingly and just as effectively with very small means that is worthy of study and imitation. Of the performance I want to say that it was quite fair, and this was mainly the merit of Gustav Wanda, who is really an excellent conductor and deserves a better place than in a second rate operetta ensemble.

The Misses Helene Mitten and Minna Michetti as the two principal little lambs stood head and shoulders over their fellow lambs, both vocally and in point of acting. The rest of the cast had no voices worth speaking of.

The only thing I missed in the way of concerts that night was a piano recital by Prof. Ernst Jedliczka in the Singakademie. This artist, probably because he is one of the busiest and most popular piano teachers in Berlin, is but rarely heard in public, but whenever he does appear it is sure to be a rare musical treat. I am told on the very best authority that such was also the case on the occasion referred to, and that Professor Jedliczka achieved a great artistic success with a large and cultivated audience.

What made the program and would have made the even-

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ing particularly interesting to me was the fact that Schumann's op. 6, the eighteen character pieces known as the Davidsbündler, as well as the F sharp minor sonata by the same composer, were performed by Professor Jedlicska in immediate succession. The first of these works is but rarely heard in public, and in fact in twenty years of experience as a critic I cannot remember a single performance, and yet it is one of the most interesting of all of Schumann's works. It treats just like the F sharp minor sonata, which is the most beautiful, albeit not the most form finished, of Schumann's three sonatas, of the imaginary personages Florestan and Eusebius, the former an impetuous, passionate, storming creature, the latter a fanciful, feeling, poetic idealist. In these two personifications Schumann intended to demonstrate the principal contrasts at work in his creative nature, just as Jean Paul attempts to describe the dualism of his own soul in the contrasting two brothers Walt and Vult. The Davidsbündler seem also like a living protest against the fetters of old and too orthodox forms, which again in the F sharp minor sonata he vainly strives to attain. The latter work I have heard only once in my life ideally performed and that was by Paderewski at Leipzig two seasons ago. Professor Jedlicska's reproduction is likewise described to me as an "ideal" one and I am therefore particularly sorry that I was absent from it.

The remainder of the professor's program consisted of two groups of smaller piano compositions by Chopin and Rubinstein which seem well selected, and as the program as a whole may be of interest to pianists and students I herewith reproduce it:

Prélude (E-dur), op. 28, No. 9....	
Nocturne (F-dur), op. 15, No. 1....	
Etude (E-dur), op. 10, No. 3....	
Polonaise (C-moll), op. 40.....	F. Chopin
Etude (Cis-moll), op. 25, No. 7....	
Mazurka (Cis-moll), op. 41.....	
Nocturne (As-dur), op. 32, No. 2....	
Scherzo (Cis-dur), op. 39, No. 3....	
Prélude (G-moll), op. 53.....	
Sarabande (H-moll), op. 38.....	
Sérénade (D-moll), op. 93.....	A. Rubinstein
Mélodie (H-dur), op. 2.....	
Valse allemande (F-dur), op. 82....	

On Friday night we had the sixth symphony evening by the Royal Orchestra, on which occasion, as well as at the public rehearsal in the forenoon of the same day, the opera house was absolutely sold out to the very last available place. This is always the case at these concerts, and the fact shows how great an attraction so excellent a body of artists like the Royal Orchestra can prove if they are directed by so popular a conductor as Felix Weingartner. The young concert conductor has entirely recovered from his recent attack of blood poisoning, and led with his wonted spirit and even more than his accustomed freshness and vivacity. He seemed in particularly good humor last Friday night.

The program was not an ordinary one, but rather of special interest. It opened with a novelty, Smetana's symphonic poem in G minor *Cybele* from Bohemia's Woods and Meadows. This is the fourth one of the Czech composer's creations of this kind, of which he left an entire cycle under the general title *My Fatherland*. The most popular work among them, and also the one oftenest performed, is the symphonic poem *Vltava*, descriptive of the river Moldau. From Bohemia's Woods and Mountains is not nearly as important a musical creation, but it is a nice pastoral movement, pleasingly and effectively scored, although it cannot compare with the *Waldweben* from Siegfried, at which it evidently strives. The idea best portrayed is the birth and gradual promulgation of the Bohemian folksong which, springing from the simple woodland inhabitants, found its way all over Bohemia. Of course the work was well played and was received with applause.

Next on the program was a repetition, "by general request," of Richard Strauss' clever and capably scored *Till Eulenspiegel* rondo, of which I gave an extended description after the first performance. Again the work elicited the admiration and a general outburst of delight on the part of the audience. Tappert writes that it made upon him the effect of a twice told funny story, but then Tappert was evidently in bad humor that night, and he is anyway an old growler. As for myself I like a good story

repeated, especially if it is so well told as this orchestral chef-d'œuvre of Richard Strauss.

Not to be outdone, at least as far as the art of orchestration is concerned, by his old-time rival Richard Strauss, Felix Weingartner gave us in immediate succession upon *Till Eulenspiegel* a new orchestration, or better said an orchestral adaptation (für Orchestergesetz) of Weber's *Aufforderung zum Tanz*.

Of course you all know that there is in existence one of these already, and it was made by no less an orchestrator than Hector Berlioz. The great Frenchman was led to do this trick by the fact that the Paris Grand Opéra wanted a dance inlay for Weber's *Freischütz*, and he merely scored the *Aufforderung zum Tanz* in his own masterly way, without, however, changing the original piano piece. Not so Weingartner, who not only goes to work and rescues it in the most brilliant manner and with all the resources of the modern grand orchestra, but who also brings to bear upon it all the powers and ingenuity of his contrapuntal skill. I did not admire the first counterpoint he employs, for Weber meant that opening just as it is written, and even gave an explanation of its meaning, which ought not to have been disturbed. Nor do I think that the momentary pause of expectation, which Weber surely with intention left gaping between the introduction and the waltz, should be filled with a cadenza of trills and runs; but the awkward pause at the close of the waltz, in which the public always falls in with applause at the wrong moment, is nicely dominated and gotten over; and on the whole the scoring is so brilliant, dashing, graceful and delightful, and the contrapuntal skill displayed, especially in the bringing together of the main themes of the waltz, is so masterly that it must provoke the admiration of every true musician. Moreover, in spite of the great complexity of the workmanship, everything remains perfectly clear and lucid, and Weber's main theme ever holds the upper hand and is discernible as such even in the most intricate passages. The only objection I have from a technical viewpoint is that the orchestra is treated in such virtuoso style, and the demands upon the abilities of some of the individual players are so exacting, that only a very few orchestras in the wide world will be able to perform this Weingartner arrangement of Weber's most popular piano composition. Such as it was played by the Royal Orchestra, however, it proved tremendously effective and a delight to the audience, which strongly and irresistibly demanded a repetition. This of course was gladly granted by Weingartner, who had to bow his acknowledgments repeatedly to the frantically enthusiastic audience.

I was somewhat astonished to find that more than one of the Berlin critics objected to this Weingartner score on artistic grounds. Not one of them, however, so violently and I must say disgustingly as does Tappert, whose language is so personally vituperative that I feel unequal to the task of a translation, and herewith give it to you in the original:

"Dann ereignete sich etwas Scheussliches: ein Attentat gegen Weber, eine Sünde und Schande zu gleicher Zeit. Herr Weingartner hat sich erlaubt, des deutschen Meisters reizende 'Aufforderung zum Tanz' für Orchester 'zu setzen.' Nicht wie Berlioz, sondern wie Jakob Baillhorn, der auf dem Titelbilde seiner Kinder-Fibel zum Hahn ein Ei fügte und die neue Ausgabe als 'vermehrte' herausgab. Herr Weingartner hat sich die geschmacklosesten Zusätze und Aenderungen erlaubt und seinen Esprit als 'Kontrapunktist' dadurch bewiesen, dass er die keuschen Melodien Weber's mit instrumentalen Spässen verkuppelte. Schon die entsetzlich fade Cadenz nach dem einleitenden Zwiesgespräch war eine brutale Insulte, aber es kam noch schlimmer! Aus Operette, Tingeltangel und Circus stammten die Inspirationen, denen wir das schauderhafte Machwerk zu verdanken haben. Es ist Herrn Weingartner nicht vergönnt, selbst etwas Erfreuliches zu schaffen, da verhunzt er fremde Werke; das ist die Rache der Impotenz! Im Opernhaushalt gelangte der musikalische Frevel zur Wiederholung!! Man wird daraus nicht etwa auf eine hohe Bedeutung der Fin de siècle-Partitur schließen, sondern entnehmen können, wie tief sich innerhalb der letzten Jahre das Geschmacks-Niveau des Berliner Publikums gesenkt hat. Mit mir verliessen noch Manche das Haus, weil der schamlose Unfug sie anwiderte."

"Weingartner leidet hochgradig an krankhafter Ehrsucht. Man erzählt wunderliche Geschichten! Es genügt ihm

nicht, zu dirigieren. Er will Haydn und Mozart aufpolieren, d. h. ihre Sinfonien zeitgemäss instrumentieren, Beethoven korrigieren, Wagner revidieren, die musikalische Welt reorganisieren, das Christenthum reformieren, später den Buddhismus einführen.

Frage an die Leser: Wie denken Sie darüber?

Unis pro multis: Er wird sich blamieren!

WILH. TAPPERT."

Wagner's *Faust* overture in unusually strong reading and Beethoven's second symphony in most careful, technically flawless reproduction formed the second half of this splendid concert.

Saturday night brought the piano recital of Joseph Lhévinne in the Bechstein Saal and with it somewhat of a disappointment. The more I hear from the young Rubinstein prize winner the more I become convinced that he won the prize merely and exclusively on the strength of his *purely pianistic* talent. The latter is very great indeed, and I think that technically and in point of nuances of touch Lhévinne is already a master among masters. But this is not all and not even the highest that should be aimed at, and I must confess that as a musician reproducer the young Russian was more than a little bit below the standard one might justly expect from a Rubinstein prize winner. However, I had better "shut up" on that subject, for I was at the time just as much bamboozled by the brilliant technic of Lhévinne as were the judges at the competition, and I felt sure then that he would get the prize. If a majority of the judges (some of them were present) could have heard Lhévinne's recital last Saturday night I doubt not that "judgment might have been reversed," as the lawyers' term has it.

Certainly he played the Beethoven Hammerklavier sonata with very little strength, and with less bigness of conception. The work itself I hold overrated, and it is to me one of the most uninteresting, and the fugue even ugliest, works of Beethoven that I know; but that's no reason why it should be played weak-kneedly. Only strong individualities, such as a Bülow or a Busoni or a Rummel, when he has a good day, can succeed in making this sonata palatable or interesting to me. But also the Chopin F sharp minor polonaise was not performed to my taste, and Lhévinne in works of this calibre is lacking in fancy as well as in feeling. The only things he played so as to force admiration were those in which he could display his pianism, and among these were the Schumann toccata, the presto in E from Mendelssohn's character pieces, and above all that musical bedlam the Balakireff *Islamey* fantasy, which I heard for the first time in public on this occasion.

On the same evening the Joachim Quartet gave its seventh, and last but one, chamber music soirée of the present season before the usual large and attentive gathering of the most musical public Berlin boasts. The program contained the three well-known string quartets of Mendelssohn in E minor, op. 44, No. 2; the A major from op. 18 of Beethoven, and the Schubert posthumous and most beautiful D minor with the *Tod* and the *Maedchen* variations.

On account of the above piano recital I was only able to hear part of the Schubert quartet, which, of course, was performed with the usual high degree of finish in ensemble and the ever acknowledged general musical excellence which is the standard of Professor Joachim and his associates. But as these gentlemen have of late not given us anything new, and as the reiteration of praise for their playing may not be of special interest to my readers, there remains little or nothing to be said about this season's Joachim Quartet evenings.

The only other concert I have to write about was last night's seventh Philharmonic Concert under Arthur Nikisch's direction.

The vast hall of the Philharmonie was well filled and great enthusiasm prevailed, not only over the superb orchestral performances but principally also over our own Teresa Carreño's playing. She was the soloist of this concert and had for her first appearance after her separation from Eugen d'Albert chosen the very concerto the performance of which has made him world famous, I mean the Beethoven E flat piano concerto. That the selection was the most happy one I cannot truthfully say. For comparisons were inevitable and even if it can gladly be acknowledged that

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Carreño to-day is better fitted than ever before in her life to interpret the Emperor concerto, still it is not exactly her genre. Moreover, it is anyhow not, as I have many times averred heretofore, a concerto for women. But these lovely creatures don't want to concede this fact; on the contrary two more of them will try to perform this self-same concerto in the course of this very week.

Carreño made a bold bid for it and she really succeeded in greatly surpassing my not very high anticipations. However, she tried so hard to subdue herself in the first movement and she strove so sincerely for classical repose that she overdid the thing and became unnatural and even a bit tedious. The reading of the second theme of the first movement was almost unmusical, which is surely a rare occurrence with a person of so distinctly musical a temperament as Carreño is possessed of. The slow movement she sang exquisitely upon the beautiful Bechstein concert grand and the last movement showed rhythmic precision, but not that warmth and vigor which might have been expected. Altogether her performance of the Beethoven E flat concerto did her credit, but it did not show us Carreño at her best. That came later, when at the close of the program she gave one of those brilliant, irresistibly swaying performances of the Liszt Hungarian Fantasia for which our still beautiful and vivacious countrywoman has so justly become famous. There she was in her own element; there she could let loose all the richness of temperament with which she is boiling over.

Her technic seemed infallible, her octaves were thunderous, and altogether hers was the best piano playing of the season so far. Of course, the public rose to her as one man, and there was no end to the cheers, recalls, hurrahs and handclappings. The audience seemed bent upon demonstrating that Teresa Carreño, though she has lost another husband, had lost none of its favor and sympathy.

The orchestral numbers on the program contained for the first time no novelty. The beginning was made with Wagner's Flying Dutchman overture in Nikisch's well-known sincere and serious reading. In plastic contrast thereto stood Smetana's gay and taking Bartered Betrothed overture, which was played in most effective style by the Philharmonic Orchestra, albeit Mr. Nikisch's tempo was so fast and furious that some of the passages, notably among the double tonguing ones, for the woodwinds were difficult, if not absolutely impossible to execute.

The symphony was Hector Berlioz's Harold in Italy, which I have not heretofore heard in Berlin, and which the last time I heard it in the United States was also played under Nikisch's direction by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is one of the great conductor's favorite works, and for that reason his interpretation of it is among the best and most sympathetic of all of his readings, especially the first two movements, which are also the best in Berlioz's pregnant and suggestive symphony.

The obligato viola solo, which forms so important and integral portion of the entire symphony, was admirably and most artistically performed on his self-invented viola alta by Prof. Hermann Ritter, of Würzburg, who is evidently as fine and fanciful a musician as he is a viola player. Of his instrument, which seems of somewhat bigger and not quiet as nasal tone as the ordinary viola, Richard Wagner thought so much that he intended to have the Bayreuth orchestra provided with Ritter's alta violas. I think Mr. Abell will have something to say with regard to this instrument and Mr. Ritter's performance in his columns, which are always of special interest to performers on stringed instruments.

Last Wednesday noon I heard Miss Gussie Cottlow from Chicago play for Concert Director Hermann Wolff and a few invited guests at the Bechstein Saal. It was the first time I ever heard the talented young lady, about whom I had heard so much beforehand. She played the Chopin E minor piano concerto, and Mr. Wolff, as well as her other listeners, was absolutely charmed with this gifted pupil of Carl Wolfsohn, of Chicago. Miss Cottlow will not come out here this spring because of the lateness and overcrowdedness of the season, but she will make her Berlin debut with orchestra early next fall.

A Hugo Wolf society has been formed here in Berlin which has for its object the popularizing of the many Lieder and other vocal compositions of this highly talented and original young Viennese composer, whose works are as yet almost unknown except to a very few. I could not attend the first concert, which took place last Thursday night, but I recommend the Hugo Wolf settings of Goethe and Moerike poems to all serious and musically gifted vocalists.

At the Royal Opera House last Wednesday night Franz Betz was to have sung for the one hundredth time his famous part of *Hans Sachs* in *Die Meistersinger*. The centennial, however, had to be postponed and a substitute (Mr. Doerwald from Hamburg) called in on account of the sudden indisposition of the veteran baritone.

Mascagni's *Ratcliff* is now promised for the end of this month at the Royal Opera.

Quite a sensation was caused here last week by the police, who, upon Austrian Government requisition, ar-

rested and sent to Vienna Georges Graziani, one of the pet vocal teachers of Berlin upper tendom. It is said that Graziani, who was a friend and assistant of Lucca, borrowed money of her pupils and friends on false pretenses. The sums named vary in magnitude from 2,000 to 20,000 gulden. As Graziani was well introduced and well liked here, and has quite a number of well paying and swell pupils, among whom are some politically high personages, it is to be hoped that he will be able to extricate himself from these temporary financial troubles.

Mary Howe and William Lavin made big hits in Stettin last week, where they jointly appeared in *Rigoletto* and *Traviata*, for both of which performances the opera house was sold out. The criticisms are as enthusiastic as the audiences are reported to have been. From Stettin the Lavins go to Würzburg, where, on the 7th inst., they are to star in Lucia, on the 11th in *Rigoletto*, and on the 13th in *Traviata*.

Reznicek, the composer of *Donna Diana*, is engaged as first court conductor for the Mannheim opera house.

The Emperor of Germany personally last week expressed in warm words of thanks his satisfaction to Director Henry Pierson, of the royal intendency, for the splendid financial results obtained at the Berlin Opera House.

Commerzienrath C. Bechstein, the head and founder of the world renowned Bechstein piano factory, was decorated by the Grand Duke of Baden with the Knighthood Cross of the first class of the Order of the Zaehring Lion.

Among the callers at the Berlin offices of THE MUSICAL COURIER last week was Miss Aglaja Orgeni, the Dresden vocal teacher, and her pupil, Miss Edith Bagg, from Springfield, Mass., who will give a concert here this week; Reinhold L. Herman, the composer; Mrs. Dory Burmeister-Petersen, from Baltimore, who will be heard here with orchestra on Sunday, the 24th inst., and Miss Caroline Maben, well known in Minneapolis and Portland musical circles, who brought me her first composition in print, which is entitled *Sounds from Abroad*. O. F.

The Chicago Orchestra.

FOR many years in times gone by New York sent Theodore Thomas to Chicago, where for eleven successive summers the great conductor gave a series of concerts lasting for six weeks, through July and part of August. These concerts were immensely popular in Chicago, and were attended by audiences running up into the thousands night after night.

People even deferred their summer's outing until the concert season was over, because they hated to miss them. By-and-bye Chicago raised a guarantee fund, and persuaded Mr. Thomas to make his home there, and now she is about to send him back to New York, with the finest and best drilled orchestra he has ever had under his baton, to give seven concerts, extending from March 17 to 28.

Everyone who is familiar with Mr. Thomas' methods knows the extreme care with which he arranges his programs. This has been the great study of his life, to make the classic masters balance the modern ones, and not to neglect the old while introducing the new. Even in the van of progress he is always the first to make known to the public the rising geniuses of the world, but he never loses sight of the fact that this same public must be trained upon classic models.

Beethoven has been the rock upon which Thomas has firmly planted his feet, and thus we find his name upon five of the seven programs we are about to hear, the overture to *Leonora*, No. 3, having been selected to open and close the cyclas, as the Alpha and Omega of music. Another conductor, less severely chaste in his taste, would probably have closed with one of the noisier overtures by Wagner or Tchaikowsky, but Thomas says: "No; I begin and end with Beethoven." And this is right, for he still remains the unapproachable composer of our century. However we may stray away from Beethoven, we are compelled to go back to him and drink again at the fountain of his inspiration.

Having struck the keynote, as it were, and proclaimed his fidelity to Beethoven, Thomas at once makes a long jump and plunges into the most sensational and tragic work of modern times—the *Symphonie Pathétique* of Tchaikowsky.

When Madame Bloomfield Zeisler was here last I said to her, "Look here, is it true that the audience dissolved in tears when the *Symphonie Pathétique* was played in Chicago?" "Indeed it was," she replied. "I said to my husband, take me out; I can't stand it!"

From this I conclude that Thomas must give a wonderful interpretation of it, with the magnificent orchestra at his command. Even under ordinary circumstances the first movement of this symphony is perfectly heartbreak-

ing, while the last one makes you feel as if you had been at the deathbed of the person who is dearest to you.

After the symphony by Tchaikowsky come the fascinating symphonic variations by Dvorák, the brilliant polonaise in A flat by Chopin, and the dignified and impressive *Vorspiel*, *Die Meistersinger* by Wagner, which closes program No. 1.

Mr. Thomas made it a part of his work during his vacation summer before last to orchestrate the Chopin polonaise in A flat, and a most difficult task he found it. He got so interested in it, however, that he could not abandon it, and he finally succeeded in reproducing it as he wished for orchestra.

The first concert is the only one of the seven which will be purely orchestral and without soloists. Frau Materna was to have been the soloist at the second one, but a change of managers on her part made a change of plan, and Mme. Emma Juch has been engaged to take her place.

This charming prima donna will be gladly welcomed by all, even though assuming the formidable responsibility of singing instead of a Materna! Mme. Juch has developed into a dramatic soprano, and her beautiful voice has lost none of its freshness. The last time I heard her I thought it had never sounded better. She will have ample opportunity to show her powers in the introduction and closing scene of *Tristan and Isolde*. "Pretty little Emma" has always come up to the mark, and it will be safe to predict that she will do so on this momentous occasion.

Rafael Joseffy will be the soloist of the third concert, which will take place on the evening of March 23, and he will play Beethoven's concerto in G major. Joseffy will also be heard in the matinee concert of Friday, March 27, when he will play Liszt's almost unknown concerto in A major. This concerto will be caviare to the multitude, as it is very difficult of comprehension. I know I had to hear it three times before I could follow it intelligently. The last time I heard it was at Liszt's house, in 1885, in Weimar, when it was played by Conrad Ansoerge, accompanied on a second piano by Arthur Friedheim. Liszt sat by, smiling radiantly with pleasure. It is much more beautiful even than the well-known one in E flat (although that is an inspiration), when one is familiar with it, and was the only one of his piano compositions which interested Liszt to know was played by artists in public. Joseffy has been making a great success of it with the public, which is one more proof of his wonderful powers as a pianist.

The concert for Tuesday afternoon, March 24, will be diversified by a concerto for the violoncello, by Molière, played by Mr. Bruno Steindel, and a fantasia for harp, by Parish-Alvars, played by Mr. Edmund Schueker, who is, I think, one of the greatest harp players in the world.

Mr. Plunket Greene and Mr. Max Bendix will appear at the concert for Wednesday evening, March 25, Mr. Greene singing *Wotan's* farewell and the *Magic Fire* scene, by Wagner, and Mr. Bendix playing a concerto for the violin, by Brahms.

At the last concert, on the evening of Saturday, March 28, Mr. Ben Davies will sing arias by Händel and Weber.

The only criticism to be made on the seven programs, which are superb, is that with the solitary exception of Mme. Juch the artists are all men. As a woman, I regret that my sex is not more liberally represented. It only emphasizes what I said in a former article, that women are being more and more crowded out in music, and the art is being monopolized (as far as possible) by men.

Well, in return, we must at least demand of them very masterly performances. AMY FAY.

Columbia University Concert.—The Columbia Musical Society of Columbia University, New York, will give a concert in the First Methodist Episcopal Church under the auspices of the Epworth League March 6.



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THE committee for erecting a monument to Johann Sebastian Bach has addressed an appeal to all who have been moved, elevated and edified by his powerful, profound and pious creations, and who wish to express their reverence for Bach by adorning his burial place. The work on the monument is to be intrusted to Carl Seffner, who has reproduced a life-like figure of the great master. The site will be the Church of St. John, Leipsic, where his remains were lately discovered. There is some objection to this site on the part of many admirers of Bach, who would prefer the monument to be placed in the Church of St. Thomas, where he was cantor for so many years. It is to be hoped this objection will not be urged to such an extent as to imperil the success of the project to fitly commemorate the great master.

A CABLEGRAM from Paris announces that Miss Fannie Edgar Thomas has been elected an officer of the Académie Française. This distinguished honor, conferred upon an American, is due to the remarkably successful efforts of Miss Thomas in behalf of French musical institutions and musicians through the columns of THE MUSICAL COURIER, by means of which the same have become thoroughly known to and appreciated by the musical world outside of France. In that country labors of that kind find their recognition through such official appointments and elevations.

The work accomplished by Miss Thomas in Paris has given to THE MUSICAL COURIER a clientèle in the French capital that surpasses any expectations we may have indulged in. The paper is recognized by French and foreign resident musicians and students as the great musical authority of the globe, and this is due chiefly to the unusual intelligence, personal force and magnetism, as well as conscientious effort, of Miss Fannie Edgar Thomas.

IN his letters, which have been just published, Hans von Bülow tells many interesting anecdotes. The following are incidents of German life not half a century ago.

He wished to give a concert in one of the larger cities of South Germany, but the court authorities forbade the performance, as it was improper for a noble to appear in public as an artist. The nobiliary particle "von" in those days had its disadvantages. In 1854 he was giving piano lessons in the house of Count Myzielski. The latter was intending to engage a governess, but the governor of the department interfered and demanded that the lady forward to him within fourteen days a full account of her life and career and an official certificate of her moral and political conduct. With reference to the first story it may be added that Hans' father, who was famous as a novelist, essayist and poet of his day, was such a radical as to drop the "von" from his name for many years. Hans himself says that while he was a student at Leipsic he followed aristocratic traditions for a time, but the politics of his corps disgusted him, and he would have joined an *echt radikale Burschenschaft* had not his mother forbidden it.

THERE is one great and fundamental error in the character of the new Metropolitan Orchestra just organized in this city, and that is the fact that the members elect their director. This is the fundamental and radical mistake in the constitution of the New York Philharmonic Society, for it also elects its own director. When the Pretorian guards elected the Emperor of Rome from among their number they fixed the principle that destroyed the empire.

There is no discipline to be expected from an orchestra when its director is its own creation, its own creature. We have no artistic permanent orchestra in New York, and no artistic permanent orchestra can be established out of our musical element here if the performers elect their conductor. The principle is false; it is illogical, and, in fact, absurd.

Mr. Seidl is not an ideal symphony conductor under ordinary circumstances; how much less of a force must he then be if he is directing the members of a corporation, some of whom own more shares in it than he does? He is not even the president of the company. Suppose the treasurer of the company happens to be the first flute and owns a larger interest in the corporation than Mr. Seidl, and suppose Mr. Seidl knows that the first flute is not competent, would Mr. Seidl dismiss him or transfer him to the second flute position and put the second fluter, who

owns only one share in the company, in the place of the first fluter? Certainly not, for he could not afford to.

The whole scheme is ridiculous. The Metropolitan Orchestra, built on a false basis from the very start, cannot become an artistic organization just as little as the Philharmonic Orchestra is one.

A conductor of an orchestra must be absolutely (not relatively), absolutely we say, independent of the whole orchestra and of every individual member of it as much as the colonel of a regiment in the Russian or German army is personally independent of the whole rank and file of the regiment. Discipline and order are otherwise impossible, and without these as a *sine qua non* there can be no artistic work done.

We must get a complete, new permanent orchestra in this city. It must be a cohesive, fresh, vigorous body under contract, and the director must be a man not even known to the members until he has been appointed.

AT a late meeting of music teachers at Berlin William Wolf delivered a lecture in which he advocated a revision of the text of the Magic Flute. The wild and whirling incoherence of the text as it stands was caused by Schikaneder's abrupt change of plan when he was in the middle of the work in order to forestall rivalry of another drama, and his idea of making it an allegorical piece directly addressed to the Freemason. Both Schikaneder and Mozart were members of the Vienna Lodge *Zur gekrönten Hoffnung*. In consequence the second act is crammed with all kinds of allusions which have no connection with the plot and are intelligible only to Freemasons.

The second objection to the present text is the ludicrous imperfection of the dialogue. Herr Wolf has composed a dramatic work in which all the various elements of the piece, without being essentially altered, are arranged harmoniously, so as to form an intelligible whole. The music will not be changed in a single note. In order to render the work more easy of comprehension Wolf has written a prelude, consisting of a gathering of priests, like that which begins the second act, which he read to his audience, who received it with hearty approbation.

APPLAUSE.

A DISCUSSION lately took place at Berlin on the question whether the audience at a public performance has a right to express its approbation of the artists by applause and its disapprobation by hissing, and the affirmative was defended by an eminent manager. He argued, justly enough, that for the representative artist, be he actor or singer, "the future twines no laurel wreath." What he does dies in the doing. The tragic passion or the comic humor ends when the curtain falls, and remains only as a memory to the hearers; the song or the melody fades away with its last vibrations on the air, and leaves but a fading impression, however thrilling may be the immediate effect. And this impression and this memory cannot survive the spectator or listener himself; he may talk and be enthusiastic about the "greatest artist" or the "incomparable performance," but he cannot communicate the feelings that moved him to others. With other works of art the case is different; we can return to the statue that stands in imperishable majesty, or to the pictures to which pilgrimages have been made for centuries, and a fair idea of them can be formed, by a sympathetic imagination, of what these originals are by various kinds of reproductions.

But no process can reproduce for posterity the charm of Paderewski or Sarasate, or the voice of Calvé or Patti. Some of us are old enough to recall the days of Grisi and Jenny Lind, of Karl Formes and Giuliani, and if we are old enough we can as good *laudatores temporis acti* vow that no singers can rival them. But we cannot prove it; we cannot confront the parties. In the London National Gallery canvases by Claude Lorraine and Turner are hung side by side, materials by which a judgment can be formed. But how are we to compare Mlle. Mars and Sarah Bernhardt, or Edmund Kean and Henry Irving? There is no immortality for such art as this, and the artists become vague names, known only by vague subjective criticisms. It is but right, then, that these ephemera should receive their meed of applause now and on the spot.

There is, too, another consideration; the artist is unequal, he is not always at his best, sometimes he is downright careless, and the degree of applause is in

proportion to his achievement. Logically, of course, the right of applause involves the right of disapproval. In olden days, and still in some countries, disapproval is shown in very unseemly fashion. But in America, in this nineteenth century, we are more good natured; if the singer cannot sing or the actor cannot act, we "go out to see a man," and do not come back. We bear in mind the ancient mining camp story and the placard on the walls of its music hall: "Gentlemen are requested not to shoot the pianist, for he is doing his best." We do not hurl rotten eggs or perform a fantasia on a cat-call; we "fold our overcoats and silently glide away," for silence is the most severe disapproval.

MISPLACED TALENT.

THAT our pained and strained attention is often brought to pianists who—let us speak for once the harsh truth—might infinitely better have been blacksmiths or wielding sledge hammers is an aggressive fact. We find also singers who might have done well on a roll call or who could make one entire quarter of a city resound with the fresh fruit, flower, or even fish calls which are so characteristic abroad, but who upon the platform of modulated vocal melody are strangely and sadly out of place. Musical ranks are choked and clogged by an army of individuals who have mistaken their vocation, who have no music in them, and who had infinitely better be checking off yards of cloth or testing the tastes of teas or wines than groping their hurtful way through melodious fields of poetry and passion.

And then we have also within musical ranks a number of persons who are truly musical enough, but whose talent is misplaced. We have some men drawing a dull, unvibrant bow across a 'cello who would make immensely better pianists, perhaps even singers. We have a great many mediocre singers who play piano accompaniments exceptionally well, and who indicate by their playing of fragments here and there of piano literature that a much more valuable capital lay in their fingers than in their voice. We have orchestral conductors who will never transcend mediocrity at the desk, but who might have gained brilliant distinction as pianists or organists. We have known a conductor to steer his men with medium eloquence through a symphony where he could turn round and play a piano concerto by the same composer with irresistible magnetism and sympathetic grasp. It would seem often in the case of music as though its lovers and proposed professional followers were turned into a garret in the dark, and that whatever representing music first came to their hand they adopted *nolens volens*.

One man grasps a baton and he may have other leanings, but he gets pushed into the conductor's chair. Another finds himself with a violin in his grip. He may have dreamt of the piano, but he will follow devoutly what has fallen to his lot. Somebody else lights on the vocal score of an opera or oratorio. They have always had an idea they had some voice, but probably realize their greater talent to lie with the violin; but the vocal score drops haphazard in their way and they adopt it resolutely. It is the case of a musical cap not fitting, but the perplexed ones playing a game of chance stretch it and compress themselves, or stretch themselves and pinch and punch the poor cap into such a position of wear that it will not actually fall off, and ergo—here is a born singer playing the piano, a born pianist directing a chorus, a man who could, according to his destiny, draw the last vibration of feeling from the heart strings of a violin, playing the Sunday music of, mayhap, a provincial, even a rustic organ. Oh, what a muddle it all is! What a condition of dice throwing, of hideous misplacement of superior personal talent.

How and where does it originate? Principally through the misconceived guidance of parents who decide that they wish a musical offspring to be fitted into a certain groove. They like a particular instrument. A truly musical nature has no absolute inaptitude for any instrument where it naturally possesses a specific talent for some one in particular, if the bent of their taste be only discovered and nourished. Injudicious, unsympathetic teachers come next in the destructive path. They also have their pet theories, and, bent of talent in any other direction made strongly evident notwithstanding, they will pull into shape or assumed shape the musical nature and talent in hand to fit their favored ideal. Ignorant parents originate most often the mischief, but teachers form a dangerously vicious supplement, and in some instances happen to be the first whose

unfortunate opportunity it has been to divert the true nature and purpose of a musical endowment.

Singing teachers are in this case the worst. They hear a promising violin or piano player. "But you have a voice" they prophesy at once. "You certainly must sing." These vocal professors are on the warpath of discovery and simultaneously bent on diverting genuine ability in one pronounced direction into a false application and enthusiasm in their own special line. The dazing influence of the vocal idea is indeed strangely illusive. Well balanced minds can be induced to forsake a sterling, practical certainty in instrumental directions for the vague shifting hope of ever being able to do anything with a voice.

No doubt the human voice is the most potent and magnetic of instruments. But there is just this one thing about it: To be a middling pianist or violinist is bad, but to be a middling singer is ninety times worse. It is execrable. Nevertheless, hopeful, qualified, sincere players on instruments can be made to hanker after the vocal footlights, before which they can only meet failure, where in their own native groove they might have earned distinction.

But the vocal teacher is not deterred by any of this. Still further, if they be teachers beset with the coloratura soprano or lyric tenor idea they will find little scruple in dragging up contraltos or baritones to their ideal heights; nor does their hypnotized following fail them. A born bass can be persuaded by these teacher hypnotists that he is a pure tenor, and can be made to forsake, mayhap, his solid bass fiddle in an orchestra for the vague hope of singing to charm in a register which does not belong to him.

In the matter of instrumental work the misplacement of many artists is most emphatically evidenced. There are many solo string players before the public who, if they get a stray chance at the piano, do much more promising work than with their chosen fiddles. There is at present a solo and ensemble 'cellist in New York who plays the piano with markedly more sympathy and finesse than he plays his 'cello. The ranks of first-rate accompanists are not overfull, the line is a paying one, and in 'cello playing, even among virtuosi, there is not a large income to be made. The 'cellist spoken of would make at the least a musicianly, sympathetic accompanist at the piano. He might become a leader in this line, and making a steady, substantial income be constantly in request. In his own 'cello groove he will never be more than one of a host of strugglers.

The same misplacement applies in scores of cases. There are medium singers before the public who might have done strong artistic things with the violin, and there are a whole host of vari-performing soloists whose one place, due to a certain knowledge of the reading and writing in their craft, should be as third or fourth rate players of their department in an orchestra. Soloists who might prove worthy successes with one instrument are handicapping themselves with another, and hundreds who have no business with a solo instrument at all are before the public, reaping, perhaps, as much honor as the individual whose rightful instrument has been despoiled him by ill-luck or ill-judgment. It makes no matter how or why a man comes to play on the instrument least sympathetic to him. The public makes no allowance, nor does he himself always realize that his true elements of genius and success lie in neglected quarters.

It might be rather amusing and tend to a tremendous, astounding tissue of discovery were the musicians of the city of New York alone shut into Madison Square Garden, transmuted into an examination hall for the nonce, and each one made to give a fair sample of everything he could do, or had ever essayed to do, in the realm of music.

We might have the violinist of long hair but justly neither correspondingly long nor strong reputation singing a love lyric with a passionate promise and faith which belonged not to his efforts with the bow and strings. The unauthorized lymphatic conductor would play a group of Brahms and Chopin pieces with a virility, a stress and romantic passion against the absence of which at his desk the public and critics have made clamorous complaint. The pianist of thunder and harsh, colorless velocity might draw his bow across the violin and evoke a melody of infinite tenderness and nuance. The singer might play and the player sing, all with an astonishing but refreshing truth, surety and fervor. If results were to be conscientiously acted upon and professional people be made to drop out of the false into the true

groove the musical world for a time would take on the aspect of a masquerade.

"Ah, Monsieur So-and-so, the violinist," somebody would say in greeting; but the answer would be "No, not now, my true métier has been disclosed to me. I am really a pianist."

Or the fashionable accompanist might be met who would also remark, "I always had a viola talent. I now play in So-and-so's orchestra. You see after all an ensemble à deux never did for me. I can assimilate balance in an orchestra, but I always wanted to be a piano soloist when I accompanied."

Out of 100 appealing to the public in various musical directions a percentage of fifty-five might be found on judicious comparison to be pursuing their truly just, naturally endowed groove. The path of musical endeavor is impeded by charlatanism on the part of so-called musical advisers, and as no more self-deceptive art than that of music exists the combination of deceiving and deceived is severely disastrous. We might to-morrow take at random 100 professional musicians in New York, shake them up recklessly, throw them out and stick them at work under whatever caption they happened to fall. We would hardly do the musical situation any harm.

ABOUT ACCOMPANYING.

A NUMBER of people in the musical world whom we would be inclined to think capable of judicious distinctions are apt to treat the art of piano accompaniment as trivial. Doubtless it takes ordinarily, as compared to solo virtuosity on the keyboard, a comparatively trivial amount of technic, but it is an old, old story and a wondrously pertinent one nowadays, that to be a good accompanist necessitates more power of sympathy, a finer anticipatory understanding than do most phases of solo musicianship.

Being a soloist you are called into a silent comprehension, that between yourself and the composer, in which any violation of the spirit incurs but an individual responsibility. Being an accompanist you deal with two forces, the spirit of the composer and the spirit—perhaps differing from yours—of the soloist. You are called on to deal with what may prove to you two harshly conflicting elements, but if you are a good accompanist, a true and proper exponent of your profession, you will forget preconceived ideas of a composer's meaning, you will subordinate yourself slavishly and unquestioningly, and furnish support to any and every eccentricity or perversion on which a soloist may light. If they feel sombre and revel in tone darkness when things by musical reason are glad and light you must assume dark hue to correspond. If they mistake a mood of deep dark tenderness for something of trivial sentiment and light-some echoes you must discard your comprehension of the composer's meaning and follow the lead of your misreading soloist. Else are you not a good accompanist. You may be a good musician, but you are not a good accompanist.

To accompany well is to subordinate the spirit to that of the soloist, no matter how false or mistaken it be, and to follow exactly in kind. There is an idea prevalent, the idea which first suggested these random remarks, that in the case of singers the accompanist, and not the singer, is the soloist. This perversion of matters outrides itself forcibly on us at every second recital we attend. The accompanist forgets rather frequently what he is present to do, and, instead of listening to the soloist, listens most attentively to himself. There can be no doubt, pretty often, that his idea of things is a decided improvement on that of the soloist, but this is naturally not the point. When the golden opportunity belonging to the elaborate melodious accompaniments furnished to modern vocal music presents itself, then does the accompanist often feel himself a virtuoso and, with a fine individual perception of color and rhythm, set himself in direct opposition to the singer. Probably his perception is intelligent; he may be right in his ideas; but from the accompanying standpoint he becomes wrong. It is his business to adapt himself to the singer's methods, true or false, ignoring tradition or his own preconceived and probably just ideals.

Orchestral conductors are often arbitrary in their unyielding attitude toward soloists. Singers are at their hands the worst sufferers. No matter how eloquent or authoritative a conductor's interpretation may be, so long as he is directing his men purely in an accompaniment he has no more right than the man at the piano to run counter to a singer's delivery. He may be placed in the position of steering into port something shamefully bad and inartistic, but he must

make the best of an unfortunate situation. By striving to do otherwise he spoils two things. He makes additionally false—if false it be in the first instance—a singer's interpretation by imposing on the artist shock and confusion and in the natural result of pulling contrary ways he robs his own orchestra of apparent truth and precision. Of two evils the lesser had much better be chosen, and however mistaken may be soloists' ideals let them have them on their own responsibility, the orchestra taking properly submissive pains to follow them smoothly and indulge their rubatos, accelerandos and diminuendos to their smooth satisfaction.

Beginning immediately at home with the everyday work at the piano, however, we would just call kindly attention to the fact that what we need are patient accompanists, not aggressive soloists, and the sooner this gets taken to heart the better.

A NEW FIELD.

MR. ASQUITH, the late English Home Secretary, is a convinced believer of the soothing powers of music. He does not, indeed, maintain that music exercises a soothing power on musicians themselves, for too often these makers of sweet sounds have a healthy contempt for each other; he wishes to have its effects tried on public bodies. "In the law courts to which it is my destiny to return, and in the House of Commons where I passed a great part of my life, I believe that an occasional introduction of an hour of music would contribute to re-establish harmony between combative and irreconcilable spirits, and allay the quarrels of parties." As advocates of every law that can promote the interests of music and musicians, we humbly beg to support the motion of the right honorable gentleman, and, as imitation is the most sincere flattery, we suggest such an experiment to our own Congress.

When the National Academy of Music is erected at Washington and endowed by a generous legislature it will find good opportunities for a trial of the scheme in the halls of our senators and representatives. The Speaker, instead of knocking chips out of his desk with his gavel, will gently sign to the orchestra to strike up and the Vorspiel to Parsifal will lull the tempest. The plan could be carried out in detail. The Cuban question might be introduced by the Habanera from Carmen; Senator Stewart might be greeted by *L'or n'est qu'une chimère*, or Orlando Gibbons' madrigal *The Silver Swan*, while Senator Tillman might be appeased with "Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancor of your tongue." The Benediction of the Poignards from the Huguenots would hardly do for a nominating convention, but Waldteufel's *Dans les nuages* would be appropriate for a debate on the currency question. For the close of the session nothing could be better than *I Pagliacci*, with its *La commedia e finita*.

New York Ladies' Trio.—The New York Ladies' Trio, together with Miss Fannie Hirsch, soprano, gave a second subscription concert at the Hotel Beresford on Friday evening, February 21. It was a great success.

Carlotta Desvignes' Success.—Miss Carlotta Desvignes has been winning fresh laurels in Boston, where she has been singing in Verdi's Requiem with the Handel and Haydn Society. The eminent contralto has been engaged for the Springfield Festival and has numerous offers for the different spring festivals. She sang in Paterson, N. J., yesterday, the 11th inst. Following are among recent press notices:

Miss Desvignes has a beautiful voice, warm in quality and full in volume. She sang with marked intelligence. From time to time, as in the *Recordare* and in the *Lachrymosa*, a decided artistic temperament was clearly manifest, and her efforts were finely colored and strong and impressive in effect.—*Boston Herald*, February 3.

Miss Desvignes is also to be commended for her efforts, and much of the score fell to her.—*Boston Post*, February 3.

Mrs. Walker sang her numbers delightfully, her sweet soprano voice being in perfect condition. Her solo in *Libera Me* was given with great tenderness, and her entire work is worthy of high commendation. The contralto, Miss Desvignes, is entitled to the same praise. Their duet, *Jesu Sweet*, was beautifully delivered and the two voices harmonized admirably. The *Agnus Dei*, by the same singers, breathed the spirit of supplication, and was, possibly, the best work of the evening.—*Boston Globe*, February 3.

Miss Carlotta Desvignes was prepared and sang the mezzo soprano part well. There is no modern vocal work in which the difficulties are more continuous. Wagner himself was not more merciful in the matter of register than Verdi has been, and in the matter of shading the mass is phenomenal, such impossibilities as "ppppp" (meaning "pianississississimo," we suppose) occasionally appearing.—*Boston Advertiser*, February 3.

The Thomas Concerts in the East.

MR. THEODORE THOMAS, with the Chicago Orchestra of ninety musicians, will give a series of seven grand orchestral concerts in the Metropolitan Opera House in March. There will be five evening concerts on the following dates:

Tuesday, March 17, 8:15 P. M.
Saturday, March 21, 8:15 P. M.
Monday, March 23, 8:15 P. M.
Wednesday, March 25, 8:15 P. M.
Saturday, March 28, 8:15 P. M.
and two matinées on the following dates:
Tuesday, March 24, 2:30 P. M.
Friday, March 27, 2:30 P. M.

The evening concerts will begin promptly at 8:15 P. M., and the matinées at 2:30 P. M. The soloists, as announced on the following programs, are Mme. Emma Juch, Mr. Rafael Joseffy, Mr. Bruno Steindel, Mr. Edmund Schuecker, Mr. Plunket Greene, Mr. Max Bendix and Mr. Ben Davies.

The programs speak for themselves, representing as they do such a wide range of orchestral literature, and being interwoven one with the other, so as to form a perfect chain.

Season tickets are ready for delivery at Schuberth & Co.'s, 28 Union square. The subscription prices for the seven concerts are as follows:

Orchestra chairs and orchestra circle.....	\$10.00
Dress circle (first row).....	10.00
Dress circle (other rows).....	7.50
Balcony.....	5.00
Boxes (first tier).....	75.00
Boxes (second tier).....	60.00
Stall boxes.....	50.00

Prices of season tickets are proportionately smaller than the prices of single tickets if purchased for each concert.

Family circle to students, \$2 for the season. Single tickets will be 50 cents.

PROGRAMS IN NEW YORK.

Tuesday, March 17, at 8:15 P. M.

Overture, Leonore, No. 3.....Beethoven
Symphonie Pathétique.....Tchaikowsky
Symphonic variations.....Dvorak
Polonaise, A flat.....Chopin
(Orchestration by Theodore Thomas.)
Vorspiel, Die Meistersinger.....Wagner

Saturday, March 21, at 8:15 P. M.

Soloist—Emma Juch.
Variations, Choral St. Antoni.....Brahms
Symphony, Eroica.....Beethoven
Songs—
In the Hothouse.....Studies to Tristan and Isolde.....Wagner
Dreams.....
(Orchestration by Theodore Thomas.)
Mme. Emma Juch.
Introduction and closing scene, Tristan and Isolde.....Wagner
Mme. Emma Juch.
Overture, fantasia, Romeo and Juliet.....Tchaikowsky

Monday, March 23, at 8:15 P. M.

Soloist—Mr. Rafael Joseffy.
Sonata, F minor.....Bach
(Orchestration by Theodore Thomas.)
Symphony No. 4, E minor.....Brahms
Concerto No. 4, G major.....Beethoven
Mr. Rafael Joseffy.
Overture, Sappho.....Goldmark

Tuesday Afternoon, March 24, at 2:30.

Soloists—Mr. Bruno Steindel, violoncellist; Mr. Edmund Schuecker, harp.
Two marches, E flat, G minor, op. 40.....Schubert
(Orchestration by Theodore Thomas.)
Symphony No. 7, A major.....Beethoven
Concerto for violoncello.....Molique
Mr. Bruno Steindel.
Scherzo, op. 45.....Goldmark
Fantasia, Caractéristique, for harp.....Parish-Alvars
Mr. Edmund Schuecker.
Marche Funèbre.....Chopin
(Orchestration by Theodore Thomas.)
Overture, Tannhäuser.....Wagner

Wednesday, March 25, at 8:15 P. M.

Soloists—Mr. Plunket Greene, bass; Mr. Max Bendix, violin.
Symphony No. 1, B flat.....Schumann
Aria.....
Mr. Plunket Greene.
Concerto for violin.....Brahms
Mr. Max Bendix.
Overture, fantasia, Hamlet.....Tchaikowsky
Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire Scene, Walküre.....Wagner
Mr. Plunket Greene.

Friday Afternoon, March 27, at 2:30.

Soloist—Mr. Rafael Joseffy.
Symphony, From the New World.....Dvorak
Concerto, No. 2, A major.....Liszt
Mr. Rafael Joseffy.
Bacchanale, Tannhäuser.....Wagner
Siegfried Idyl.....
Till Eulenspiegel's Jolly Waggeries.....Rich. Strauss

Saturday, March 28, at 8:15 p. m.

Soloist—Mr. Ben Davies.
Serenade, No. 1, D major.....Brahms
Recit. and Aria, Waft Her, Jephthah.....Händel
Mr. Ben Davies.
Symphony, B minor (unfinished).....Schubert
Recit., No. 1 Can Bear My Fate No Longer } Freischütz...Weber
Aria, Through the Forests.....
Mr. Ben Davies.
Overture, Leonore, No. 3.....Beethoven

PROGRAMS IN PHILADELPHIA.

March 18.

Soloist—Mr. Plunket Greene.
Symphony, No. 7, A major.....Beethoven
Ye Twice Ten Hundred Deities.....Purcell
Mr. Plunket Greene.
Overture, Sappho.....Goldmark
Symphonic Variations, op. 78.....Dvorak
Polonaise, A flat.....Chopin
(Orchestration by Theodore Thomas.)
Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire Scene, Walküre.....Wagner
Wotan.....Mr. Plunket Greene

March 19.

Soloist—Mr. Max Bendix.
Sonata, F minor.....Bach
(Orchestration by Theodore Thomas.)
Overture, Leonore No. 3.....Beethoven
Concerto, for violin.....Brahms
Mr. Max Bendix.
Symphony, B minor (unfinished).....Schubert
Scherzo, op. 45.....Goldmark
Marche Funèbre.....Chopin
(Orchestration by Theodore Thomas.)
Overture, Fantasia, Romeo and Juliet.....Tchaikowsky

PROGRAMS IN BROOKLYN.

March 20.

Soloist—Rafael Joseffy.
Overture, Leonore, No. 3.....Beethoven
Symphony, B minor (unfinished).....Schubert
Concerto No. 2, A major.....Liszt
Rafael Joseffy.
Overture, Fantasia, Romeo and Juliet.....Tchaikowsky
Scherzo, op. 45.....Goldmark
Polonaise, A flat.....Chopin

Thursday, March 26.

Soloist—Mme. Emma Juch.
Overture, Sappho.....Goldmark
Romance, Damnation of Faust.....Berlioz
Bacchanale, Tannhäuser.....Wagner
Siegfried Idyl.....
In the Hothouse.....Wagner
Dreams.....
(Instrumentation by Theodore Thomas.)
Mme. Emma Juch.
Till Eulenspiegel's Jolly Waggeries.....Rich. Strauss

The Theodore Thomas Testimonial.

DEPARTING from the usual laurel wreath or loving cup, Mr. Rudolph Aronson has selected a design for the Theodore Thomas testimonial that is unique, decorative and useful. It is an elaborate centerpiece for the table, shaped like a crown, being thus eminently appropriate in the suggestion that a crown is the worthy tribute of this pioneer of conductors. The centerpiece is to be made of sterling silver, 30 inches in diameter, the sides bearing ornamental handles representing the handles of the violin, the favorite instrument of Mr. Thomas, while the ends are embellished with two beautifully ornate swans, emblematic of Lohengrin, surrounded by diminutive cupids, bearing trumpets. The sides bear medallions with portraits of Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, Brahms, Rubinstein, Mendelssohn, Berlioz and Theodore Thomas. The entire piece, making a most charming and original souvenir, was created by Mr. Paulding Farnham, of Messrs. Tiffany & Co.

Mr. Aronson is highly gratified at the interest shown by the many friends and admirers of Mr. Thomas. Among the subscribers may be mentioned George Foster Peabody, B. T. Frothingham, William Steinway, Henry Seligman, Lillian Smith, E. Naumburg, Anna G. Du Bois, Gerrit Smith, Dr. A. G. Gerster, Bertha G. Brooks, Chas. H. Ditson, Ernest Neyer, Warren Pond, Alexander Bremer, Boosey & Co., G. A. Kerker, William Mason, Amy C. Townsend, Rafael Joseffy and Mrs. H. Walter Webb.

Meadville Musical Study Club.—The Musical Study Club, of Meadville, Pa., gave a concert on Shrove Tuesday, in which it was heard to excellent advantage. Mr. Oscar Franklin Comstock is the musical director, and in that capacity has shown remarkable tact and skill. As the result of Mr. Comstock's work the club now sings with perfect attack, excellent tone and delicate nuance. The club contains some beautiful voices and some prominent artists, so that the highest standard is possible. The club has done some very hard work and is now ready to undertake the most difficult compositions. The local press has been most complimentary to Mr. Comstock, and all look upon his efforts with admiration.



REGENERATION is the title of a new and not too bulky volume by an author who chooses to remain unknown. It is a reply to Max Nordau and should have appeared two years ago at least. Now it is an attempt to continue a conflict that is a half year buried, with no possible sign of a revival.

When the history of the past decade comes to be written, the extraordinary attacks of literary (or unliterary) hysteria will be fully commented upon, I hope. Trilby and Degeneration are the two worst outbreaks, to which might be added Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

As Nordau made me very angry, and Mascagni interested me considerably, I may venture to enroll myself as a victim of the craze. Trilby I never could stand, and I did hope for bigger things from the Italian composer. He is yet in my debt.

This new answer to Nordau is not always logical nor is it always exact. It is penned by a violent hater of Germany and things Teutonic. Nordau is constantly alluded to as a German, which will gall him, for he prides himself on being Gallic, an esprit fort, a wit, an intellectual dandy of the boulevards. If the author of this new volume had but read his *Paradoxes and Conventional Lies of Civilization* he would never have described Nordau as a German professor saturated with German ideas. Nordau hates the Germans, and is cordially detested in return. He has lampooned the German, has held him up to the world as a hopeless Philistine and has sneered at his social fabric. Nordau is a Hungarian and Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler, who furnishes the book with an introduction, might have corrected the author's mistake.

Six months ago I called Nordau a literary Ishmaelite, a man without country, his hand raised toward his fellows, and an unscrupulous humbug in art, science and letters. Since then all the world has had its fling and the latest study serves up Max Simon in the most cold blooded, dissecting style. The best review, because the shortest yet the completest, was that of Mr. Vance Thompson, who in the earliest stages of the fight pointed out that Nordau belonged to that species of madmen who called all the world mad.

I would not bother you again about Nordau if it were not that this *Regeneration* contained such a fine and striking chapter on Richard Wagner.

It seems a futile and unprofitable task to be an apologist for Wagner at this late day; his music speaks so eloquently in his defense, but I suppose bookish people must have bookish arguments, and there is a strong and convincing one in this new champion of latterday aesthetics.

I suppose you read in the last issue of *THE MUSICAL COURIER* of the acceptance of Henry Waller's one act opera *Fra Francesco* by the authorities of the Berlin Opera House. Mr. Waller, who is an excellent pianist and a former Liszt pupil, played the work for me last summer. It is strong, and I hear many good things said about his mastery of orchestration. His many friends here wish him all manner of good luck.

Joseffy is to play Friday afternoon and Saturday evening at Carnegie Hall and Walter Damrosch returns after a hard and successful four months on the road to conduct a Symphony Society rehearsal. You have probably some idea of the interest manifested

by musical people at the return of the great piano virtuoso. He is to play Brahms, but I suppose when he plays Liszt's A major concerto with Thomas he will seem more like himself to the public that is fascinated by skyrockets and the passionate rhetoric of the dazzling Hungarian composer. But the new Joseffy, the greater artist, will reveal himself to the elect in Brahms' mystic music. No matter what he plays he will be welcome, for he has his public, a public that has long clamored for him to cool their thirsty admiration with long draughts of his pure, clear, classic and refreshing art.

I verily believe that Euripides was a rank decadent! At least as seen through Racine's classic spectacles and translated into passionate life by Sarah Bernhardt, the old Greek dramatist portrayed sights and scenes in which we get abnormal emotions, and most dramatically psychologized.

Phèdre's burning love—for her stepson, her furious transports of passion, her jealousies, her complete abandonment to her animal nature, stamp her as a sexual degenerate, an erotomaniac, or, to be more precise, a woman in the middle years overtaken by nymphomania. Thus would the delectable Nordau and the unspeakable Kraft-Ebing classify her.

I fear, however, that the *Phèdre* we saw last Friday afternoon at Abbey's Theatre is not the Racine, much less the Euripidean, ideal. It was Sarah at her best, Sarah chastened, Sarah her loins girt with self-restraint and temperance. I almost saw the Sarah Siddons line—that tragic sweep of arm and front, that implacable pose of bronze. You remember Sarah Siddons as the tragic muse in Sir Joshua Reynolds' famous painting?

But the plasticity of the Bernhardt temperament, her modern note, soon made itself felt. At the end of act four she was a Sardou woman, tearing passion to rags and making the vault of heaven resound with her resilient cries. She was a wild beast and fairly crunched the name of her futile little rival, *Aricie*, in that cruel scarlet lipped mouth. Yet she has never given us such moving art; never has she been less artificial in her diction. The sonorous, stately alexandrines were chanted superbly and the remote chilly atmosphere of the play became heated by Sarah's abundant humanity. Her death was simple and tragic and her first revelation of her love to *Cenone* was really tender. The accent of majesty was perhaps lacking and the tempo throughout more rapid than Talma or even Rachel would have countenanced. It was all vital and intensely absorbing, but what a decadent Euripides was, with his incest and his Joseph and Potiphar's wife themes!

Darmont, who is a singularly handsome man, looked noble as *Hippolyte*. Who was it that painted that classic picture of *Phèdre*? It is in the Louvre, and is by David, or is it Ingres? Darmont could have sat for the *Hippolyte*. In his leopard skin, his spear, his antique Roman (not Greek) head bound with the fillet, his impassable profile and rich, monotonous voice, he seemed the one genuine figure of the drama.

Sarah goes, but can we ever forget her? I doubt it. She is part and parcel of the dramatic history of the melting century.

I saw Oscar Hammerstein and his fair Marguerite last week. It was the composer who reminded me that it was Ash Wednesday, and asked me most sweetly if I had come to perform my first Lenten penance.

Mr. Hammerstein said parenthetically that he was the first man in New York to put a hansom—two hansoms and with real horses—on the stage. This did he in his first operatic opus, *The Koh-i-noor*. He asked me to suggest this to Mr. Aronson.

Well do I remember the frizzling delights of *The Koh-i-noor*, especially that daring song *Good Morning*, sung in one tone, as the orchestra shifted the harmony and the air resounded with rich (and riches) tones.

Really, you should not miss Marguerite, a spectacular opera and ballet composed and conceived by Oscar Hammerstein and now being played at the Olympia. Its like has never been seen on sea or land, and one must bestow more than a passing tribute of admiration upon the man whose ingenious fancy originated and successfully executed the daring splendors

and gorgeous effects of this indescribable opera, music drama, allegory, festspiel, operatic ballet, or in whatever form you choose to classify it.

Mr. Hammerstein's music naturally comes first in critical precedence. Mr. Hammerstein as a composer dates back to the Gilsey House two years ago. Then, aided and abetted by Maestro Gus Kerker and Harry Neagle, I begged the manager to give us a taste of his celerity in composition. He emerged, weather beaten but triumphant, at the expiration of forty-eight hours with the score of the redoubtable *Koh-i-noor*. As an opera it showed marks of haste and an immaturity of style, together with a most plentiful lack of counterpoint. But it caused a stir.

Two years have added many musical arrows to Mr. Hammerstein's musical quiver. Where he once trod timidly and imitatively he now takes a bold initiative. He may not have mastered the difficult art of scoring for grand orchestra, but he has dallied with four part writing, he knows the value of climaxes, he can contrive a chorus and he becomes passionate and full of color when he pens a tenor solo.

There are several quartets in *Marguerite* which show melodic invention, and the composer may safely lay claim to rhythmic gifts. He has composed a dozen dances full of swing and life and rhythmically well differentiated. But there is one fault, a grave fault, in all the music of Marguerite. I don't refer to the reminiscences—even Wagner had a good memory for other men's tunes—but to the key color, the monotony of which might easily be remedied. There is not enough variety in tonality, Mr. Hammerstein. You remain too much in the neighborhood of E, E flat and F. It is like looking at one color, and it induces monotony. Considering the extraordinary and variegated hues in the costuming, lights and pictures, the key question should certainly be made more appropriate.

This deficiency, and one that appeals chiefly to the musician's ear, is overbalanced by the lavishness of the production. The stage is crowded with pretty girls, the pictures are vivid and novel, and the ballet of the feminine horses (a mare's frolic?) is very fetching. Mr. Hammerstein's tableaux show him to be a man with a painter's imagination and a genuine feeling for form and color. He has seized on the salient features of the theatrical and operatic day and reproduced them with startling variations.

Marguerite is the fin de siècle limit.

Again do I salute you, O Oscar Jupiter Tonans Hammerstein!

Here is what Bernhardt really said of Duse: "It is utterly ridiculous to compare me to Duse. She is a clever comédienne, of the Rejane order. She has no power, no poetry." Then Sarah proceeds to remark that the Germans built up Duse's reputation because they loathe Latin methods, especially those of Bernhardt's. Isn't Duse a Latin? Ah, me! the old order is changing and Duse is as the vanguard of the new. We all cling to our early idolatries, and the new in art (or in politics?) brings with it a sharp savor of sadness; it speaks of the mutability of all things under the moon. Even Bernhardt must die, even Marguerite Cline must lose her voice. O Time! O Death! O Platitudinous Vocatives and Vocables!

One of Duse's most intimate friends—and she has them—indignantly denies that Duse ever said she hated America. She does this semi-officially.

I am sorry for this, as it makes Duse less picturesque. We all rejoiced, like true patriotic New Yorkers, when the great Italian uttered an exclamation of disgust at the mere mention of Chicago. Of course, according to Gotham, Chicago is not in America at all, but occupies a position in an unexplored segment of the uninhabitable globe. Really Duse must be a woman of rare taste in abstaining from a visit to the City of Desperate Dirt.

Then some one quoted her dislike of America. Phew! a patriotic hubbub ensued. Why? For my part, if Duse really did make the speech, I admire her for her candor. She is only saying what the majority of singers and actors think. They abominate us, they go back to the fatherland and abuse us, they despise us, but they take our money, and before the Statue of Liberty is passed they tell eager reporters of their agreeable impressions of the land. "What do I think of America? Really, you have a charming country, and are charming people. I like you very, very much."

This is usually uttered at Quarantine. Then they

go back to the fatherland and abuse us à la Frau Kendal and others too numerous to mention.

Therefore Duse's expression was at least sincere. She probably likes Italy better, and has had the courage to say so aloud.

Meeting Louis Harrison opposite the Vendome on Wednesday night, airing his dog, led him to indulge as follows:

"Hello, Tristan, how is Isolde?" Louis' spite against Wagner always takes a personal tone when he encounters me. Why, I know not. There are two or three people in this city who seem to think that I am to blame because Wagner wrote *Die Walküre* (or *Die Goldcure*, as a young woman once called it).

Now, there is Leander Richardson, who persists in declaring that I have the head of a "Dutch pianist." I had my revenge this week. When the *Dramatic News* appeared it contained a picture of the editor presenting a prize bicycle to Caroline Miskel Hoyt. Mrs. Hoyt was voted the most beautiful of American actresses, and was given the machine at Hartford last week. I had an opportunity of judging of Mr. Richardson's head. To my amazement and joy I discovered that he is the very image of Von Bundelcund, the famous composer, whose new symphonic poem, *The Thirst of an Artist*, has caused so much critical comment in Finland. Mr. Richardson is a composer, music is his one passion, and being a modest man he lives here as a newspaper man, while in Finland he masquerades as the great master of the abstruse symphonic form. Oh, frabjous day! We will play Brahms' sonatas together for violin and piano and forget the wearing woes of journalism!

Louis Harrison told me that he has been engaged for a leading part in a new piece by Cheever Goodwin and Woolson Morse, which is to see the light in Chicago. The central idea is capital. There are three acts, and the characters of each act get lost and do not reappear in the succeeding acts, all except Louis. He says that he begged Mr. Goodwin to put in a fourth act so that he, too, might be lost and thus soothe the audience. Mr. Goodwin is considering the idea.

I had thought of writing a pendant to Maeterlinck's latest excursion into the Land of Fear, but somehow or other I am afraid of the consequences. My idea was to call it *L'Intérieur*; or, *The True Secret of Dramatic Criticism*, but then the feeling that I might be made away with on some dark and Duse night deterred me. To be carried off by harsh means in the very flush of life—Duse, Lillian Russell and Loie Fuller all in view—disheartened me, so I wrote instead the following prose poem, a marvel of concision and pregnant with power. I know it has these qualities, because I wrote it myself. It is called *Despair*.

"All that in life proved sweetest was lost to him forever. His throat was shot away, and, O cruel irony of fate! in front of a brewery by the explosion of a vat of beer."

Dramatize that, Paul Potter, you who set to heroic histrionic marchings the dictionary, and you will find a successor to Trilby. The theme is as high as heaven, as deep as—Hoboken. It is the universal resolved into the particular, the cosmical telescoped by the immanent.

Klau & Erlanger are to control *The Lady Slavey* at the termination of its Casino engagement. They have also the rights of production of *Strange Adventures of Jack and the Beanstalk*, which the Cadets produced in Boston last week. It is by R. A. Barnett, the popular author, and the music is by A. B. Sloane, a young Baltimorean. Ben Teal is to stage the piece. He saw it in its attenuated form last week, and told me that it has all the elements of a great success. It is not to be produced until next November.

The advanced students of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts, of which Mr. Franklin H. Sargent is the president, presented a novelty by Maurice Maeterlinck Tuesday afternoon in the Carnegie Lyceum. It is called *L'Intérieur*, and is written for marionettes. The translation, by William Archer, appeared, if I mistake not, some time ago in the *New Review*. It is not noteworthy. A distinguished gathering was present, and after the Maeterlinck

number, an original farce comedy by Elizabeth Walling, called *Master Shakespeare Outwitted*, was given, and was much enjoyed.

The *Intérieur*, by Maeterlinck, is as moving as a segment from a Greek play. It is simplicity itself; the theme, death, is as old as that time when morning stars first sang together, and the treatment is absolutely unique. Written for marionettes, it loses some of its remoteness as pictured by full grown persons. Maeterlinck wanted only voices—strange, thrilling, sorrow laden, sinister voices—and voices of all timbres. The stage at the back is a simple interior, in which are seen behind closed windows a father, a mother, a child and two daughters. These play in pantomime, simple and moving.

Without in the garden voices speak in the dark. They tell of the sad drowning of a young girl, whose peaceful home they face. Some one must break the news. Without the repetitions, of which Maeterlinck is so fond, the story is told as we would hear it in life. Short sentences, ejaculations, piteous words, and there is a girl who sobs. It is awful the manner in which the sorrowful events are marshaled before you. The body is being brought up the hill, and you hear the rustle of the wings of Death's grim, immitigable angel. Like Edgar Poe, Maeterlinck with a master hand modulates the gloomy chords of mortality. He makes a suspension that is a marvel of dissonant harmony.

Within all is happiness. The mother soothes the child into sweet sleep. The old father sits with his thoughts, the girls move about in natural attitudes, and then the knock comes at the door, a knock we do not hear but see in the startled expression of the family. It reminded one of that great knocking at the gate in *Macbeth*.

The old man looks wonderingly at the clock, and finally the door is opened and another old and bearded man enters. He is known and warmly welcomed. He does not at once break the terrible news. You see his repressed agony. At last he says something. Without the chorus, a genuine Greek chorus, interprets the action within. The bolt falls, the devoted mother first grasping the full import of the news. All rush out by the door at the back, and after a few murmurs the curtain falls on a picture of sorrow, the tragedy of life, the common life about us. It is a masterpiece of technic.

Now don't ask me the use of such plays. They have no use, therein lies their beauty. Art is absolutely useless, and this is art—a new, strange, even terrifying art in which the synthesis of existence is measured out in a microcosmic dose. It is very fine, it is very elevating, and Maeterlinck is right in declaring that about us, in the ordinary phases of dull daily life, are the potentialities of great, grim tragedies. Above all, there is no odor of the footlights in all this, but it must be enjoyed at long intervals. It is not a play for ordinary usance.

It was carefully presented by Mr. Sargent's pupils.

There are few O Gods and no repetitions in Maurice Maeterlinck's new play. The tale is simplicity itself, yet told in a novel and striking fashion. The themes are fear and pity, the customary motifs of the young Belgian poet. Of the symbolism I care little and know nothing. The play—a mere fragment—stands the test of criticism without tagging it with impossible and esoteric symbols. There is nothing new under the moon but manner, and Maeterlinck has his own individual manner.

The son of the late Paul Verlaine, says the *Times*, has accounted for his absence from his father's funeral by explaining that he is the victim of periodical spells of hypnotic sleep, which last four or five days, and which are due to the still active influence of a mesmerist with whom he became acquainted when in Algeria. One of these "spells," it appears, fell upon him just as he was about to leave Brussels for Paris to attend his father's obsequies. In these uncomfortable circumstances—the actuality of which he professes himself able to substantiate by medical certificate—it is not altogether surprising that he complains

of being occasionally mistaken for a person of unsound mind.

"Although Sir Joseph Barnby belonged to the pedantic school," says the *Saturday Review*, "the iron of its chains never entered into his soul, and at heart he seems to have been something of a bohemian, fonder of the enjoyable rather than the merely correct both in life and in art. He did not compose much, but he was the writer of some songs which had a vogue, of the most popular part song ever written, and of some church music which touches the high water mark of its kind. It is hard to see who will take his place."

A French newspaper publishes the following advertisement:

"M. Emile Zola, of Piameuf, inventor of the spring nippers, notifies his customers that he has nothing in common with his namesake, Emile Zola, the writer."

Paderewski came to the front of the stage for the fifth time, and bowed low in response to the tumultuous applause of the hysterical women before him. "Dog-gone him!" muttered a bald headed pianist in the audience, looking with glittering eyes at the flaming head of hair bobbing up and down, "I'd like to mop the earth with him!" This choice bit is from the *Chicago Tribune*.

The waltz was introduced into England much earlier than 1813, writes *Notes and Queries*. In the *Life of Mary Russell Mitford*, edited by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange, there is a letter to Sir William Elford, dated December 3, 1813, where Miss Mitford speaks of having learned it from a French dancing master when she was fourteen years old. This would be in 1801. From what she says in the letter I gather that the dance must have become fashionable in 1811, certainly in 1812. In another letter, of date January 2, 1814, to Sir William Elford, Miss Mitford gives the verses on the waltz attributed to Lord Byron. She says that they are by a Sir Henry Englefield:

What! the girl I adore by another embraced!
What! the balm of her breath shall another man taste!
What! pressed in the whirl by another's bold knee!
What! panting, reclined on another but me!
Sir, she's yours; you have brushed from the grape its soft blue;
From the rosebud you've shaken the tremulous dew;
What you have touched you may take. Pretty waltzer, adieu!

This is somewhat different from that given on page 378 of the work. The last three lines are certainly good. In the letter of January 2, 1814, Miss Mitford mentions that her correspondent, Sir William Elford, was engaged on a History of the Waltz.

Decorations.—Franz Rummel has received from the Grand Duke of Luxembourg the cross of a Knight of the Order of Adolphus. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has given to Prof. C. H. Döring the cross of merit for art and science, and to Prof. Felix Dräseke the cross of a knight, first class, of the Saxe-Ernestine House order. Carl Bechstein, of Berlin, has received from the Grand Duke of Baden the cross, first class, of the order of the Lion of Zähringen.

A New Journal.—We beg to acknowledge receipt of the first number of *La Nuova Musica*. It announces in its opening address to its readers that its object is to diffuse by the press a knowledge of the best music, to educate the taste of the public and to open to young composers a new road to publicity by publishing their first works with impartial criticism on them. The new music in this first number of our Florentine contemporary consists of a fragment of Scontrino's *Cortigiana* and *Tambourin*, a piano piece by the editor, E. del Valle de Paz.

Fritz Spahr.—Fritz Spahr played Schumann's *Abendlied*, and the *Chaconne* and the *Air* by Bach, in the *Dreifaltigkeitskirche* in Berlin on February 11. He will play March 3 the sonata, op. 8, by Grieg in the same city. February 17 he will play the *Tartini* G minor sonata in Dresden. In Berlin he will also play some of his own short pieces; with these he has had great success, especially with his *Cavatina*, of which a *Leipsic critic* writes: "It is just as beautiful as Raff's celebrated *Cavatina* and deserves the same success;" also the Polish dance, the *Berceuse* and many others, and his violin concerto.

A New Composer.—A sixteen year old pupil of the Vienna Conservatory, Bruno Granichstaedten, is reported to have attracted extraordinary attention at Vienna and at Budapest as the composer of a symphonic poem, *Der Sang der See*, a piano quintet and several *Lieder*, as well as a pianist. The *Neue Wiener Fremdenblatt* writes: "On the instrument he is a master, in composition the master of masters," and other notices agree in describing him as a genius of the rarest kind and his compositions as masterpieces of the highest rank.



BROOKLYN

BROOKLYN, February 24, 1896.

IF one wants to realize the worth of music he ought to see Olga Nethersole in *Carmen*, supposing that he has first heard the opera. Miss Nethersole has been over here in one of our theatres and has been giving her restless and over-elaborated performance of the name part. The thing was almost like a shock. Stripped of the music the animalism of the piece seemed gross, the character impossible, the affections of the men for this Cyprian extravagant. I had read Merimée's book and felt no repulsion, and for straight out opera I have found few more delightful than *Carmen*; yet when the music is omitted—and it might nearly as well be as to have selections from it played by ten or a dozen pieces—the effect is like that of removing the tissues from a body and leaving a skeleton. Prose is the Roentgens ray that shadows forth the ugly and the hidden. Perhaps there might be a *Carmen* who is a little softer and more winning than Miss Nethersole is; but she would have to be a genius if she could do for that character what Bizet has done for her with a few flutes and fiddles. Calvé has always seemed nearly as great in the dramatic as in the vocal part of her art; but I begin to wonder now if it would be possible for her to redeem *Carmen* without an orchestra.

The last week was nearly devoid of incident, though Mr. William J. Henderson came over here and told us about the diatonic and peptonic scales, Gregorian chants, Huchald and some other matters, getting through the whole art of music up to the later fifteenth century in an afternoon. He will give several other afternoons to the public enlightenment on matters musical, and in the rest of his lectures it is hoped that he will illustrate his text by singing.

Seriously, one does not remember things about Perotin and Dufay and those people half so well from a mere rehearsal of their virtues as he would from an exhibition of their crimes—that is to say, their music. I have heard Mr. Henderson complained of, also for not being solemn enough. Say things easily and lightly as if you were used to them and you do not gain the respect from some people that you could have if you labored and perspired over every statement.

The most dreadful thing has happened over here. Oh, it is terrible, and the people have not got over crying about it yet. It is the Blue Book. This is a book with a blue cover, in which you may find about 4,000 names. These are the names of society. You see how much better we are off in this town than you poor, benighted savages across the river with your picayune 400. The dreadful part of it is that there are over a million people who are left out. Each one of them talks of suing the publishers to get his name in, or get damages for leaving it out. And the musicians have been shamefully neglected by the compiler of the thing. Now I know several of the musical

people in this city and will swear that they have swallowed coats and starched shirts; that they "go out" and drink hearty while out. Some of them are worth several dollars—indeed, I know one who confessed to a bank account of \$218—and are so used to eating dinners that they can almost do without a knife. So why, pray, should they be left out when some of the persons who got in are known to be men without a trade and women without either voices or pasts?

Speaking of society—correctly spelled sawciety in this instance—we have discovered that Walter Damrosch is coming here. I didn't say that he owed anything to sawciety, did I? Still, the name did suggest his. He is to have three nights of opera at the Academy of Music under management of the indefatigable Oscar Murray. The great, big mistake is to be made of opening with *Tannhäuser*. That is an interesting work, but Siegfried, Rheingold, Meistersinger, Tristan and several other matters are so much more interesting, and have been heard here so little, that I believe they would draw two hearers to one for *Tannhäuser*.

Mr. Damrosch will take advantage of the occasion to produce his *Scarlet Letter*, and we can assure him of a hospitable hearing. It is a long time since we have had any purely German opera in Brooklyn. The last attempt to give it would have been successful, too, if the house it was put into could have held money enough. It was the Amphion Theatre, in Williamsburg, and was never made for that kind of thing. We have two larger houses, in the Montauk and the Columbia, where it might do now, if the Academy were hard to buy.

We are also to have the Boston orchestra with us this week; it will reach here on Friday night. In consonance with immemorial custom it gets its programs here barely in time to notify the public in the Sunday papers. Thomas used to arrange his entire Philharmonic series in the fall, and publish all the bills before he played a note. It would be just as easy for Mr. Paar to do the same. We know, however, that he is to give us the Pathetic symphony of Tschaiakowsky, the orchestral suite from Godard's *Jocelyn*, No. 1, the second Hungarian rhapsody and that is all.

Mr. Schroeder will play for us Dvorák's *Waldesruhe* and a caprice by Klengel, Lillian Blauvelt will sing *In Verdure* Clad, *Voi che Sapete* and *Ihr Luefte*. And we have heard from Thomas, too. He is going to open in one of his ideal programs, such as Mr. Paar does not get up. He will give us the third Leonore overture, the unfinished symphony, Liszt's second concerto, Mr. Joseffy at the piano, Tschaiakowsky's *Romeo and Juliet* overture, Goldmark's scherzo, op. 45, and the Chopin polonaise with Mr. Thomas' orchestration. And Max Heinrich is to have a vocal recital over here.

Gustav Dannreuther and his quartet helped out Mr. Riddle here on Friday afternoon and Saturday night with music from Verdi and Delibes suitable to the reading of *Le Roi s'amuse*. These musicalized readings have made quite a hit, and I have an idea that the audience liked the music as much as any part of it.

Another entertainment of the week was the repeated concert of the Amateur Musical Club, given in order to allow some of the people to hear the club who could not squeeze into the music hall of the Johnson Building last month. This time the tickets were limited to the number of seats, and there was no profanity among the women in the audience. Harry Rowe Shelley conducted with his usual calmness and skill. Mr. Shelley could conduct a battle,

I guess, or a revival meeting, though I think he would prefer a battle of the two, and leading a chorus is nearest like it, of course. There were arrangements of Tristan music, a fitting of words to the Blue Danube waltzes, a vocalization of the intermezzo from *Cavalleria*, and some briefer things, as well as solos by Ericson Bushnell, Alice Mandelick and Mr. Banck, the latter an able violinist. C. S. MONTGOMERY.

Rossini's Birthday.

MUSICIANS throughout the country will celebrate next Saturday and Sunday the birthday of Rossini, the composer of *Semiramide*, *William Tell* and the *Stabat Mater*. Having been born on the 29th of February, his birthday is celebrated only every four years. He said at sixty years of age that he was only fifteen, the number of his birthdays. Musicians usually commemorate the anniversary by giving his works special prominence in the programs of the day. Undoubtedly the most elaborate celebration this year will be at London, where the exercises will be held at the Crystal Palace, where leading musicians will take part. London is the place where Rossini made his first great success, being the pet of the king.

Giochino Rossini did not have distinguished ancestry. His father was town trumpeter and inspector of slaughter houses. When the Austrians took Pesaro the father was put in prison. Then the mother, Anna, had to support the family. She became a public singer, and sang in operas and at fairs and carnivals. The boy was left in charge of a pork butcher. Later, his father, on leaving prison, taught him to play the horn. Angered at the boy's laziness, he made him a blacksmith's apprentice. Then a priest, who was a choral master, got hold of the Rossini lad and taught him to sing so well that at 10 years of age the future composer was a church singer. At 13 he sang a small part in Paer's opera *La Carmilla*. By this time he had become very skillful on the piano. One day his father asked him what he would like to do. "I should like to compose." Papa Joseph flew in a rage and kicked the boy, exclaiming: "You might become first trumpeter of the kingdom, which is far better than being a fifth-rate composer." His first composition was produced at Bologna in 1808. It was a cantata called the *Lament of Music*.

Shortly afterward Rossini wrote a one act opera bouffe. He got only \$40 for it, but he won a name by it. It was brought out at the San Mose Theatre. During the next fourteen years he wrote thirty operas for the Italian stage. He was fond of jokes, and played one that nearly ended seriously. The Marquis Cavalli gave him a wretched libretto to compose for. Rossini set it to the absurdest music. The bass sang the high, the tenor the low notes. The orchestra had to tap the tin lamp shades as cymbals. The Venetians, to whom it was first played, had never heard such discords. They smashed the seats and chandeliers and nearly wrecked the theatre. The composer was glad to disappear. His first opera to give him European fame was *Tancred*, brought out in Venice in 1813. Its enchanting melodies soon sung it into popular favor. The composer was then only twenty-one years old. Two years later his opera of *Elizabetta* was produced in Naples. In 1821 he married the singer, Mlle. Colbran, and went to Vienna. There he became the idol of the hour. He was a fad to which royalty was glad to bow. The last opera Rossini wrote for the Italian stage was *Semiramide*. He received \$1,000 for it. The year after he went to London.

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There he made his fortune. King George IV. became his friend and gave him presents of great value. Besides the king sang duets with him. Once the king in a solo made a mistake. Rossini, accompanying, went right on.

"Why did you follow me when I went off the key?" asked His Majesty.

"I would accompany you to the tomb," said the composer.

On leaving London, after a five months' stay, he amassed \$25,000. He went to Paris, where he became director of the Théâtre des Italiens at a salary of 20,000 francs a year. Paer led a cabal that tried to ruin Rossini, but Auber and other composers stood by the Italian, and he became the autocrat of the city. In 1826 he was retired as director at his own request, and then began to compose for the French Academy. He wrote William Tell in 1829, which marked a new departure in his style. Though but thirty-seven years old, he never wrote another opera. He never gave a satisfactory reason for laying down his operatic pen. He went to Italy, but returned to Paris, where he lived a life of luxury and dissipation. He separated from his wife.

After her death he married a young woman who had nursed him when he was ill. In 1832 he wrote the Stabat Mater for a Spanish friend. This was first performed in January, 1842. In fourteen concerts it brought him 150,000 francs. He was very superstitious and dreaded Friday, but his fate was to die on a Friday, on the 13th day of November, 1880. His body was at first entombed in the Church of the Madeleine, Paris, but was later removed to Florence. His manuscripts sold for 150,000 francs. In 1880, at Paris, a Rossini Home, endowed by the childless composer's will, was opened for invalid French and Italian musicians.

Though one of the best-natured of men and a great wit he was strangely paradoxical, and after he ceased writing in the height of his fame his friends called him a mystery.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

Joseph Mosenthal.

SCARCELY any incident of the present season has caused more comment among the lovers of high-class music than the sudden death of Mr. Joseph Mosenthal, six weeks ago, and the sorrowful circumstances surrounding it. Mr. Mosenthal had not only filled an important place among the church musicians of the city, but had occupied his chair among the first violins of the Philharmonic Society for forty years. That no mention of his death was made upon the programs of the society on the occasion of its third and fourth concerts caused a great deal of comment among his multitude of friends, and many harsh criticisms were spoken of the conduct of his old associates.

It is in compliance with what appears to be a duty not only to the society but also to the memory of Mr. Mosenthal himself that the following explanation, which may be said to have official sanction, is made. It was not from any want of respect for the dead musician that a printed memorial was not issued, for he was thoroughly appreciated and respected by every member of the society, and especially by its officers. His great talent as a musician, his wide connection with music in New York and his long service in the society made him an influence potentially felt by all, and his genial disposition made every member his friend. There has, however, been a custom in the society from its foundation, which has grown into law, and in the propriety of which Mr. Mosenthal concurred, that no official notice should be made on the programs of the death of any mem-

ber unless he belonged to one of two classes, namely, honorary members and officers dying while in office.

Under this custom there have been only nine occasions in the forty-four years of its existence that the Philharmonic Society has taken such official notice of the death of its members, six in the first class and three in the second. Action was taken on the death of Mendelssohn in 1848, Spohr in 1850, Raff in 1882, Wagner in 1883, Rubinstein in 1894 and William Scharfenberg in 1895. These were honorary members. The other three cases were Julius Hallgarten, president, in 1881; Joseph W. Drexel, president, in 1888, and Frederick Rietzel, vice-president, in 1895. The single exception to the rule was the notice taken in 1865 of the death of Lincoln, which was commemorated by the introduction into the program of the funeral march from Beethoven's Heroic symphony.

By reason of the rule, it resulted that no official mention was made on the programs of such well-known and efficient active members as Carl Bergmann, Joseph Noll, George Matzka, or of such able and zealous ex-presidents as George T. Strong and E. H. Schermerhorn. The society has, however, given expression to the loss which it sustained in the death of Mr. Mosenthal. Loving and tender words were spoken on the announcement of his death at a meeting of the society, and an expression of the grief of his old associates was appropriately and feelingly conveyed to his family.

Mr. Mosenthal, who was born at Hesse-Cassel on November 30, 1834, was the son of a musician who belonged to the court orchestra, which was then under the direction of Ludwig Spohr. The father, Herman Mosenthal, was the leading violinist of the orchestra, and the son succeeded to his place at the age of fourteen, being already a pupil of Spohr. Not only did he take his father's place in the orchestra, but he also conducted the military mass in the cathedral on Sundays. Every Saturday afternoon 1,000 soldiers were marched into the cathedral to be drilled by the young musician for the services of the following day. He performed these duties for four years and then, in 1853, came to the United States.

The state of musical culture in New York made his efforts to establish himself extremely laborious, but he persevered and became one of the members of the Philharmonic Society in December, 1855. A month earlier he associated himself with William Mason, Theodore Thomas, George Matzka and Carl Bergmann for the purpose of giving concerts of chamber music. These concerts, known first as the Mason and Bergmann concerts, and afterward as the Mason and Thomas concerts, were given until April, 1868, though Mr. Frederick Bergner took the place of Mr. Bergmann in 1861. They were interrupted for only one season—that of 1856-7. In 1860 Mr. Mosenthal became organist and choirmaster of Calvary Church, a post which he held twenty-seven years, only to be forced at last to yield it in order to make room for the surpliced boy choir, of which he was an uncompromising opponent.

For about a year previous he had been organist at St. John's Chapel in Varick street, and had left that post on the same ground. He resigned from Calvary Church in 1867. He became conductor of the Mendelssohn Glee Club (in whose rooms, whither he had gone to hold a rehearsal, he died on January 6) twenty-nine years ago, that is, in 1867, and none knew better than its members, who admired and respected him beyond all measure, how much the reputation of the club was due to his labors. He was an admirable organist, and exerted a powerful influence for good in the churches throughout the country, not only by the class of music which he used, edited and published (such as the motets of Mendelssohn), but also by the music which he composed for quartet and chorus choirs. A widow, one daughter and two sons survive him.—*Tribune*.

Cash versus Pictures.

R. CUTTRISS WARDE, "instructor of vocal music and vocal art," and Mrs. Alice J. Smith ventilated their financial difficulties in Justice Doyle's court this morning, with the assistance of ex-City Prosecutor "Billy" Asay and another legal luminary, reported the *Chicago Journal* of last Saturday.

Mr. Warde, be it known, occupies suite 921 Pullman Building, which apartments were invaded by Constable Kriston several days ago and a number of paintings, the work of Mrs. Smith's own fair hands, were seized on a writ of attachment.

The suit this morning was the outcome of financial dealings between the master without cash and the pupil with it. The case was called before Justice LaBuy at 10 o'clock, but R. Cuttriss Warde thought he could not get justice there, "and that the reporters might print something, don't you know." So he took a change of venue, and went to Justice Doyle, across the hall.

Mrs. Alice J. Smith, she of shekels, is a matronly blonde living at 207 Rush street. On taking the stand she related how R. Cuttriss Warde on February 15, 1895, had borrowed \$250 of her good coin and given a promissory note for six months with interest at 7 per cent. In plaintive tones she said that she had never received a cent of the principal or interest, and that \$50 and interest had been remitted.

Mr. Asay never asked why she had shown this leniency to his client.

Mrs. Smith, still unable to conquer her habit of repeating the attorney's question, said that Warde announced two weeks before Christmas he was going to Europe for rest; the next week he had reduced the journey to Buffalo. She feared he would vamoose, hence the present action.

T. C. Aslunt, a friend of the plaintiff, who attempted to run the case, gave corroborative testimony.

Then Mr. Warde, "instructor of vocal music and vocal art," testified in his own behalf. Mrs. Smith looked on his etruscan gold hair and was unmoved. He admitted the debt and denied intending leaving town. His secretary, J. M. Hultz, who announced himself as a "professional vocalist," substantiated his master's evidence.

Judgment was entered for \$200, and Mrs. Smith's legal guide insisted upon a writ of attachment and immediate execution.

"All right," said Lawyer Asay, "we'll make you sick yet. We will appeal."

"Go ahead," was the retort; "let's see you get them pictures."

The irrepressible Mr. Aslunt broke in with: "You know she painted in some skies—"

"Next case," wound up the court.

Chamber Music.—A. Payne and Hugo Riemann, of Leipzig, are preparing a systematically arranged catalogue of all the chamber music to be found at present in the music publishing trade.

Engaged at 4,000 Frs. a Representation.—The celebrated tenor Mierzwinski, who for three years has been obliged to retire from public life and the theatre on account of nervous troubles with his throat, has been engaged for a series of representations in Russia at 4,000 frs. a representation. He has already scored a tremendous success in Varsovie, where his opening concert was given.

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BOSTON, Mass., February 23, 1896.

BOSTON has heard opera for three weeks, and to-morrow begins the last week of the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau Company. Two weeks of German opera at the Boston Theatre, two weeks of French, Italian and German opera at Mechanics Building; and that is the opera season of Boston. I sometimes think that the steady, quiet and carefully prepared work of the unpretentious singing actors and actresses at the Castle Square Theatre makes more for musical righteousness and cultivates a more discriminating taste for opera than the short display of fixed and wandering stars. At this Castle Square the opera is the feature; during the "grand season" the question is, "Who's going to sing?"

You have seen all these men and women and have reviewed their performances in the various operas. I do not propose to indulge myself in detailed criticism. These were the operas sung: The 17th, Faust, with Melba, Scalchi, the De Reszkés and Maurel; the 18th, Carmen, with Calvé, Saville, Lubert and Ancona; the 19th, the Huguenots, with Nordica, Melba, Scalchi, the De Reszkés, Plançon and Maurel; the 20th, Lucia, with Melba, Russitano, Campanari, and Cavalleria Rusticana, with Calvé, Cremonini and Ancona; the 21st, Tristan and Isolde (in German), with the De Reszkés, Nordica, Olitzka and Kaschmann; the 22d, at the matinee, Carmen, with the same cast as before, except that Marie Engle sang *Micaela*, and in the evening, Falstaff, with Maurel, Saville, Lola Beeth, Kitzu, Cremonini, Campanari, Arimondi, Scalchi, Rinaldini and Vanni.

Calvé is the great attraction this season. Yesterday at the matinee the enormous hall was jammed. I am told that the net receipts were \$17,000. This may be true or false; certainly no greater crowd was ever seen in this city at an operatic performance.

Carmen, Lucia and Cavalleria have drawn the largest audiences. The Huguenots drew a larger audience than did Faust, Tristan or Falstaff. I regret to say, and as a Bostonian I blush to record the fact, that Falstaff—delightful, glorious Falstaff, with that incomparable actor Maurel—interested the fewest opera goers.

Had it not been for Maurel's marvelous portrayal of dying, cursing *Valentine*, the performance of Faust would have been commonplace. Melba's *Marguerite* was a distinct disappointment. Her voice seemed dull and tired, and she often sang in perfunctory, laborious fashion. She was evidently not in condition. This might easily have been forgiven, for her art as a singer is firmly established, and singers are creatures of nerves and flesh and blood, not machines warranted to run without fail and strike twelve at mid-day. But her impersonation was hopelessly false and exaggerated in the first act and in the second. Her first meeting with *Faust* was marred by a skittish exit, that was practically an invitation to follow her. No doubt she dropped a card at the next corner. She hid herself that she might be found—like our old friend *Galatea*.

In the garden scene Melba was more than coquettish; she was coquettish. She sighed like a shop girl after the favorite floor walker, as she thought of the perfect gentleman who had spoken to her "without the slightest encouragement." She knew the value of the jewels, and she preferred mineralogy to botany. There was commercial recognition in her joy, rather than any girlish surprise. In this whole act she was flippantly amorous. *Faust* needed no demoniac assistance. *Mephistopheles* need

not have run the risk of straying from the pitch in his endeavor to secure the aid of flowers, wind, air and sky. *Marguerite* was more willing than Barkis. I know not why Melba entertained this false, cheap and painfully in-artistic conception. The last time she acted the part in Boston she was simple, discreet, quietly effective, without any particular brilliancy or emotional display. In the scenes that followed she was more prudent, and though conventional she pleased. Her suggestion of approaching madness when *Valentine* died was a sincere and direct artistic stroke.

Jean de Reszké seemed tired, and he took things very easily. I wonder what he was thinking of as he passed through the episodes of the librettist. *Tristan*, perhaps, or the coolness of the audience. Edouard played and sang in his good natured fashion, and he was amiable even in the church scene. Yes, I know, his performance is broadly conceived, &c., but would not a strong tincture of diabolism improve it? Scalchi was the tiresome, superfluous *Siebel*. When she sang the Flower Song I shut my eyes and ears; I thought of her *Dame Quickly*, and I forgave her everything. The evening was easily Maurel's. After his superb curse and death he was called before the curtain again and again. Do you snicker and say, "How about Dio Possente?" It was bad, very bad. Would that he had omitted it, as he had a right to do, for the air is an impertinent interpolation. It may please you to know that the Soldiers' Chorus was vociferously redemanded.

Carmen is another story. A very strong performance throughout and an enthusiastic audience. Calvé was in admirable condition, and her mastery of tonal color was supreme. I have never heard her sing with such marked advantage to herself and the composer. It seems to me that her dramatic performance is more sustained, more imaginative and more legitimately effective than it was two seasons ago. It is not so boisterous, so athletic. Her conception of the part is not changed in the essential qualities. She does not believe in possession by Satan. *Carmen* is a reckless, sensual woman; vain as a peacock, incapable of any deep emotion or entrancing passion; unable to appreciate either in a lover. She is drawn physically toward men who pander to her vanity. If one sacrifices honor for her sake, she rewards him by companionship for a day or two. *Escamillo* had no illusions concerning her. Nor had *Zuniga* any false hopes. Poor, stupid *Don José* was the only one who did not clearly see that she was a wanton, a thoroughly disreputable baggage, whose only spell was physical allurements. How wonderfully Calvé strips this idea in the sight of the people and exposes it in its irresistible and baleful nudity!

Mrs. Saville was a *Micaela* who charmed in graceful, conventional manner. She sang delightfully. Worthy of exuberant praise was her delivery of the final phrase of the air in the third act. Ancona's *Escamillo* was excellent. *Escamillo* is the master of the arena, a fatuous person, straightforward, that is to say, vulgarly confident in his wooing; a thick witted poseur. Mr. Ancona appreciated all this. The minor parts were well taken, especially the *Zuniga* of De Vries and the *Dancairo* of Carbone. As is usual, the quintet, one of the most charming numbers of the opera, and particularly well sung and acted, met with scanty recognition. And as is usual, the Toreador's song, the cheapest number in the whole work, was enthusiastically redemanded.

Mr. Lubert proved himself to be a tenor of uncommon dramatic ability. His impersonation was strong and consistent. He never forgot that he was a common soldier. Here was no leading tenor who obliged the librettist by assuming a character repugnant to him. Mr. Lubert handled a voice that is not eminently sympathetic with taste and skill. A powerful performance; broad in its sweep, with adroitly planned detail; free from exaggeration; with tragic climax admirably prepared.

I shall say little about the Huguenots or its "ideal cast." This opera, with the exception of the great fourth act, reminds me of the novel described by Chorley. In one scene the fair Sabina reclined "on a gilt sofa, covered with crimson velvet, with six elbow chairs and two ottomans to match, plunged in the deepest sorrow," while the faithful Orlando rushed to her aid, "up a staircase the balustrade of which was of richly carved oak of the

best period, in peculiarly good preservation, and the steps whereof were laid down with tapestry of unique pattern." The author had served his apprenticeship in an upholsterer's warehouse.

The conspicuous features of the performance were the rare and beautiful singing of Melba, who was born for such a part as the *Queen of Navarre*, the generally noble singing of Nordica, whose *Valentina* is otherwise without imagination or authority, the elegant and chivalric bearing of Maurel, and the grim fanaticism of Plançon. Jean de Reszké did not distinguish himself except in the fourth act, and Edouard was rather loggy as *Marcel*. I should like to ask Jean de Reszké by what right he takes the tempo in the great duet at "stringe il periglio" so absolutely slow? Is it that he may gain strength for that which follows? Music and action, however, suffer alike.

Nor shall I detain you with Lucia. Melba sang superbly and did not pretend to act. Campanari and Russitano were excellent. The sextet was redemanded frenetically, and the opera was chopped off after the mad scene.

Who would believe to-day that Lucia was originally an opera for the tenor? Even in New York in 1847 a writer in the *United States Magazine and Democratic Review* of that year confirmed the old report. He is speaking of the season in Chambers street. "Rows of upright and indefatigable young men lined Palmo's walls, which bristled with double barreled opera glasses, as the bastions of Vera Cruz with cannon. Nightly they laughed at Benetti's *Dov'è Lucia*, and shrieked bravo at Benedetti's *Bel Alma Inamorata*. Bouquets were hurled by fair ladies at the fascinating tenor, who did not know how to take them; au moral, we mean, for he generally stuck them in his belt beside the fatal dagger, and the master of Ravenswood died like a Roman routé, covered with flowers. Ravenswood consulted Palmo's lawyer to know what course to adopt; in Italy it seems there is but one. The learned gentleman explained that a projected bouquet was only a bravissimo in action, and read extracts from Blackstone on marriage, and from Reeve on the domestic relations."

I confess I listened with respectful admiration to Lucia, and that, too, in its sadly mutilated condition. Even with the surpassing art of Calvé as *Santuzza*, Cavalleria Rusticana seemed tawdry, crude and brutal beside the work of Donizetti. Lucia, in spite of its formulas that do not now appeal to us, is by far the nobler, more musical and more truly dramatic opera. The fact that the instrumentation is occasionally that which is derided as "guitar-like" does not disturb me one whit.

Tristan has never been as well sung throughout in this city as it was by the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau Company. Nor have I ever heard such an admirably sung performance in Germany. Whether it is Wagner's Tristan is another question. To me Jean de Reszké was *Romeo* in *Tristan's* clothes, and Nordica's *Isolde*, while it was by far the finest of her impersonations, was not individualized or lighted by imagination. But on this subject I propose to speak at length next week, as there will be little else to discuss. As I feel now, it is my belief that Tristan must after all be declaimed by Germans trained in the Wagnerian school if it is to be heard in its genuine form. But let us consider this question carefully and weigh the evidence on each side.

Maurel was again the ideal *Falstaff*, not of Henry IV., but of the Merry Wives; in other words, the Falstaff of Boito's version. Maurel's impersonation seemed even more unctuous, witty, broader, elemental. Campanari, Scalchi, Arimondi, Rinaldini were all more than satisfactory; and Campanari's *Ford* is capital in every respect. As far as the female plotters were concerned, their action was more spirited than the action was a year ago; the vocal performance was not as distinguished. Pretty Miss Beeth wobbled in voice, and sprightly Mrs. Saville was not always sure in song. On the whole, the performance gave the greatest pleasure of the week.

The program of the sixteenth Symphony concert was as follows: Orchestra fantasia, Midnight at Sedan, Zöllner; concerto for violin, C major, op. 30, Mosakowski; Till

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I was at Falstaff. Mr. C. L. Capen wrote as follows in the Boston *Journal* of the work of Strauss:

The selection, of all others, that should not have been heard at this concert, neither at any respectable concert, was that by Richard Strauss. From first to last it was musical obscenity of the most unique and remarkable description; in form a crazy quilt, in orchestral color much the same. The editor of the program book describes or rather translates it as "after an old rogue's tune by Richard Strauss." Call it after an old rogue's tune, and imagine this old rogue on a spree and you hit the nail nearer on the head. According to the erratic Richard Strauss this latest and most inexplicable hodge-podge from his pen is Eulenspiegel, Merry Pranks Set to Orchestra. Now Eulenspiegel is one of the most famous characters of the Deutschen Volksbücher. His daily beverage was doubtless beer, and the music of Strauss is unmistakably beerish. In his stupidly unsuccessful attempts to produce a mirth provoking, sprightly and grotesque setting to a very funny tale he simply presents a grotesquely uninteresting tone picture, and the mythical Eulenspiegel and his merry pranks are most inane colored by the medium through which they are seen.

The tone picture, with all its abnormal and hideously grotesque proportions, is that of a heavy, dull and witless Teuton. The orchestration of the work is sound and fury, signifying nothing, and the piccolo-flute, three flutes, three oboes, the four clarinets, bassoons, trombones, drums and rattles are made to indulge in a shrieking, piercing, noisy breakdown most of the time.

Mr. B. E. Woolf, in the Boston *Herald*, paid this glowing tribute to Sauret, whose playing excited the wildest applause of musicians and laymen:

M. Sauret had been heard several times in Boston before his performance of last night, but it was years ago, and to the greater part of the public he was a newcomer. In the time that has passed since he played on the same stage he has won and merited the right to rank among the representative great violinists of the day. In the matter of technic he is unsurpassed. Nothing is impossible to him that is possible on his instrument. He has a beautiful tone, not large, but firm and pure, and his bowing is broad, free and graceful. The Mosskowski concerto is tiresomely long and not especially interesting. It is not lacking in charming movements of melodiousness, but it is spun out inordinately, especially the first movement; with these themes the composer seems to have been so enamored that he was loath to part with them until he could no longer present them in a changed aspect. M. Sauret played it with exquisite clearness, brilliancy and delicacy of style; but it was in the andante that his full powers of expression were illustrated. A slow movement is always the test of an artist's real work. Flourishing over an instrument, be it never so skillfully, excites no more than astonishment; but cantabile puts his gifts to a far severer test, and decides whether he is an artist entitled to the name or only an industrious and clever exhibitor of musical fireworks. M. Sauret played this movement with every refined grace of style and beauty of phrasing. The violin sang under his hands with noble pathos and faultless purity of taste. The finale, which is mere finger and bow work, save for a lovely bit of cantilena, which appears now and then, enabled the artist to show his mastery of the finger board, and with results that gained for him at the end of his performance one of those spontaneous outbursts of applause that are the most cherished triumphs of an artist. After recalling him five times M. Sauret gave as an encore a transcription of the famous sextet in Lucia, the playing of which was so masterly that he again aroused the wildest enthusiasm. The audience clapped and cried "Bravo! bravo!" in a fashion that was unusual for it even in its most tumultuous moods; in fact, no more emphatic success has been made at the Symphony concerts this season.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Music Notes.

BOSTON February 21, 1896.

As usual, Madame Melba occupies the suite of rooms in the Brunswick on the corner of Boylston and Clarendon streets. Here she has books, flowers, piano, music, all the thousand and one things that go to make up the surroundings of a charming, if temporary, home. During her two weeks' stay Madame Melba will be the recipient of many social attentions.

Madame Nordica's rooms look very bright and gay with

the quantities of flowers she has received from friends. Conspicuous among them were big bunches of white lilies, a tribute to her name, no doubt. She has a large suite of rooms at Parker's, to which she has given a most home-like appearance.

Mme. Frances Saville has received dozens and dozens of letters from residents of San Francisco asking her to visit that city, and assuring her of the biggest kind of a reception to be given in honor of the San Francisco born woman who has made such a success in opera. Some day she will visit her native town, and there won't be a building large enough to accommodate the audiences that will throng to hear her sing.

Miss Lola Beeth is on leave of absence from Vienna, where she has been singing for the past six years. She has sung many of the Wagner operas in Paris, singing *Elsa* eight times last spring, and appearing as both *Elizabeth* and *Venus* in Tannhäuser. She has also sung in opera at Monte Carlo, where she met many Americans. The parts of *Sieglinde* and *Eva* are perhaps her favorite rôles, and she has made her greatest successes in them. *Nannette*, in which she makes her first Boston appearance on Saturday evening, when Falstaff is to be given, is a small part, but very charming, she thinks.

Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke is to be the soloist at the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert to be given in Philadelphia February 29.

Mr. Leo Schulz assisted at the chamber music recital given by the students of the advanced classes at the New England Conservatory of Music on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. John F. Wood gave the third of her February musicales Tuesday evening.

At the concert given in Association Hall on Wednesday evening, February 26, by Miss Mabel Beaman, violinist; Miss Minna J. Gaul, pianist; Mr. W. W. Stedman, tenor, the assisting artists were Miss Lizzie Trinder, soprano; Miss Georgia Pray, cellist; Mr. Van Veatchon Rogers, harpist, and Mr. Dudley H. Prescott, humorist.

The ninth of Miss Gertrude Capen's pupils' recitals took place on last Wednesday evening. Mrs. J. S. Parsons is the pupil whom Miss Capen presented at this recital, and Mr. Arthur O'Neill, son of Prof. John O'Neill, teacher of Madame Nordica, assisted. Mr. O'Neill has been heard very little in Boston, for he left here a number of years ago to study the violin abroad, and then to take a position in the West. Miss Clara O'Neill sang and Miss S. W. Bartleson presided at the piano.

Last week Mr. Frank A. Kennedy, the violinist, played in Boston on Tuesday and Friday; in Weymouth Wednesday, and in Littleton Saturday evening. His other engagements for February are: Boston, 17th; Longwood and at Mrs. Wood's reception, 18th; New England Conservatory, 19th, and Saturday evening in Wheelock Hall, Dorchester; Harvard, 27th; Lancaster, 29th; and he has already several engagements in March.

At the regular monthly meeting at St. Paul's Parish held last Thursday evening a concert was given by Mr. Heinrich Schuecker, harpist, of the Symphony Orchestra, and Miss Lena Little.

The ladies composing the chorus who sang at Mrs. L. P. Morrill's last week were Misses Grace Darling, May Parks, Alice Blake, Lucy Flynt, Grace Tuttle, Lylie Parker, Edith Cushney, Gertrude Tilden, Mrs. H. M. Faxon, Mrs. C. W. Morse and Mrs. Richard James. Miss Upham, of Melrose, was the accompanist.

The reception which was to have been tendered Madame Nordica by the New England Women's Press Association on February 27 will not be given, owing to the fact that Madame Nordica has since made arrangements to sing in Worcester on that date.

Miss Henrietta A. Thomas, organist at the Unitarian Church, Roslindale, has resigned her position in order to occupy a similar one at the Roslindale Baptist Church.

The cantata of Belshazzar was presented last week in the Methodist Church, Melrose, by a chorus of seventy-five voices, assisted by Mr. Sidney Woodward, tenor; Miss

Jennie Mae Spencer, contralto; Mrs. Edith Lane Thompson, Mrs. R. G. Plumer, Miss F. E. Wilson and Miss Mary Hinds, sopranos; Mrs. Maud L. Putnam, contralto; Mr. E. W. Owen and Mr. W. C. Brown, tenors; Mr. Edward Phillips and Mr. C. H. Wilson, basses. Miss Ida G. Croft presided at the piano and Mr. E. B. Walter was organist. Mr. C. E. Wilson was the musical director.

The Melourgia, Mr. F. W. Wodell conductor, will perform a cantata by Sterndale Bennett at its second concert in May. The membership is limited to fifty selected voices.

Miss Carlotta Desvignes is to sing in Max Bruch's *Arminius* at the Springfield Festival, March 8.

The Norwegian Chorus of this city, composed of some twenty-five or thirty singers of Norwegian birth, is holding a bazaar in the Wells Memorial Building in aid of the fund for erecting a statue of Ole Bull in Minneapolis. The chorus was asked to co-operate in the undertaking as a member of the National Singers'fest. A number of interesting articles are for sale, including photographs of the clay model of the proposed statue, which, it is said, will be the first of a musical performer ever erected in this country; and excellent plaster of paris busts of the great violinist. From time to time athletes from the Y. M. C. A. will give performances and the chorus will sing. The bazaar will last through Saturday evening. The committee of arrangements is composed of the following members of the chorus: A. Solberg, F. Thronstad, P. Olufsan, H. Earlsan, M. E. Fugelstad (secretary and manager), S. Fugelstad, E. Eilertsen, John Torgersan and P. Kahler.

Joseffy Reappears in Baltimore.—Rafael Joseffy made his rentrée in Baltimore amid immense enthusiasm. The following is from the Baltimore *Sun* of January 23:

The appearance of Mr. Rafael Joseffy last night at the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, held at Music Hall, was one of the most interesting musical events of the season.

For several years past Mr. Joseffy has been in absolute retirement as far as concert playing is concerned, and it was with mingled feelings of expectancy and uncertainty that his reappearance was looked for. Would he be the same great artist who had occupied such an important position in the world of music a few years ago or had his withdrawal denoted a falling off in his powers?

The curiosity of concert goers had further been aroused by the more or less fabulous statements which had been circulated concerning the reasons for Mr. Joseffy's silence. When a great pianist in the height of success suddenly ceases playing it is not unnatural that his action should evoke comment in these days when success is so profitable. The most natural explanation is his distrustfulness of his own abilities, and this happens most frequently to artists of the highest type. Perhaps, also, the nervousness attendant upon playing in public may have been one of the causes.

The doubt that Mr. Joseffy had kept all of his brilliancy and power was set completely at rest by his rendition of the Brahms concerto in B flat major at the concert. This number was especially well chosen, for brilliancy, technical skill, delicacy, depth and volume were all necessary to its satisfactory interpretation, and of them all Mr. Joseffy showed himself complete master.

Yielding to the general clamor for Beethoven, Mr. Paur in arranging his program presented a Beethoven symphony—the third or Eroica, in B flat major—and the overture to Egmont. That his thoughtfulness found appreciation was evident from the intelligent attention with which these works were followed.

The remaining numbers—the minuet of Will o' the Wisp and the Waltz of Sylphs, from Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust*—were characteristic of that most erratic of composers. Brilliant and delicate they both were, perhaps sometimes touched with a suspicion of showiness and triviality, but both were equally well rendered.

The audience, the largest of the season, was throughout appreciative and enthusiastic; as well it might be, for the concert was undoubtedly the most interesting of the Boston Symphony series so far this year.

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PHILADELPHIA, Pa., February 23, 1896.

A GREAT week has passed! Walter Damrosch and his famous company have given us within three days *Tristan and Isolde*, *Die Walküre*, *Tannhäuser* and the *Scarlet Letter*. Much as I should have liked to enjoy these feasts more seriatim, with a due allowance of time for digestion between, yet I am glad that we had them at all, if they were a little close together, and this seems to be the general sentiment here, or else the houses—right after the close of the Hinrichs season and in the very first week of Lent—might not even have been as fairly filled as they were.

The praises of Madame Klafsky and Madame Ternina have echoed and re-echoed through the columns of *THE MUSICAL COURIER* during the past months; the vocabulary of eulogy and commendation has been so nearly exhausted that I cannot bring myself to use up the few synonyms left over, but rather content myself with a heartfelt endorsement of all the best that was said of them, extending much of it to the work of M. Gruening, and adding merely that Emil Fischer's last appearance as *Wotan* was again superb in every particular. It seems to be the fad now to pick flaws in Wagner's works and theories; to look at the man of the future as *demi-passé*; to charge him with eccentricity and monotony at the same time, as if this were not almost a paradox. Well, I cannot tell to what length a critic's reflections will go. It is quite evident that Wagner, too, must have had his earthly share of imperfection, but it seems to me that one who picks them out from their surroundings of luxuriant beauty tells a far more damaging story of his own callousness. He who successfully withstands the tonal charm, the melodic, harmonic, rhythmic and orchestral beauty of Wagner, who can think out arguments while all this beauty unfolds before him; who can look wise, while my eyes grow dim with tears of keenest delight—why, he is welcome to his wisdom; I would not exchange my raptures for it. Wagner's art was conceived to be heard, and heard it must be, not studied at home; if the cold letters and black notes, studied at home, should not reveal all the beauty they represent; if at times we wonder how this or that confused looking place could possibly have touched us as deeply as it did, it is because there was a great soul, a titanic mind, behind these black notes, a mind that searched out its own mode of utterance, and—I defy any living man to form anything like a correct sound picture in his mind from merely reading a Wagner score—therefore must it be heard, heard, heard, and heard as exquisitely as Walter Damrosch plays it.

Of the *Scarlet Letter* I cannot express an opinion after one hearing, beyond a general impression. This, however, is a thoroughly favorable one. One point I am certain about: If the *Scarlet Letter* should be his opus 1, it

should be the most magnificent opus 1 in all my acquaintance with musical history. The probability is, however, that some smaller works have preceded it, in which he acquired that astounding mastery of orchestration which claims one's attention from beginning to end.

The work bears unquestionably the family traits of Bayreuth, but I regard this as mark of legitimacy. Walter Damrosch's illustrious father, one of the best musicians of his and the present time, was an enthusiastic champion of Wagner. He bequeathed his convictions to his son, and the son is too young a man to have worked out his own way through such a powerful inheritance. It is well that he resisted the general mania for sham originality, which, for fear of plagiarism, prefers cacophonous newness, and forgets that originality does not imply a savage disavowal of its fount and derivation.

The *Scarlet Letter* is by no means the timid work of an authority awed pupil; it moves with full freedom, departs from the beaten track sufficiently to indicate a style of its own, treats well with moods, characters, voices; is of great unity with its variety, and bears the stamp of seriousness, and high ethical qualities. I shall study the score, then try to hear it again, and then may speak more detailed of it.

CONSTANTIN V. STERNBERG.

Music in Frankfurt.

FRANKFURT-A.-M., February 4, 1896.

BRAHMS' *Deutsche Requiem* was given last night in the Saalbau under the direction of Herr Dr. Bernard Scholz, and this performance has so wrought upon me that I find it hard to write of anything else. The *General Anzeiger* of to-day has it right when it classes this requiem with the *Missa Solennis* of Beethoven and the *H moll* *Messa* of Bach, and adds that "a heart unresponsive to such music as this must certainly be dead to anything."

The great audience suffered, sorrowed and was consoled even as did the composer sorrow over the death of his own mother. I have never seen a German audience more deeply and truly moved. The Requiem breathed into us all its deep emotions, and its spell could not be overcome even by the tumultuous applause that followed or by other musical works on the program. I am almost tempted to say that to give Brahms his best presentation, the "regulation-schooled" German orchestra, German directors and German singers are necessary, for the reason perhaps that never before coming to Germany have I realized the beauties, nay, more, the glories, that the compositions of this composer contain, and yet I have heard Thomas, Damrosch, Seidl and Pauer direct Brahms' productions at home. Well, it may all be fancied because I am in the "Fatherland," but at any rate I do wish the thousands of music lovers in America who are readers of *THE MUSICAL COURIER* and lovers of Brahms could hear with me the *édition de luxe* of Brahms' works given by his countrymen.

At this same concert part of Act I. of *Parsifal* was splendidly given by both orchestra and chorus, but to me it loses much strength when given on a concert stage.

Herr Dr. Scholz also presented a *Lebenslied* by Ferdinand Vetter, arranged by himself (Herr Prof. Scholz) for soli, chorus, orchestra and organ. Although not to be mentioned in the same breath with the two other works given, still it was the proper piece in the proper place and made a very agreeable "ease-up" for the evening. The *Lebenslied* is clear cut in form and very attractive, and indeed, while being within the range of the average musician's comprehension, this latter fact is one that should make the composer glad he wrote it, for in doing it he really accomplished something.

On account of the serious illness of Herr Prof. James

Kwast, the concert of the Frankfurter Trio which was to be given this month has been postponed until March.

Herr J. Hubay, the violinist and composer, is expected to-morrow, as he is the soloist in the Friday evening symphony concert, and will also play the solo in the first performance of his opera, *The Violin Maker of Cremona*, which will be presented here next Sunday. Herr Hubay plays the *Saint-Saëns A minor* concerto, beside a *Spinnerlied* of his own and the *adagio* from the sixth concerto by Spohr, at the symphony concert.

As to operas, I've been expecting the performance of the Wagner's *Trilogy* that was promised some weeks ago, but no definite announcement as to the performance has yet been made. We have been blessed with four or five almost perfect presentations of *Falstaff*, with an excellent performance of *Hänsel and Gretel*, and, by-the-by, *Fräulein Schako* is one of the very best *Gretels* there is anywhere. The last two weeks have brought us *Der Bajazzo*, *Lortzing's Csar* and the *Carpenter* and many others of the regular opera stock.

There have been several piano recitals given during the past fortnight, but none of sufficient merit, or by pianists known well enough to warrant a review.

Busoni, of Berlin, plays at this symphony this month.

Frederick Lamond is absent filling engagements in German cities. HENRY EAMES.

Gotha.—The Capellmeister of the Court Theatre, Johannes Doebber, whose work *Die Strassensängerin* was given years ago in Berlin, has composed an opera based on a modern village tale, 's *Babel's*. A one act opera by Marschall will be soon produced.

Goldschmidt's Gaia.—The society for producing Goldschmidt's musical dramatic work *Gaea* has been fully organized and has issued its shares at 500 gulden each. It has already had paid in 10,000 gulden. At the head of the list of subscribers are Nathaniel Baron Rothschild, Edward von Guthmann, Etienne Seanac, &c. The committee hopes to have completed preparations this month and will then proceed to elect a director and arrange for the first performance next season.

Abbadia.—The death in deepest misery of the once famous Luigia Abbadia is announced from Rome. It was for her that Donizetti wrote *Maria Padilla*, and her performance in *La Vestale* and *Ernani* were said to be unsurpassed. After leaving the stage she established a singing school at Rome, and had among her pupils the tenor De Negri, who asked five francs for every note he sang. Of late years, however, Signora Abbadia has been unable to teach, and as she never could save she passed her last days in dire poverty.

Huber's Kudrun.—A new three act opera, *Kudrun*, by Hans Huber, had its first presentation at Basel, January 29, with thorough success. The text is based on the old saga of *Kudrun's* capture by the Normans, but is more poetical than dramatic. The music, in its thematic and orchestral treatment, has points of contact with Wagner's *Nibelungenring*, but Huber is no servile imitator. He gives ample space to ensemble and choral passages which are remarkably effective. Of the solos, *Kudrun's* lament over her father's death is the most deserving of mention.

Melcer.—The composer and piano virtuoso Heinrich Melcer, victor in the international Rubinstein competition, appeared lately at Lemberg, where in his playing of Beethoven's E flat major concerto and in pieces by Brahms, Chopin, Grieg and Liszt, he proved himself an excellent interpreter. His own prize composition, concert piece in F minor, for piano and orchestra, displayed great creative talent, with power of invention and form, and was played with all the fire of youth.

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CINCINNATI, February 22, 1896.

THE following is this week's Symphony program:

Symphony, Lenore.....Raff
Aria from Rienzi.....Wagner

Gertrude May Stein.

Le Dernier Sommeil de la Vierge.....Massenet
Ballade et thème slave varié, from Coppélia.....Delibes

Songs—
Since First I Met Thee.....Rubinstein
Jugendliebe.....F. Van der Stucken
Overture, Sakuntala.....Goldmark

The program was a restful one—the lightest Mr. Van der Stucken has arranged this season. The sweet somnolence and dreamy sensuousness of Raff and Massenet were happily relieved by the orange tinted Orientalism of the last number.

Despite the beauty of the first movement Raff's is surely aging. It has always been a mystery to me how Raff says such sweet things in the last movement, when *Lenore* is supposed to be clutching a corpse pursued by hideous noises and surrounded by things *immondes*. Raff took the rhythm of his galloping horse from Berlioz's *Sinfonie Fantastique*, but he neglected to borrow any of its rugged quality.

The work of the orchestra differed somewhat from that of the previous concerts. Mr. Van der Stucken drew the reins less tightly and thereby gained in breadth of expression. There was a closer—understanding—but sympathy between conductor and musician.

The symphony was played with confidence and poetic expression. The finely tempered diminuendo in the first movement, the horn solo in the andante, and the rhythmic certainty of the march were among striking bits in a well finished performance.

There were crispness and firmness in the Delibes number, with unexpected changes of tempo and Slavic syncopations. The overture was played with a fine warmth and swing that one might expect of Mr. Van der Stucken's temperament.

Miss Gertrude May Stein sang the Rienzi aria with just the right emphasis. There was no straining after contrasts. Her voice has the human quality we all cry for; it is a voice Goldmark wished for *Sakuntala*, had he written an opera with Radidasas' heroine—a warm mezzo.

Several musical engagements are booked within the next ten days. The Hinrichs Opera Company gives Lucia, William Tell, and *Trovatore* on the 2d prox. Mr. Hinrichs must think we are fond of novelties. Albani and her concert company come next Thursday, and Yaw, of the altissimo notes, follows her.

The Marien String Quartet second concert comes next Tuesday. We are promised a new piano and violin sonata by the late César Franck.

After hearing four plays in the Irving repertory, I became convinced that Sir Henry, though he may have a vague ambition to combine the arts, knows little of music. Sullivan's music to King Arthur is absolutely characterless. What an opportunity was wasted here! In *The Bells* the musical accompaniment is positively grotesque. When the mesmerist passes his hands over the haunted *Mathias*, each pass is accompanied by buzz on the bass viol that suggests anything but mesmerism.

The May Festival Association is out with its official circular giving the complete list of solo engagements. Fifteen hundred seats have been subscribed for already. Of the soloists the president says:

"Feeling that with the opening of the new hall we should make the festival especially attractive, the board has secured for soloists the best talent here and in England, and will present an array of artists never equaled at any festival which has heretofore been given.

"From England we will have the favorites of the last festival: Ben Davies, the tenor; Watkin Mills and Plunket Greene, the basses, who delighted the festival audiences; Ffrangcon Davies, a baritone of high reputation, and Miss Medora Henson, a soprano of high rank, will also come from England, while the board have taken advantage of the fact that we have now in this country three ladies who have a world wide reputation of being the greatest singers on the concert stage: Miss Marie Brema, whose rich mezzo soprano voice has captivated every audience she has sung

before; Mme. Lillian Nordica, who has achieved the highest rank in the profession both here and abroad, and Frau Katherine Klafsky, who, when she sang in Cincinnati with the Damrosch opera troupe, created the most profound impression ever made by any soprano. There will be others to add to even this full list.

"It seems unnecessary to add that the entire Thomas Orchestra and a chorus which has had two years' training in much of the music to be given, will be the great strength and support of the festival."

Sousa's manager sends me some of the requests and notes the bandmaster has received on his present tour. Here are a few of them:

"Would it be asking too much if I requested that you play as encore the beautiful opera of Martha? I believe it is by Sullivan."

"I came forty miles over the mountain to see the man who makes \$25,000 out of his compositions. Kindly oblige me by playing all of them.—J. T."

"Bandmaster Sousa: Please inform me what is the name of those two instruments that look like gas pipes."

"A warm admirer of music would like to hear the Maiden's Prayer on your band."

"Sir: Please play Love's Old, Sweet Song. I've got my girl almost to the sticking point, and that will fetch her around, I am sure."

"A colored lady would like to hear a coronet solo by your solo coronetist."

"Please play Dixie, without any trimmings.—Music Lover."

In Chicago Mr. Sousa received this unusually strong request:

"D—n Wagner. Play The Liberty Bell."

Several important changes in the College of Music were discussed at the last meeting of the financial committee. The business policy of the college is to be aggressive. A considerable sum of money is to be spent yearly in advertising and the Odeon may be enlarged.

Perhaps the most important step that Mr. Van der Stucken has taken since he assumed the duties of dean is the reform of the present system of examinations. The board of examination at present includes nearly every member of the faculty. A pupil is brought before the board and questioned by his or her teacher. The members of the board have the right to question the candidate, but they seldom use it. There is absolutely nothing to prevent a teacher who is not over conscientious from coaching his pupil before the examination on the very questions he is

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to ask before the board. Mr. Van der Stucken proposes to establish a permanent board of three. When a pupil of a certain department, such as the piano or vocal department, is to be examined two teachers of that branch of instruction which the pupil follows will be added temporarily to the board. Mr. Van der Stucken himself will also be a member ex-officio as well as President Neff.

ROBT. I. CARTER.

Copenhagen.—The first performance of Enna's new opera, Aucassin and Nicolette, at the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen, had extraordinary success.

Rheims.—Strauss' Gypsy Baron had a brilliant success at its first performance at Rheims. The finale was encored four times, and the performance was better than that in Paris.

Munich Performances.—The dates of the performances of the Wagner works in next August and September at the Royal Court Theatre are announced. They are: Rienzi, August 25, September 8; Der Fliegende Holländer, August 27, September 10; Tannhäuser, August 6, 13, September 3, 17, 29; Lohengrin, August 8, 15, 22, September 5, 19, 26; Tristan and Isolde, August 20, September 24; Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg, August 29, September 12. The Beethoven dates are of Fidelio and The Ruins of Athens, August 11, 18, September 1, 7, 22. In the Royal Residenz the Mozart dates are Le Nozze di Figaro, August 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, September 6, 13, 20, 27, and Don Giovanni, August 5, 12, 19, 26, September 2, 9, 16, 23 and 30, newly studied and mounted. The names of the artists will be announced hereafter.

Puccini.—Puccini's La Bohème was produced for the first time at Turin February 1. While Mascagni is the hero of the firm of Sonzogno, Puccini is the Benjamin of the house of Ricordi, and is regarded as the better musician of the two. Ricordi surpassed himself and his rival in his advertising schemes. Reporters of even small country papers had their hotel and traveling expenses paid, and even their telegrams, so that next day every Italian paper had columns of praise for the "most remarkable musical production of late years." In fact, the work in no sense reproduces La Vie de Bohème, the text is not adapted to the stage, on which the psychological characterization and the whole milieu are impossible. A duet in the first act between Minni and Rudolph was applauded; the second act was ineffective, the success reached its climax in the quartet of the third act. The last act is Minni's death scene. The music flows naturally, with warmth of feeling and a refreshing wealth of melody. All the young Italy composers were present, among others Mascagni.



CHICAGO, February 22, 1896.

CHICAGO is fast becoming a great musical centre and developing in its artistic circle a fastidiousness and judgment that permit only the most excellent endeavor to be tolerated. This influence of the city is making itself felt in the large suburbs, notably in Evanston and La Grange, the latter being the home of some well organized musical clubs.

For maintaining a high standard precedence must be given the Clara Schumann Club, founded by Mrs. Jettie Skidmore, an enthusiastic and clever musician, who has worked arduously in its interest. Only the best class of music is permitted at any of the entertainments, and the club numbers among its members some very talented performers who arrange, generally without any outside help, concerts of a high order of merit. Miss Ada Howell, of the Gottschalk lyric school, and Miss Bird, last year's gold medallist at the Chicago conservatory, are two that I can recall as being very gifted.

Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist who, the story goes, has been commanded by a clamorous country to return to the land of his birth and assist in the patriotic Magyar rejoicings, made a farewell appearance on Saturday night. Unfortunately absence had begotten forgetfulness, consequently the audience assembled in Central Music Hall was not remarkable for large numbers. Time has not diminished the peculiarities and eccentricities of this once popular artist, neither has it enlarged his repertoire; therefore the concert was not of exceeding interest, so far as the star was concerned.

Miss Ella Dahl was decidedly the most successful of the artists and is profiting wonderfully by continuous study and certainly gaining a very pronounced and finished style.

Combined with a really fine elasticity of touch, a sound and intelligent reading of her different selections she made a most excellent impression. However, there was little enthusiasm, and the mournfulness was still further accentuated by the singing of Miss Estelle Rose, who in addition to some dismal German Lieder, gave the painfully morbid and depressing Douglas Gordon by Lawrence Kellie.

The Chicago Musical College celebrated the commencement of its thirtieth year on Tuesday with a monster musical entertainment, when a fine program was presented by the faculty. If all concerts were arranged with the same care, discrimination and taste that characterized Dr. Ziegfeld's undertaking it would be better for both audience and critic. The cultivated musician found much of interest in the numbers selected and most ably interpreted by the artists who are collaborators in this useful music developing institution. Bernhard Listemann, the chief of the violin department of the Chicago Musical College, was, of course, the biggest attraction. His playing is remarkable for tone color, magnificent technique and exquisite delicacy, and demonstrates he is an artist of refinement without any false aids for effect. His talent is by no means only executive, as he possesses pre-eminently the power of orchestration, as is shown by his clever arrangement of Hubay's Hungarian Fantasia and The Witches' Dance of Paganini. His abilities are of the order which gains for him that recognition usually only accorded to the imported novelty.

Another of the successful items of this interesting program was the interpretation of the Terzetto della Duchessa Prieghi, from Lucrezia Borgia, by Miss Edna Crawford, John H. Ortencron and Grafton Baker. Miss Crawford must be singled out for most praiseworthy effort, her singing being of a highly intelligent musicianly order. Louis Falk, Maurice Rosenfeld, and Paul Jennison were all heard at their best and contributed in an artistic manner to the great success of this most agreeable concert, which had enlisted the services of an orchestra made up of members from the Chicago Orchestra, and directed by Hans von Schiller, who, able pianist as he is, was not heard as a soloist. There was hardly a vacant seat in Central Music Hall, the friends of Dr. Ziegfeld crowding from far and near to testify to his popularity, who as admirable preceptor and director of musical affairs has made himself an enviable reputation in a large musical community.

No more popular artist comes to Chicago than Plunket Greene, of two world fame, and the Students' Musical Club exercised very commendable judgment by engaging him as the vocal soloist at their concert on Thursday. Central



CORINNE MOORE-LAWSON,
Soprano.



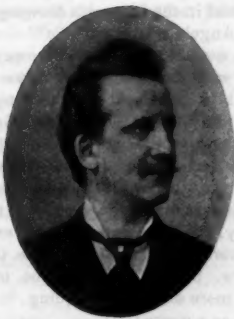
HEINRICH MEYN,
Baritone.



MARGUERITE HALL,
Mezzo Soprano.



GERALDINE MORGAN,
Violinist.



CARL NAESER,
Tenor.



MRS. FREDERIC DEAN,
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Music Hall was filled with his admirers, and it must be said that their enthusiasm was amply justified. Contrary to usual spoiling by success, Plunket Greene seems stimulated to better work and certainly is singing in a much more artistic manner and with more care of detail than formerly, so that he now shows the result of perfectly finished study. In fine voice, especially noticeable was his interpretation of Händel's *Lascia Amor*, and a song of Schubert further displayed his versatile talent. But the English ballad and the Irish song, in the singing of which he is unrivaled, show him to greater advantage. The concert was all that a concert should be from a popular standpoint. W. C. E. Seeboeck, the well-known pianist, played with his usual artistic perception and sentiment and exhibited his fine touch and technic, adding materially to the success of the first entertainment given by the Students' Musical Club. This club, numbering nearly 300 members, is under the direction of W. L. Tomlins, who deserves credit for the capital work done by the choir in the various selections. Custom and time have somewhat given a glorious monotony to the Elijah of Mendelssohn, and something lighter might have been chosen as the choir's opening number than Beethoven's *May the Heavens Resound*.

The Chicago Marine Band continues on its successful course, and is making a record in the way of Sunday entertainment. T. P. Brooke has a very complete knowledge of what will attract, and arranges a capital miscellaneous program, always including one or two soloists; therefore the Schiller Theatre is filled to overflowing every Sunday. As an example of the good work done, the fact that German's Henry VIII. dances have been played elsewhere recently by a very fine orchestra, and that their interpretation by the Chicago Marine Band under the direction of T. B. Brooke in no wise suffers by comparison, is tolerably conclusive of efficient conductorship. Time was when only the uninitiated musically would patronize these entertainments, but the superiority of the performance has persistently downed disdain, and now the musician as well as the music lover can be found enjoying a Sunday concert of the Chicago Marine Band.

S. E. Jacobsohn, the principal of the Jacobsohn violin school in the Chicago Conservatory of Music, and to whose teaching many of America's most famous violinists owe their position and success, has one of the best organized orchestras outside the purely professional ranks. Many of its members are advanced students of the conservatory, Jacobsohn's pupils forming no inconsiderable part. The orchestra gave the first concert of the season on Wednesday, and despite the terrible climatic conditions succeeded in attracting a goodly number of people, who were rewarded for their bravery by some very artistic musical endeavor. The selections were made with due regard for classicality, but without that heaviness usually associated with a program of "good" music. The work of the orchestra was exceptionally well done and Mr. Jacobsohn has the satisfaction of knowing that neither time nor energy has been expended in vain, as the unison and preciseness of attack, the modulations of tone and neatness of phrasing, are worthy of an old professional company.

What is the matter with American composers that the average musician invariably fails to accord recognition to their works? This question is suggested after an afternoon devoted to the hearing of compositions entirely by American writers, especially those by E. A. MacDowell, who gave a recital on Tuesday. With a peculiar conservatism, the pianistic crowd never plays the modern American school. Tenaciously it keeps to the same old groove—Bach, Chopin, Liszt over and over again. Emil Liebling is about the only artist who ever undertakes to solve the modern master in Chicago, and invariably makes it interesting. But to return to MacDowell. At his recital he played his *Eroica* sonata with its great difficulties and brilliant technical intricacies. The ingenuity, charm and intelligibility, combined with a rich harmony and picturesque tone coloring, of the composition will appeal especially to the pianist who delights in a Brahms-like effect. MacDowell played it splendidly, overcoming the enormous obstacles with which the work abounds quite easily. Some of the smaller numbers, such as *The Eagle*, *The Brook* and *March Wind* are absolutely delightful. The other selections, pastorate of Paul Geisler and Templeton Strong's poem, op. 46, as interpreted by MacDowell, proved acceptable, but should not have been included in on a program made up of some of MacDowell's cleverest compositions.

Will the Chicago Orchestra escape the imputation of degenerating into a "cult," even though the cult be one of Wagnerian worship? Yesterday Mme. Materna and Wagner

draw an immense audience, which for some time remained as chilly as the weather despite efforts of artist and orchestra. There is no denying that the *Parsifal* was a long way too heavy for the majority of those present, and a sense of relief was experienced at its conclusion. Theodore Thomas fairly reveled in the conductorship of his favorite master, but Materna's voice showed signs of wear and tear which continued devotion to the dramatic demands of Wagner always entails; but her singing was simply magnificent and was deserving of greater recognition than obtained. However, matters righted themselves at the end of her second selection, *Brunhilde's Immolation* from *Götterdämmerung*, and she was recalled several times. There was the same forcefulness and passionate intensity that always distinguished her work, and she is as fine on the concert platform as on the stage, which can rarely be said of an operatic singer. The orchestra, under the guiding if relentless hand of Theodore Thomas, played better if possible than at any former afternoon concert this season. All the work was done superbly, the Ride of the Valkyries being possibly the most successful and certainly the best accepted number of the program, which was composed of Wagner with a Beethoven symphony, No. 5, as a light (?) contrast with which the concert opened.

FLORENCE FRENCH.

Bremen.—Herr Weingartner, of Berlin, has been engaged for the next three years as conductor of the Philharmonic concerts, Bremen.

Alvary Lawsuit.—The suit brought by Alvary against the city and theatre director of Mannheim for 30,000 marks damages has been dismissed by the court with costs.

Auerbach.—The death of Adolph Auerbach, aged seventy, is announced from Frankfurt. He has been a member of many important stages and sang the tenor roles in the Meyerbeer and old Wagner works.

Schleiz.—One of the most celebrated violinists of the present time, Fritz Spahr, played at the concert given by the Dukel Seminary. There are few really great artists on the violin, the queen of instruments. Spahr is one of the chosen few. He played the Mendelssohn violin concerto, *Fantaisie Caprice*, by Vieuxtemps, a romance, *Cavatine* and *Polish Dance* of his own superbly; the audience was wild with enthusiasm. Of his own compositions the *Polish Dance* had to be repeated.

Gainsborough as a Musician.—In the old memoirs of Angelo the following amusing anecdotes are given:

"Gainsborough was an enthusiastic admirer of music, and, though certainly no musician, yet his love for sweet sounds was such that he tried his native skill upon almost every instrument. He was too capricious to sit to study any one methodically, though, having a nice ear, he could perform an air on the fiddle, the guitar, the harpsichord, or the flute. Under Fischer, his son-in-law, he did take a few lessons upon the hautboy, or clarinet, I forget which, but made nothing of it. * * * Bach, who had a true German share of dry humor, used to sit and endure his miserable attempts, and, laughing in his sleeve, exclaim, 'Bravo!' whilst Gainsborough, not at all abashed at his irony, would proceed, laboring hard at any particular key, be it major or be it minor, and drolly exclaim, 'Now for Purcell's chaunt! Now a specimen of old Bird (Byrd)!' 'Dat is debilish fine!' cried Bach. 'Now for a touch of Kent, and old Henry Lawes,' added Gainsborough; when Bach, his patience worn out, would exclaim, 'Now dat is too bad; dere is no law, by goles! why de gompany is to listen to your murder of all dese ancient gomposers!' Then, getting up from his seat, he would run his finger rattling along all the keys, and, pushing the painter from his seat, would sit himself in his place and flourish voluntaries as though he was inspired."

Bach once called upon Gainsborough and found him in his studio very red in the face with blowing into a bassoon. What followed Angelo relates:

"Bach stood astounded. 'Pote it away, man; pote it away. Do you want to burst yourself, like the frog in the fable? De devil! it is only fit for the lungs of a country blacksmith.' 'Nay, now!' exclaimed Gainsborough, 'it is the richest bass in the world. Now do listen again.' 'Listen,' added Bach, 'mine friendt, I did listen at your door in the passage, and py all the powers above, as I hope to be saved, it is just for all the world like the praying of a jackass.' 'Why, you have no ear, man,' exclaimed Gainsborough, 'no more than an adder! Come, then' (taking the clarinet)—'Baw, baw!' exclaimed the musician, 'vorse and vorse; no more of your canarding, 'tis as a duck; by Gar! 'tis vorse as a goose!'"

The Bach named above was Johann Christian Bach.



ST. LOUIS, Mo., February 22, 1896.

OUR ladies' musical societies have been busy to provide excellent entertainment for their members and friends, and Memorial Hall was the scene of their triumphs both afternoon and night last Saturday. It was the St. Louis Musical Club which presented the following program in the afternoon:

Trio in C minor, for piano, violin and 'cello, op. 30.....	W. H. Pommer
Piano solo, Tarantella, in G major.....	Messrs. Gecks, Anton and Pommer.
Miss Ida B. McLagan.	Liszt
Marie.....	Robert Franz
Lieber Schatz sei wieder gut mir.....	Mrs. Oscar Herf.
Ballade et Polonaise.....	Vieuxtemps
Miss Rose Ford.	Schumann
Carnaval.....	Miss Marion Ralston (associate member),
Member of the Tuesday Musicales.	Schubert
The Inquirer.....	Impatience.....
When Spring with Her Dower.....	Saint-Saëns
(From Samson and Delilah.)	Miss Urilla McDearmon.
Hungarian Melody.....	Francis Korby
Love Me Well.....	Bemberg
Miss Ione Huse.	Beethoven
Piano quartet finale, from Third Symphony.....	Mrs. C. C. Allen, Mrs. B. J. Taussig, Mrs. C. S. Taussig.
Miss Holden.	

A few comments must suffice. The two selections from Mr. Pommer's trio were good specimens of that gentleman's musical attainments as a composer. The andante deserves special notice for the melodious theme which is well worked out in the variations. Miss Ida B. McLagan played the Liszt Tarantella artistically, receiving well deserved applause. Mrs. Oscar Herf possesses a pleasing mezzo soprano, well suited to the selections of the songs she sang. The violin solo of Miss Rose Ford gave the young lady opportunity to exhibit not only her technical skill in the difficult passages, but also good bowing and tasteful delivery. Miss M. Ralston, who had made already a favorable impression upon me at the last recital of the Tuesday Musicales Club, strengthened the good opinion by the playing of Schumann's *Carnaval*. The spirit of the various movements was intelligently brought out, without any excess of force or too much sentimentality. Of Miss Urilla McDearmon's excellent alto voice I spoke of in my last letter. The selections at this concert presented features of interest so far as they exhibited the singer's intelligence and conception of the sentiment expressed in the different numbers, which was especially noticeable in Schubert's *Ich Grolle Nicht*. Miss I. Huse's songs were especially welcome on account of their novelty and the finished style in which the lady sang them. Her mezzo soprano voice has a ringing quality, which was heard to perfection in the last song. The piano quartet was an enjoyable performance, presenting a keen apprehension of the beauty of the composition, every motive and theme being interpreted with proper expression.

On Saturday evening another treat for our musical people was provided by the Tuesday Musicales, which had engaged the New York Philharmonic Club, assisted by Miss Inez Grenelli. I was prevented from attending the concert, but I have heard upon good authority that the performance presented many excellent features, which were enjoyed by a large audience.

The interest which our Sunday Popular Concerts by the Symphony Orchestra has created has induced Mr. Ch. Kunkel to arrange a series of Sunday afternoon concerts, the first of which took place last Sunday and filled the Germania Theatre. It was whispered that these concerts

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were gotten up in opposition (the Germania Theatre being opposite the Exposition Hall) by Mr. Ch. Kunkel, but of course that gentleman disclaims any such motive, for opposition may be the soul of trade, but certainly is not that of the musician and artist. Mr. Kunkel had very able assistance. Miss Mary N. Berry, late of New York, possesses a very pleasing soprano voice, which was heard in several selections which were well received. Mr. Fritz Geib, an excellent violinist, who studied in Wiesbaden under Mueller, played two solos, the Hungarian Rhapsody, by Sarasate, and Concert Mazurka, by Musin, which elicited warmest and well deserved applause, which is to be the more appreciated, as the resonance of the German Theatre is very bad. Señor Ramon Aquebella appeared as pianist and composer. In the former capacity he played duets with Mr. Kunkel and as a composer he contributed a song, Yes!, which was heartily applauded. Mr. Kunkel's pianistic abilities are well known. He played Beethoven's sonata, op. 2, No. 3, and other selections.

The concert at the Exposition Hall drew the last audience this season. Besides the orchestral selections, Miss Josie Ludwig was engaged as soloist. The lady has a powerful soprano voice of large compass, and in the singing of Benedict's Variations of the Carnival of Venice received hearty applause and a recall. The same compliment was paid her in the selection she sang in the second part. Mr. Frank Gecks, Jr., violin, and Mr. A. Ernst, piano, played the andante con moto with variations and the finale from Beethoven's sonata, op. 12, No. 1, which were listened to with deep interest and heartily applauded.

The Ladies' St. Louis Musical Club has engaged the services of Mme. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, who is to appear here February 29, and our music loving people are making every effort to make her visit an attractive feature, as the artist deserves. The program of her recital has already been published.

The oldest living musician of St. Louis, Mr. W. Robyn, was the recipient of many congratulations last Sunday, having reached his eighty-second year. None has worked harder to spread a taste for music in St. Louis, and no one has a better record of a useful and honorable life in the musical vocation as teacher in this city. Having been intimately acquainted with him since my coming to St. Louis, having played with him in the old Philharmonic Society without fee or reward, and having often listened to the beautiful masses which were given under his direction as organist of St. John's Church, where he officiated for forty years, I think it but due to him to append a short sketch of his life written by one who has known him longer than I:

WM. ROBYN.

Wm. Robyn, whose eighty-second birthday was celebrated last Sunday, February 16, easily lays claim to being the oldest musician in the West. Born in 1814 at Emmerich-am-Rhein he studied under the famous Bolte, and when but fourteen years of age was admitted to the grand orchestra; he was also engaged at that time as organist in the Mennonite Church, for which congregation his first works were composed, consisting of cantatas and anthems. He came to this country in November of the year 1837 and was immediately engaged as organist in St. Xavier's church and as teacher of music in the St. Louis University, where he remained for forty years, during which time he composed four grand masses and many sacred solos.

He organized the first orchestra west of the Mississippi River, and for sixteen years was director of the Polyhymnia Society, viz., from 1844 to 1860. When the Philharmonic Society was formed, under the famous Sobolewski, he filled the position of 'cellist, and remained with that organization until the end. Mr. Robyn, although eighty-two years of age, does not look a day over sixty, and is hale and hearty; he is still much interested in all the musical enterprises of the city, although not an active participant. Mr. Robyn was married twice, his first wife dying in 1849. He married again in 1854 Miss Clemence Miltenberger. Eight children were born of this union, among them Alfred G. Robyn, well known as pianist and composer.

W. MALMENE.

Casino Stock Company.—Canary & Lederer have adopted a definite policy for the Casino and will establish a permanent musical stock company for the presentation of light operas, burlesques and musical comedies. No members of The Lady Slavey company will be included, as that organization will go on tour next season intact under the management of Klaw & Erlanger.

The first production by the Casino Stock Company will be the new review, Broadway, which will be given some time in May. Jack and the Beanstalk will probably start next season. Marcus R. Mayer will look after Canary & Lederer's interests in Europe during the summer. Every foreign piece will be thoroughly Americanized before being produced at the Casino.—*Journal*.



Wolfsohn.—Henry Wolfsohn, of New York, the well-known musical manager, is in Chicago this week and will visit the Pacific Coast before returning East.

Albert Gerard—Thiers Gratified.—Mr. Thiers, the vocal teacher, feels happy and enthusiastic at the indorsement given his vocal method by Delle Sedie in a recent Parisian letter, referring to his instruction of Miss Louise Gerard.

Badham Pupils' Recital.—Miss Badham gave another charming pupils' recital on February 12, at her studio, 18 West Sixtieth street. The singing of Miss Wickes and Miss Wilde was especially enjoyed, and reflected great credit upon Miss Badham as a teacher of style and production.

Miss Steiner Better.—Miss Emma Steiner, the composer, who has been suffering from pneumonia at her home, No. 36 West Sixty-first street, for the last two weeks, is convalescent. Drs. Janesway and Lewis, who are attending Miss Steiner, say that she has passed the critical point of her illness.

Friedheim in Leipzig.—Arthur Friedheim, the great piano virtuoso, played recently in Leipzig before a select audience of musical people and won the warmest critical praise. His program consisted only of Liszt, beginning with the B minor sonata. Some of the criticisms unhesitatingly placed Friedheim among the few great living pianists. He is now concertizing in Egypt and Greece.

A Recital Postponed.—The recital of Miss Marie Brema and Mr. Plunket Greene, which was to take place last Monday afternoon at the Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall, was postponed on account of the indisposition of Miss Brema. The recital will take place on Thursday afternoon, March 12. Tickets bought for Monday's recital will hold good for the March date, or if desired they can be returned.

Walter Kaufmann Plays.—At the morning musicale by the Enterpe Society, given at Miss Anderson's conservatory, Peekskill, N. Y., on Saturday, February 22, Mr. Walter Kaufmann played some 'cello solos and some song obligatos with delightful warmth and finish. He is deservedly a most popular artist.

Summit Ladies Choral Society.—A very successful concert was given on Tuesday evening at the Summit Casino, N. J., by the Ladies' Choral Society, of which Miss Vermetta E. Coleman is director. Part songs excellently sung formed the first part of the program, and the cantata King Rene's Daughter the second. Miss Coleman, who makes a specialty of sight singing with her pupils, is fast coming into prominence in New York.

James Fitch and Agnes Thomson.—James Fitch Thomson's success in Verdi's Requiem in Boston is followed by his engagement to give a song recital there on the evening of the 4th. He will have the assistance of Agnes Thomson, who on this occasion will make her first appearance in Boston. Their program embraces compositions by Dr. Arne, Purcell, Handel, Hatton, Massenet, Vidal, Costa, Saint-Saëns, Dvorák, Abt, Verdi, Foote, Lang, Dennee, Johns, Beach, Newcomb and Chadwick.

Heinrich Meyn Sings.—Mr. Heinrich Meyn sang last Monday in Waterbury, Conn., with the Dannreuther Quartet and scored great success. He had to respond to three encores. He also sang at several musicales in the city of New York, among which were Mrs. Jules Reynals and Mme. Emma Juch-Wellman's.

Mr. Meyn will go to the South Church on the 1st of March, where he is going to take the place of Mr. Francis Fischer Powers.

The Symphony Society.—Joseffy will be the soloist at the concerts of the Symphony Society on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening next, when he will be heard in the Brahms concerto. The program in full, which Walter Damrosch will conduct with the full Symphony Orchestra, is as follows:

Symphony No. 111, Eroica.....Beethoven
Concerto for piano, with orchestra.....Brahms
Mr. Joseffy.
Symphonic poem, Tasso.....Liszt

Boston Symphony Orchestra.—The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its fourth concert at the Metropolitan Opera House on Thursday evening, Lillian Blauvelt will sing Haydn's With Verdure Clad, and Franz Kneisel will play Viotti's twenty-second violin concerto. The orchestral numbers will be Heinrich's Zöllner's fantasia, Midnight at Sedan, a novelty; Richard Strauss' Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, and Brahms' Fourth Sym-

phony. The Strauss composition is a musical reflection of an old German tale supposed to have been written by Dr. Thomas Murner (1475-1530). Till is a wandering mechanic who plays tricks upon all he meets. He is one of the mythical heroes of the German masses.

Hans Seitz Recital.—Mr. Hans Seitz, a new baritone in New York, made a successful appeal to public favor in a song recital given in Steinway Hall on Monday evening, February 17, in which he was accompanied by Victor Harris. Schumann, Schubert, Rubinstein, Gunkel, H. Hoffman and Altfranzdesisch were the composers on his program.

Madame Helene Magille's Musicales.—A delightful and successful musicale was given by Madame Magille on Thursday evening, January 30, at her studio, 319 Washington avenue, in which her vocal pupils were assisted by Mr. Hubert Arnold, violin, and Mr. Emil Levy, accompanist. The pupils sang extremely well—in such manner as to make a large audience desire that an already long program might have been still further lengthened.

The Music Club.—The Music Club gave a very agreeable musicale on the afternoon of February 18 at the charming Carbon Studio of Mr. James L. Brees, on West Sixteenth street. This was the program:

Quintet, op. 44, Schumann, Miss Helena Augustin, pianist; Der Asra, Rubinstein; Lockung, Dessauer; Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt, Tschalkowsky, Mme. Mantelli, kindly accompanied by Prof. G. de Grandi; Spinning Song, Hollaender; Romanza, op. 27, Grieg; Andante Cantabile, Tschalkowsky; Ave Maria, A. Luzzi; aria, Samson et Dalilah, Saint-Saëns, Mme. Mantelli.

A Burnham Musicales.—The following program was performed in an appropriate and scholarly manner at Miss Mary H. Burnham's Music School, 106 East Seventy-fourth street, Saturday morning, February 23:

Andante, op. 7 (Grieg), Mondschein; Hexentanz, MacDowell, Miss Burnham; Vieille Chanson, Sauret, Mazurka, Wieniawski, Mr. Carl Hugo Engel; prelude, C minor, Chopin, The Butterfly, Grieg, Miss Smith; Ave Maria, Luzzi, Mr. Brown; Kamennoi Pestrow, Rubinstein, Miss Holbrook; Andante Religioso, Thomé, Mr. Engel; La Fileuse, Raff, Miss Tilghman; De meine Seele schönster Traum (Lassen), Sing, Smile, Slumber (Gounod), Miss Milla Claire Richmond; Moment Musicales, Mosskowsky, Miss Mets; Rhapsodie Hongroise, Hauser, Mr. Engel.

These pupil recitals are becoming a very attractive feature in the curriculum. Mr. Engel, graduate of the Leipzig Conservatoire and pupil of Mons. Emile Sauret, added much to the morning's pleasure, playing with masterly touch and artistic feeling.

The Sun's Opinion.—M. Maurel is beyond doubt the greatest actor that ever sang on any stage.—*Vogue*.

If our contemporary's experience had covered that of the *Sun*, it would have been protected against such unfounded enthusiasm. Maurel was at the beginning a noble singer and a good actor. Since the failure of his voice, like most artists in that condition, he has cultivated his acting assiduously. But when it comes to searching for the really great dramatic artists of the lyric stage, the first place must be accorded to another baritone, Ronconi. He was an actor without affectation or extravagance, fit to stand with the highest. Even his worn voice took on breadth and dignity from his action.—*Sun*.

Sternberg's Lecture.—Constantin Sternberg's pupils gave a highly successful recital at the Art Club in Philadelphia last Friday. The program, interesting by its variety and novelties, contained, besides some works of Mozart and Schumann, compositions by MacDowell, Glinka, Balakireff, Schytté, Scharwenka, Goldmark, Droyschok, Milde, Pirani and Sternberg. At the end of the recital the students presented him with a testimonial of their affectionate regard in the shape of a ticket to Europe and return for himself and his wife. The surprise was so complete that the usually ready speaker could for some time not find words to express his gratitude and appreciation.

The Damrosch Opera.—The season of German opera under Walter Damrosch opens next Monday night at the Academy of Music. The season is to last three weeks. This is the scheme of the first week: Monday evening, March 2, Fidelio—Klafsky, Gadske, Gruening, Fischer, Popovici, Behrens, Lange, Lellman, Putlitz. Wednesday evening, March 4, Lohengrin—Gruening, Ternina, Klafsky, Fischer, Popovici, Mertens. Friday evening, March 6, The Scarlet Letter (in English)—Gadske, Berthald, Behrens, Stehmann, Mertens, Putlitz. Saturday matinée, March 7, Siegfried—Alvary, Ternina, Lange, Stehmann, Putlitz, Mertens.

Calvé and Hammerstein.—Boston, Feb. 23 (Special).—Mme Calvé will return to America next autumn, but not under Oscar Hammerstein's management. "He offered me," she says, "\$3,400 a performance of Carmen next season, but I did not even consider it, much less accept, as has been announced. I cannot comprehend," she continued, with a puzzled look on her face, "how the story got about that I had accepted or even thought of accepting the offer of Mr. Hammerstein. I have not considered the subject for a moment, and there is absolutely no foundation for the report that I am weighing the matter. Messrs. Abbey & Grau are anxious to have me with them, and have made me a liberal offer. I have had also

many other lucrative propositions, but at the present moment I have accepted none of them. I want more time to consider just what is the best for me to do.

"Shall I return? Ah, yes; next season I hope to come back to America, where every one is so kind to me, and, if nothing unforeseen prevents, I shall be here next autumn. I do not understand the people of this country. They do not seem to think that I can do anything except *Carmen*. Poor *Carmen*! They devoured her, but I want to show that I can sing something else. That's one great, large objection to Mr. Hammerstein's offer."—*Tribune*.

His Father Played the Organ.—At one of the newsboys' homes on the east side application was received the other day for the admission of a newsboy. The applicant presented himself in person, and he was the kind of boy that filled the womanly heart of the matron with delight—bright, manly and as pretty as a picture. He was subjected to the usual cross-examination. One of the questions was, "Who is your father?"

"Me fadder plays de organ at de Broadway Tabernacle," was his quick reply.

Here was news. The son of the organist in a large and wealthy church applying for entrance to a charitable institution. The matron sidetracked the boy and ordered an investigation.

The bright boy was right. His father played and still plays the organ at the Broadway Tabernacle. But it is the barrel organ in front of the church on the Sixth avenue curb. Everybody who passes the corner has seen him and his legend:

"I am blind."—*Herald*.

Last Meeting.—The last meeting of the Musical Club before Lent took place last Friday afternoon at the home of Miss Mattina Riker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Riker, No. 19 West Fifty-seventh street, and proved one of the most interesting sessions of the organization, which, during the Lenten season, will hold several informal morning meetings at the homes of the members. Friday afternoon the soloists were: Miss Kemp, Mrs. Grenville Temple Snelling, Miss Henry, George Austin Morrison, Jr., J. H. Bradford, William Fabnestock, Howard Henry, Miss Colby at the harp; Fitzhugh Townsend, the violin, and Mr. Agostini, the banjo. There was a fine attendance of members.

Bissell Pupils' Musicales.—Miss Marie S. Bissell, the excellent and successful vocal teacher, gave a concert with her pupils on Friday evening, February 21, in the Carnegie Lyceum. The pupils all sang with a pure production, taste and intelligence, and shared a most artistic honor between their own gifts and application and Miss Bissell's admirable and judicious training.

Maurel Not To Return.—Victor Maurel will probably not return to New York next season, and one of the reasons he has assigned for this is that Verdi is anxious to have him sing the part of *Caliban* in a version of *The Tempest*, which Maurel says Verdi has almost completed. Boito, Maurel says, has written the libretto, and in a letter received from Verdi last week the composer wrote that the work would be ready for production at La Scala by next February. If Maurel does not return to sing in the company at the Metropolitan Opera House and decides not to take part in the new work of Verdi, he may return here to sing in concert.

"When Falstaff was given first," Maurel said the other day, "that meant for me thirty-nine days and nights of rehearsal, and there is no likelihood that the work of preparation for the new opera will be any less arduous. It is the thought of that which makes me hesitate to accept the offer."

It has often been denied that Verdi was engaged on a new work. When Maurel came to New York first last season he said that the veteran composer, who was born in 1812, was at work on a successor to Falstaff, and that Shakespeare's *The Tempest* had been selected as the story of the opera.—*Sun*.

The Franko-Walther Concert.—The concert given by Mrs. Franko-Walther, soprano, on Tuesday evening, February 4, in Steinway Hall was a pronounced success. This was the program:

Sonata, G moll, op. 5, Beethoven, Messrs. Kronold and Gallico; aria from *Idomeneo*, Mozart, Mrs. Franko-Walther; Sans Toi, (Guy d'Hardelot) Winterlied (Henning von Koss), Miss E. Estelle Moger; piano solo, Mr. Paolo Gallico; berceuse from Jocelyn (Godard), Au Printemps (Ch. Gounod), Mrs. Emma Dick Aron; romance (Fisher), Vito (Popper), Mrs. Hans Kronold; Marmelades Lüttchen (A. Jensen), Unter dem Machandelbaum (Hollaender), Mrs. Franko-Walther; aria from St. Paul, Mendelssohn, Mr. Andrew Schneider; trio, Così fan Tutti, Mozart, Mrs. E. Dick Aron, Miss Moger and Mr. Schneider.

The singers are, we understand, from the class of Mme. Anna Lankow, and their excellent production, good style and ease in singing may certainly be a satisfaction to themselves as to their teacher. The success of things called forth encores in plenty, which, with very good sense as well as good taste, were gently refused. This left the program of a medium length, which, because of its excellent merit, might have borne to be longer. The voices were all good and in excellent training.



NEW YORK LADIES' TRIO CONCERT.

A CONCERT was given jointly on Tuesday evening February 18, in Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, by the New York Ladies' Trio and Miss Fannie Hirsch, soprano, assisted by Mr. Leon E. Rains, basso. Mr. Frank L. Sealy, organist of the Oratorio Society, accompanied at the piano, replacing Mr. Isidor Luckstone, who had suddenly been called out of town.

The trio numbers played by Miss Dora Valesca Becker, violin; Mme. Flavie Van den Hende, 'cello, and Miss Carrie Hirschmann, piano, were the Saint-Saëns trio in F major and Godard's pretty trio, op. 72. This feminine organization evinces much sympathy and taste; its ideals are intelligently enough formed, but it cannot be said, at the same time, that its execution is always precise or its combined attack firm. In this regard the pianist, Miss Hirschmann, shows decidedly the most marked accuracy and decision. Miss Becker plays charmingly, with a pure intonation and plenty of fluent technic, but she needs more life and verve. Madame Van den Hende has also sufficient technic, but she is somewhat inclined to lag in tempi, and her attack is often delayed, notably the other evening in the scherzo of the Saint-Saëns work. Miss Hirschmann, while a trifle too pronounced and exaggerated in her methods, has nevertheless virility and steadiness and has a strong feeling for rhythm, to which her string coworkers do not strictly enough correspond. The result is that the playing of this trio, which is composed of sympathetic and intelligent material, lacks authority. None of the players speak in exactly the same way at the same time, and the ensemble attack is not unanimous. Despite, however, some irregularities and halts caused by these imperfections, the general work of the trio was satisfying. The andante of the Saint-Saëns work was played with nice sympathy and breadth, and served to disclose the just feeling of the trio for climax. For climax they have an intelligent appreciation, and reach it effectively. The scherzo and allegro of the delightful Saint-Saëns work—which in its two first movements is sprinkled with piquant but troublesome rhythms—were played with life, dash and crispness.

Miss Fannie Hirsch sang remarkably well. The voice is rich, mellow and has abundant feeling. She uses it well, and is discreet, sympathetic and altogether unartificial in her delivery. She sang *Elisabeth's* aria from *Tannhäuser*, by request, some German and English lyrics, and in Goethe's duet, *Still wie die Nacht*, with Mr. Leon Rains, to which an encore was given in Rubinstein's duet.

Miss Hirsch sang with true fervor and marked finish. The basso, Mr. Rains, is not endowed with a voice of sympathetic quality, but he uses an instrument of good compass intelligently. There was a crowded house, which showed plenty of enthusiasm for what was really an interesting concert.

SZUMOWSKA RECITAL.

Miss Antoinette Szumowska gave a piano recital on Friday afternoon last, February 21, in Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall. The fair young pianist was in a gentle, susceptible mood, which did not develop much virility or passion as her program progressed. We append it:

Sonata (Pastorale).....Beethoven
Menuet.....Schubert
Impromptu.....Schubert
Fantasiestücke.....Schumann
Des Abends.
In der Nacht.
Warum?
Traumeswirren.
Etudes.....Chopin
C minor.
G major.
Ballade, F minor.
Variations and fugue.....Paderewski
Serenade, Hark, Hark, the Lark.....Schubert-Liszt
Valse.....Strauss-Tausig

Miss Szumowska was certainly most happy in the smaller numbers. She played the Schumann *Fantasiestücke* very nicely, although the pathetic, querying spirit of the *Warum* does not seem to have struck her in its original, soul-stirring plaint. She played it too fast and showed small sympathy with its heartfelt meaning.

Schumann's *Des Abends* was tenderly played, the

Traumeswirren was clear, delicate and rippling, and the inevitable, painfully familiar old friend, the Strauss-Tausig valse, was played with genuine dash, freedom and a satisfying technical method. In the matter of true feeling, Mlle. Szumowska would strike us firstly as being a copyist—a faithful, conscientious and intelligent one—but a copyist. She has selected an incontrovertible model, and fashions her tender, poetic phrases exactly on Paderewski's lines. It is nicely, sympathetically done, but the fact that Mlle. Szumowska's feeling is a reflex and not a native state is very plainly evident.

Mlle. Szumowska is a sympathetic, reflective girl, who imitates, not without some feeling of her own, the fine, strong, native-born feeling which fires spontaneously her models. She is a graceful, tender, nice, conscientious copyist, and imitates Paderewski well, particularly when it comes to his own *Variations and Fugue*, which are a frailer-tinted replica of the magnetic Polish pianist's own work. Force, strenuousness, the sharp tension which go to make a truly well-strung, vibrant pianist, Mlle. Szumowska lacks, but she has much sympathetic tenderness and a fair amount of dramatic comprehension, which will enable her to cover with average satisfaction even a taxing Beethoven to Liszt program. She has fingers flexible and sure, and a nice, fluent method, which does not under any nervous public conditions become semi-paralyzed or uncertain, as that of many older pianists is well known to do.

Mlle. Szumowska is gentle and composed. Just a little more fire in her veins, the idea of more abandon, and unrestrained emphasis in her playing, and her chances stand among the foremost. At present her very fluent and facile performance lacks development and authority.

The house was good and a representative one. Mlle. Szumowska, the pupil of Paderewski, attracts a clientele not much differing from that of her illustrious teacher. She is a delicate, intelligent replica of the master, and has won deserved success.

MANUSCRIPT SOCIETY MEETING.

The forty-first private meeting of the New York Manuscript Society was held on Thursday evening last, February 20, in Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall. The talent brought forth at these private meetings is usually somewhat equivocal and destined—particularly in the case of a dignified qualified musician-guest present—to create astonishment, if not alarm. The intelligent, musicianly president of the society should look to it that only well qualified, thoroughly posed artists, of which the society has many, should appear at the meetings, private or public. Recent experience has shown us that the Manuscript Society stage has acquired the significance of a training platform with aspirants of paltry, petty promise put forth to create much doubt, difficulty and pain. Messieurs of the Manuscript Society, when you give public performances take more pains in the culling of your artists, and think first on the success with the public, not the bringing forward of some struggling aspirant for public favor.

It may be very generous to push mediocrities, but it is also trying, and probably brings less return in proportion to the humiliation and torment produced than had the player or singer been duly qualified and sympathetic.

There is no doubt about it, the Manuscript Society of New York needs to pick and choose with discreet intelligence from the men and women who stand as exponents of original American music in public. The medium is frequently too false and inefficient to give the composer one-half a fair showing. This is blamable, as good material, vocal and instrumental, lies within the ranks, and the motive which has given the society its name, "Manuscript," should receive chaste and qualified treatment, permitting no original conception of any one man or woman to fall into unsympathetic or unqualified hands.

This is the most pertinent point of the hour for the Manuscript Society.

THE CHICKERING MUSICALS.

Messrs. Chickering & Sons gave another of their delightful invitation musicales on Tuesday afternoon, February 18, in Chickering Hall. The Chickering invitations meet obviously ready response, as the hall fails to accommodate the number of fashionables who gather to enjoy these well-planned entertainments. A large number, however, are willing to stand, so that the aisles in the rear are as a rule impassable. It all speaks well for the artistic success and popularity of these very charming musicales.

Mr. Richard Hoffman, pianist, was the leading figure in the program. Miss Henrietta B. Wright, soprano, assisted, accompanied by Miss Florence Manchester. Among several numbers Mr. Hoffman played excerpts from the Chopin preludes, Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*, several Wagner transcriptions made by Liszt, Wollenhaupt and Richard Hoffman himself, and some short pieces also by Hoffman and by Gottschalk, with the Chopin Valse in A flat, and for encore the Schubert-Liszt *Hark! Hark! the Lark!*

The extreme clarity, delicate finish and limpidity of Mr. Hoffman's playing are a refreshing pleasure to enjoy in these days of thickened sonority and heavily blurred pas-

sage work. His style is poetic, his technic fluent and distinct, and there is a finesse about his clearly etched phrases which is unusually satisfying. He played with uncommon earnestness and sympathy, and won tremendous enthusiasm. The Wollenhaupt transcription of the Spinning Song, from the Flying Dutchman, strikes us as clever. The hum and whirr are kept more alive than in the version of Liszt. Mr. Hoffman played it with delightful accuracy and rhythm. He was no less happy in the Moonlight Sonata, which he played with a scholarly temperance, which blossomed into true élan and dash in the presto, which was given brilliantly. Players of Mr. Hoffman's genre are as welcome as they are nowadays rare. He is the apostle—and a sincere speaking one—of a school of pianism which is now less in vogue than the blurred, turgid, loudly crying school of piano playing which commonly fails to express more than two-thirds of a composer's written meaning. The clean, clear separation of tones and phrases which Mr. Hoffman commands is a very pleasing contrast to the thick muddiness and the sloppy-sliding of one phrase into the other with which latterday piano players often befuddle our ears. Mr. Hoffman is not without the most recent idea as to sonority and color, but he lays both upon a firm, solid basis of clarity and delicate distinctness with excellent, satisfying results.

Miss Henrietta Wright sang songs of Bemberg, Cowen, Chaminade and Roger. The voice is a pretty soprano, of rather mellow quality, which, however, suffers from the common fault nowadays of lying too far packed away in her throat. Miss Wright should attend to having her nice voice well posed and thrown forward. At present its uncertain placing robs it of vibrancy as much as occasional purity in the attack.

Miss Manchester played the accompaniments with much intelligence and taste.

CARNEGIE POPULAR CONCERTS.

The first of a series of Sunday popular concerts in Carnegie Music Hall, which earlier in the season were interrupted by the attraction of Sunday nights at the Metropolitan Opera House, took place last Sunday evening. A nice, crisp, precise orchestra was conducted by Victor Herbert, and played with plenty of verve and vigor. The soloists were put forward without economy, Sauret, the violinist; Ellen Beach Yaw, soprano, and Plunket Greene, basso, making a popular trio.

Weber's Euryanthe overture, two numbers from Herbert's own suite, two of Dvorák's Slavonic Dances, a Persian dance of Guiraud, played with characteristic color; Massenet's Sevillana, and the Rakoczy March, were the orchestral numbers. Victor Herbert evoked excellent results, conducting both his own program and the various accompaniments with admirable spirit and discretion.

Sauret played the Bruch concerto No. 1 with fine sweep and authority, but a not over sonorous tone. The last movement was handled with splendid abandon and vigor, and was a delight to hear delivered with so great a freedom and spontaneity. Encores and recalls were ruthlessly persisted in all evening, and the violinist shared the general fate, which protracted matters until close upon midnight.

Miss Yaw sang Dellacqua's Villanelle, her popular echo song, Proch's air, with variations, and some simple ballad encores. She sang very much better than at her first appearances here, and if she would only attend to the ironing out of her registers she might lay more honest claim to her tremendous notoriety. Her staccato was fairly firm, and her pitch true despite the destructive fact that the middle voice is painfully forced and will in short time, if not attended to, vitiate her head voice and the entire pose of her instrument. The fact remains, however, Miss Yaw sang with more purity, taste and feeling than upon her recent debut.

Plunket Greene sang with the usual manliness and fervor a group of songs familiar from his recitals, and had the cordial reception he deserved. Miss Yaw was received with enthusiasm, and looked very ingenuous and appealing. The house was large and in a tremendously clapping mood.

Platon Brounoff Concert.—Mr. Platon Brounoff, pianist and composer, gave a concert on Tuesday evening, February 18, in Steinway Hall, assisted by Miss Mary H. Mansfield, soprano; Miss Vera Dore, mezzo soprano; Miss Anna Blanckmeyer, alto; Mr. David Guber, violincello; Mr. A. Karpatschewsky, violin; Mr. E. C. Towne, tenor, and Mr. H. B. Phinny, baritone.

Mr. Brounoff brought forward works for piano solo, for various voiced vocal duets, vocal solo, and a suite for cello and piano. Some were performed from manuscript, while others are in the hands of some of the most prominent publishers in the country. The program, although from the pen of one composer, did not savor of monotony, and the truly appreciative applause was as frequent as it was well deserved. Mr. E. C. Towne, who was in admirable voice, made a specific success. He brings to his work not only good vocal material and method, but a sympathetic temperament and marked intelligence.

BREITKOPF & HÄRTEL,

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CARNEGIE HALL.

Change of Management.

THE MUSICAL COURIER has for some time been in possession of information relative to a possible change of management of Carnegie Hall, which, according to rumor, was desired by Andrew Carnegie.

Nothing definite could be learned until a MUSICAL COURIER reporter made an effort to find W. S. Hawk, the president of the Carnegie Music Hall Company. He is ill and confined to his room, but at the reporter's request he prepared the following statement:

"Regret I did not see you personally. I was engaged in looking at papers when messenger could not find me. Regarding Music Hall rumors, I can simply state that when I accepted the presidency, at Mr. Carnegie's request in an emergency, it was understood he would relieve me when I wished to retire.

"On account of my business, which requires all my time, I feel it imperative to give up all outside interests. Just what changes will be made cannot be told until the annual meeting. I will probably remain in the board, and it is hoped that the present efficient manager will remain with the company.

"Howard R. Butler, at present president of the American

Fine Art Society, will probably be elected president at the annual meeting. W. S. Hawk."

ROSENTHAL COMING.

Theodore Thomas May Conduct Brighton Beach Concerts.

[BY WIRE.]
CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
226 Wabash Avenue, February 18, 1896.

HENRY WOLFSOHN, the New York manager, who is here, announces that he has just received the signed contract of Moritz Rosenthal, the great pianist, who is to play under the management of Wolfsohn's Musical Bureau, beginning November 10, 1896.

As far as can be learned at this late hour, Rosenthal will play at fifty concerts, commencing, of course, in New York city.

Negotiations are pending to bring Theodore Thomas and his orchestra to Brighton Beach for ten weeks next summer, but no definite decision has been arrived at. B.

Utica Conservatory Sold.

LOUIS LOMBARD, the director of the Utica Conservatory of Music, announces to us that he has sold the institution to Miss Cora M. Wheeler. He has not as yet formed any plan for the future.

WOLFSOHN'S MUSICAL BUREAU ITEMS.

CREATION.

The soloists chosen were unknown to the Montreal audience, but before the end of Part I. they had fully proved the choice to be a wise one. The soprano, Miss Charlotte Maconda, of New York, has a full and pure soprano voice, her upper notes are clear and round, while her medium and lower tones are sympathetic and robust. The two well-known solos With Verdure Clad and On Mighty Pines were sung with great effect, especially the latter, with its sonorous accompaniment. Her stage presence is charming indeed. —*Montreal Daily Star.*

Ondricek will remain in America until the middle of April, and is now making a tour of the principal Western cities. Early in March he will go to California to give a number of concerts in conjunction with Materna, the first of which will be on March 12. The prospects for this interesting string and vocal combination are unusually brilliant. Ondricek has obtained the soundest guarantees in San Francisco as well as in the other principal cities of the Pacific Coast. His brilliant success has been in just proportion to his rare virtuoso abilities.

Selma Koert-Kronold has a number of very flattering offers for concerts and oratorios, some of which she has accepted. She sang the soprano rôle in the first production of Max Bruch's Moses a week ago in Baltimore. She also sang *Desdemona* in Verdi's *Otello*, in Philadelphia, with the Hinrichs Opera Company, scoring a tremendous artistic success. She is one of the best qualified, sympathetic and magnetic artists before the public to-day. The following press notices from Baltimore and Philadelphia fairly indicate her success:

The chief delight and we may add the great surprise of the night was the *Desdemona* of Madame Koert-Kronold. Nothing could be finer than the early suggestion of girlishness deepening soon into heart broken maturity as the infamous charge is leveled at her presented by this thorough and noble artist. Like Signor Del Puente, she has the ability to create character, to differentiate one stage personage from another. By a hundred nimble touches she made *Desdemona* real and lifelike. She also had the art to suggest *Desdemona's* extreme youth, and in her golden hair and with perfection of toilet and make-up, was a picture of girlish beauty. Furthermore, singing the rôle with exquisite feeling and correctness, this was an impersonation long to be remembered. —*Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.*

Madame Kronold was the *Desdemona*, and looked young and pretty in a wealth of hair approximating Venetian red in color. She acted throughout with that care and intelligence which she always displays. In the concerted music she was heard to great advantage, but she failed to score in the great aria in the last act—the Ave Maria. The composer evidently meant that the intoned portion should contrast strongly with the melody which follows, yet Madame Kronold sang the aria sotto voce, and, while singing, turned her head from the audience as well, which had the effect of still further smothering the sound. —*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Mme. Kronold has been heard here frequently in opera, and her appearance in oratorio was looked forward to with much pleasure. Her success last evening was sufficient to show that her talent is by no means restricted to opera. —*Baltimore Sun.*

Of the soloists, the greatest praise is due Madame Koert-Kronold. It was a foregone conclusion that her work would be artistic and enjoyable, because she brings to all her efforts, besides her beautiful voice, a fine appreciation, a sincerity of purpose and enthusiasm for art which are rare. She delighted critic and amateur alike by the purity and charm of her singing, which was always musically and artistically. —*Baltimore American.*

Flavie Van den Hende, the prominent lady cellist, has a number of private engagements in the city of New York. She recently played at a musicale given by Dr. Holbrook Curtis, where she was heard by many prominent artists and musicians, among whom were the De Reszkés, who were loud in their praise of her talents.

Grace Haskell, the charming young Brooklyn soprano, has been very busy and successful of late, and is now engaged for three concerts in Portland, Me. This young artist, whose future promises to be a brilliant one, is steadily improving both in voice and style. She is a charming and brilliant soprano.

Katherine Bloodgood, the eminent contralto, is looking forward to her long tour with the Boston Festival Orchestra with great enthusiasm. She will be leading contralto at most of the Western festivals, singing her favorite oratorio rôles. This tour will be significant for her, as she will be heard in important rôles in a great many cities where she has not been heard before.

Otto Lohse, whose clever and interesting work as conductor of the Damosch German Opera Company will long be remembered, has conducted most of the Wagnerian performances in the West, and has everywhere met with the greatest enthusiasm. Mr. Lohse passed through the city of New York last week, and expresses himself as completely in love with America. Mr. Lohse will no doubt appear as director of some prominent summer concerts in New York during May and June.

Lillian Blawett, our delicious little prima donna soprano, who has been much overworked during the season, is spending a few weeks in Augusta, Ga., to recuperate from an attack of nervous prostration. This delightful, fresh voiced artist has an energy which at times surpasses her strength, and in filling her multiple engagements at distant points throughout the States during the season has overtaxed her naturally buoyant resources. In order to take a few weeks' rest she has been compelled to cancel several fine engagements, and during the ensuing three weeks will only be heard with the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the city of New York. She is booked for a number of musical festivals in Indianapolis, Ann Arbor, Elmira and other centres, by which time she will be completely herself and equal to her persistent round of engagements.

Evan Williams is meeting with a round of triumphs. He sang The Creation in Providence with the Providence Arion Society, under the direction of Dr. Jules Jordan, and also at the Ogdensburg festival. The following are from among press notices received of these performances:

CREATION.

Mr. H. Evan Williams, the tenor, sang like an artist whose natural musical instincts were correct and whose training had been perfect. He expressed in expression and tenderness. He was in admirable voice, and his reception was most enthusiastic. —*Providence Local Press.*

CREATION.

Mr. Williams, the tenor, made his debut in Providence and scored a pronounced success. His voice is of admirable quality, fine range, used in a way that indicates both good schooling and musical temperament. An ovation, and a well deserved one, was given him at the conclusion of the beautiful aria In Native Worth, which he sang like a consummate artist. —*Providence Journal, February 5.*

CREATION.

The tenor, Mr. Williams, captivated—in fact magnetized—every listener by one of the most beautiful and passionate outbursts that ever came from a tenor throat in Infantry Hall. He seemed to rise into a sphere of power and song, as if animated by a spiritual influence. —*Providence Evening Telegram, February 5.*

OGDENSBURG FESTIVAL.

Mr. H. Evan Williams was the next artist, and this word "artist," when applied to him, is most fitting. Mr. Williams was a new aspirant for favor with an Ogdensburg audience, and he won them with his first notes. He sang Deeper and Deeper Still and Wait Her Angels, by Handel. No more can be said than that he is an artist of merit second to none, his rendering of these songs carried his audience by storm, and their approval was hearty and genuine, and he was compelled to return to the stage, notwithstanding that he repeatedly bowed his acknowledgments of the applause, and sang as an encore that beautiful song by Wilson G. Smith—Entr'acte—which was a masterpiece of vocal art. —*Daily News, January 31.*

Charlotte Maconda's successes in oratorio work are admirable. She sang The Creation with the Montreal Philharmonic Society on February 11 with the most flattering success. A letter was sent to her manager by the secretary of the society expressing great delight regarding the work of this talented young artist, who promptly booked return engagements in Montreal after her appearance. The following are from among press notices received:

Miss Charlotte Maconda, a young American born and partly American trained soprano, made a wonderful impression and is certainly a credit to her nation, which is not strong in first-class native artists. Her voice is brilliant, powerful and sympathetic, of great power and very telling quality, and she has a very pleasant method. All her music was faultlessly rendered and worthy of unstinted praise. —*Montreal Local Press.*

CREATION.

The whole performance of The Creation was a great success for the Philharmonic Society. Miss Charlotte Maconda, soprano, proving as has been promised, a great acquisition. She has a sweet, telling voice, and in her rendition of the famous aria With Verdure Clad and in her duets and trios with Messrs Duff and Bartlett charmed all her hearers. —*Montreal Gazette, February 12.*

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS



This Paper has the Largest Guaranteed Circulation of any Journal in the Music Trade.

No. 834.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY, 26, 1896.

THOS. GOGGAN & BROTHER, of all over Texas, have concluded a contract for Autoharps that will insure the sale of more of these instruments in the Lone Star State during 1896 than have ever before been sold there.

WE understand from a reliable source that the Muehlfeld & Haynes Piano Company has received tempting offers from the Board of Trade of the town of New Brunswick, N. J., to remove its factory to that place. The company is now considering the proposition.

MR. JOHN EVANS, of Newby & Evans, has been out of town for a short time. Mr. W. C. Newby, of the same firm, started yesterday for a two weeks' run through New York State, calling upon the trade. They report business fairly good with them, and seem to think that when matters settle down, and confidence between manufacturer and dealer is restored to a normal condition, business will again be all right.

MR. A. S. BOND, superintendent and treasurer of the Fort Wayne Organ Company, has been in New York for a few days on matters connected with his house and the interests of the new Packard piano. Mr. Bond, who, by the way, is one of the leading and most active figures in the Fort Wayne concern, expresses himself as delighted with the reception accorded the new Packard piano, and as very hopeful for its future.

WE have recently seen and tested some Marshall & Wendell (Albany, N. Y.) pianos, and have concluded that these instruments made under the new auspices of the house show a most decided advance over anything hitherto produced by this old-established house. They are now pianos of strong calibre, thoroughly well built in every particular and made by scientific artisans, not mere automatic workmen.

It may not be generally known in the trade that Mr. Wendell's association with the company has officially ended so far as representing it is concerned.

THERE are two periods in the life of a piano manufacturer or a piano manufacturing firm which are of intense interest to them and the success of their business.

The first one is where they place the first product of their factory before a critic and await the verdict, and the second is when after several years of business they offer their first grand for inspection. Strick & Zeidler have passed through the second stage in their manufacturing career successfully and they are now turning out grand after grand and receiving compliments from every direction regarding their many desirable qualities. For a young firm they are doing well.

Mr. R. C. Widenman, the traveling member of the firm, starts to-day for a few weeks' trip in the interests of business.

MR. G. W. BLUMNER, who has been for some time in charge of the Chicago branch of Otto Wissner, has resigned that position and accepted one with Geo. P. Bent.

BOTH the retail and wholesale businesses of Steinway & Sons continue to require the working of full time in all of their factories in America, while the Hamburg factory, in which 320 men are employed, is at present working nights.

IF one were at all skeptical as to the popularity of the Vose pianos, a popularity that is evidenced by the energetic work done for them by their representatives, one should meet and discuss the Vose with those agents and be convinced of the solid position those pianos have in the trade. There is an enthusiasm that means a great deal for the business done and to be done, an appreciation of the qualities of the instruments that is shown by the manner in which they are placed before the public. And it should be remembered that the Vose agents are among the finest in position, wealth and influence in the trade.

ENTERPRISING dealers should not overlook the points of excellence in the Shoninger pianos, the latest of which are by far the finest in musical qualities and appearance that the B. Shoninger Company has put out. There is a completeness about these pianos, a stability from the excellence in construction and the use of the best materials, a quality of tone and an outside attractiveness that make these pianos particularly satisfying to the dealer careful of his trade. The Shoninger always gives satisfaction, and to the dealer who is working on legitimate lines such a consideration is a leading if not a paramount one.

ARRANGEMENTS which if consummated will mean a material increase in the production of the Pease Piano Company are under consideration. These have particular reference to an extension of the Western business of the house, which has under capable management assumed large proportions. In all sections of the West the Pease is accounted one of the best selling pianos on the market, and each representative finds it a profitable instrument to push. The company realizes the opportunities it has for still further increasing the prestige and business in the West, and it is preparing to make the most of them. Watch out for big Pease business in the near future!

THE Staib Piano Action Company, of 134th street and Brook avenue, Harlem, believes in constructing its actions from not only the best materials but the best prepared materials, and the latter qualification is well worthy of some consideration, particularly when that material is of a nature which requires time to thoroughly develop it as lumber.

The Staib people have never had such a stock of woods on hand curing as at the present time, and this is done to avoid beyond any question the possibility of unseasoned timber getting into their actions. A piano containing their action can be sent to any climate and assurance given that it will remain true and free from checks and warpings.

THE END OF DECKER BROTHERS.

THE appended circular was received at this office at the moment of closing the last form of the paper:

To Our Agents.

Some weeks ago it became evident to me (as sole surviving partner of the firm of Decker Brothers and as executor of the estate of my late father, John J. Decker) that the situation demanded the winding up of the affairs of the firm.

I was on the point of giving notice hereof to our patrons and friends (who were fully entitled to have early notification of so important an intention), when a gentleman in the trade, the head of a large and successful concern in excellent standing, was brought to us, who desired to look into the affairs of the firm with the idea of incorporating the same jointly with us and continuing it—with our present factory and warerooms, our present force of employes, but with increased capital and facilities and such changes as might appear to be necessary to meet all the present requirements of the trade. Our circular to the trade was thereupon postponed until such necessary investigation could be made.

Had these negotiations ended in the consummation of the new arrangement as proposed to us, the result would have been in every way satisfactory to our agents and would have operated entirely to their advantage. Owing, however, to the late failures in the trade and the premature publicity given to the matter, the same has fallen through.

I am therefore brought back to my original position, and herewith respectfully notify our customers and friends in the trade that family considerations force me to announce the winding up of the affairs of the firm of Decker Brothers, which we shall at once proceed to do.

I need not say that we take this step most reluctantly, nor how fully we appreciate and highly value the exceedingly pleasant relations that have for so many years existed between our many tried and loyal agents and ourselves. Nor need I say how much I shall regret to see the name of Decker Brothers disappear from the ranks of the piano trade. No other course is, however, left to me.

The stock now on hand, consisting of a full assortment of the latest styles, and sufficiently large to meet all the demands that may be made upon our agents for some time to come, will be completed as speedily as possible, and is herewith offered to the trade. Unless other unforeseen arrangements (of which to this time nothing is known) should be made, these pianos will be the last to be manufactured by Decker Brothers.

We gratefully acknowledge the many favors shown our firm throughout its existence, and it will be our earnest endeavor in bringing the same to a close to meet all the conditions of the situation and to satisfy all its requirements. We sincerely hope that we may succeed herein and that we may merit the full approval of our patrons and of the trade at large.

WM. F. DECKER,

For Decker Brothers.

NEW YORK, February 24, 1896.

TOO EXCITED ABOUT STEINERTS.

Strange Course of Daily Papers.

WE have already referred, as seen in last week's paper, to the attempt of the Boston *Herald* in referring to the Armstrong suicide at Providence, R. I., and the Steinerts to prejudge the situation or the case as it may be called. The place to try legal actions is not in the columns of newspapers but in the courts, and the daily press should not wrongfully and cruelly create a feeling in the community which the facts thus far discovered do not warrant.

Hotter still than the Boston *Herald* is the Providence *News*, which gives a long editorial on the subject and a short one, both of which disclose a curious state of affairs. They read:

Was He Driven to Death?

That is an amazing story that we printed yesterday to the effect that the late Cyrus C. Armstrong had been hounded to death by a persecution as horribly unique as it seems to have been unwarranted, even though no such awful result could have been contemplated.

It is a horrible story. The suspicion that a human being has been driven to suicide is a terrible suspicion to hold. Beside it murder would seem a conscionable crime. And that that unfortunate victim of persecution should have been a man innocent of any act such as is claimed to have been made the ground for the fatal persecution, that he should have been a man of unsullied reputation, innocent of wrong intent or wrong doing, with the heart of a child and a nature so kindly and full of simplicity as to have won for him the affectionate friendship of every one of his fellow beings who had the good fortune to meet him and knew him, contributes to the charge every fraction of horror. If a guilty man had thus been driven to further guilt and to the final act of self destruction the story would have been noticeable enough. That the innocent should have been so hounded as to commit crime, to violate trust, to wreck name and reputation, to commit self murder, is so terrible, so abominable, as to almost be beyond the bounds of credulity.

According to the charges Mr. Armstrong was accused of embezzling, and it was demonstrated that he was innocent of the charge. Despite the proof of guiltlessness it was demanded of him that he restore the money he was charged with taking. It was a considerable sum, said to have been \$12,000, far more than a man in Mr. Armstrong's position would be likely to have at command. That he should not have stoutly resisted the claim and resolutely faced the charge may be understood by anyone who appreciates nature—the nature of a man like Mr. Armstrong, deeply sensitive, and, by reason of his profession as an accountant, in a situation to have a peculiar horror of any blush of suspicion affecting a reputation of long standing as entitled to trust and confidence. Reputations have been damaged beyond repair by less suspicions than might have attached to what seems to have been an unfortunate error in bookkeeping. Men in business life do not always refrain from passing judgment because crime cannot be proven. To be above suspicion is the only sure safeguard for a good name in this human world.

It may well be believed that rather than jeopardize his professional reputation, quite apart from any consideration of actual guilt, Mr. Armstrong would have sacrificed any amount of money that he might have possessed. He had made a clerical error of \$12,000 in his bookkeeping, and that to a man of his standing must have caused him no end of mental disturbance, even if his honesty had not been assailed. It is not incredible that the double strain should have been enough to break his spirit and prompt him to resort to any measures that meant only the sacrifice of money to insure himself from exposure of a professional lapse, to say nothing of a suspicion that would, despite anything that could be done to help it, be pretty sure to shadow his name as long as he lived. Guilty or innocent, how desperate the growing burden must have become is awfully demonstrated by the crime that the victim was driven to on the exhausting of his own resources, the savings of a lifetime, and then to the tragedy of self destruction.

The evidence in the case, while that of persons whose profession is of a character as to make it most credible and reliable, is yet only the evidence of one side of the case. It is still due to the firm of M. Steinert & Sons Company, a house of eminent standing, that judgment be suspended for the awful act laid at the door of its representative in this town. The further report that Mr. Edward Steinert, who up to within a short time has been manager of the local branch, is now seriously sick, and that his collapse dates from that act of suicide, still further commands a restraint of judgment until all the facts are in, as it also indicates that the tragedy may not be yet completed.

Why does the Providence *News* select Edward Steinert and single him out when the business is that of a corporation? It takes one hour to go from the Providence to the Boston store of the Steinert Company, and Edward Steinert frequently visited the president of the company, Alexander Steinert, and in all matters not pertaining to routine in the Providence store Edward Steinert was under the discipline of the corporation, and acted under orders issued by the president or by his father, Morris Steinert, as secretary and treasurer. This is a grievous error: the selection of one person in a corporation for criticism, particularly when that person had little or nothing to say regarding the management of the business. We

believe that out of 1,000 shares of the corporation nearly 700 are owned by Morris Steinert and about 25 by poor Edward Steinert, whose condition should protect him against any too severe criticism.

But why get excited and diagnose the case or criticize it before it reaches the people's tribunal? Why animadvert? Why prejudice? Why in any way, shape or manner endeavor to give the color of facts to rumors?

The Steinert people, father and sons, are not the kind of men to compromise cases. They will only be too glad to go into court, and even if they would show any inclination to avoid publicity by paying in full to the administrator what he claims, they could not do so at this juncture. That time is past, if they ever were so foolish to contemplate such a step—something we sternly refuse to believe.

Like all large firms they keep intact all their books, papers, documents, &c., &c., for they are always prepared in their complicated affairs covering a half dozen branch houses to refer to their books running back for years, knowing how suspicious juries and judges are of firms which endeavor to appeal for an excuse to destroyed or mutilated books or documents. It must be remembered that the Steinerts do a large trade and necessarily must have all documentary evidence of any kind relating to their affairs ready at hand. As sure as they have evidence of the fictitious statements of Armstrong so sure also have they the complete record of the settlement they made with him for \$6,150. Their bank books must also show their deposits and their cash books must balance with these and the receipts.

It must also be remembered that the case may be decided on a technicality. How do the daily papers know that it will be a mere moral issue devoid of the numerous technicalities that constantly creep into legal proceedings? A court does not get as excited as the Boston *Herald* and the Providence *News* have become on this subject.

Furthermore we fully believe that at a trial Edward Steinert himself would be produced by the Steinert Company as a witness, and if it would then be shown that he is mentally irresponsible the odium of keeping him out of the reach of a subpoena would be dispelled like a summer cloud, and the Steinerts are just shrewd enough to see this point. They would never give such an advantage to the opposition as could be gained by pointing to the fact that the chief witness was purposely detained on foreign soil so as not to testify; that would be equivalent to a loss of the case, and they would never run that risk.

No; the daily papers have this thing about the Steinerts all wrong, simply because, in a moment of passion and excitement, their judgment is supplanted by illogical deductions, due chiefly to their sympathy for poor, good-hearted, good-natured, honest Cyrus Armstrong, who had no more moral courage than a featherless young sparrow, and with whom a schemer could play as a cat plays with a mouse. Alexander Steinert could testify to that, for he knew him so well; knew him when he (Alexander) was a little boy and learned his nature and his weaknesses and his inborn trust in human nature. What a terrible shock it must have been to Alexander Steinert when he received the news of Cyrus Armstrong's death, for he, as well as Edward, was strongly attached to that good soul. Probably a more elastic, nervous organization enabled Alexander to stand the shock with more firmness than Edward did.

It was said in Providence last week that some steps were about to be taken by the Attorney-General in the case. As a matter of protection to all concerned it should become a case of the authorities instead of a mere commercial lawsuit involving a question of money payment. The moral health of the community requires some sifting in embezzlement cases and that can be done only by the authorities. The payments of bonds by surety companies to reimburse financial institutions for losses sustained through employees should not end such cases. The American Surety Company must also sustain its incorruptible attitude by aiding to the best of its ability to clear the atmosphere in this instance as it has frequently done in other cases in the past.

Alexander Steinert's statement published in a Providence newspaper is direct and forcible and shows that the suggestions of THE MUSICAL COURIER will be followed. The Steinerts claim that Armstrong embezzled from them and that they are prepared to prove it. Good for the Steinerts!

—Hermion Day, recently with M. Steinert & Sons Company, of Boston, has gone with F. W. Baumer & Co., of Wheeling, W. Va.

SLANDER IN BOSTON.

EVEN during the most prosperous times, when trade is active and money is easy and discounts liberal, credit is a sensitive commodity; credit is always sensitive. Then how quickly can it be affected in days such as we have passed through and during periods when general distrust prevails? Under all and any circumstances credit should be considered as the one feature in commerce that should be treated with the greatest care and circumspection; and no one with decency, with honor or with commercial foresight would ever think of assailing the credit or standing of competitors, even in days of prosperity. Any piano manufacturer who would seemingly make it a rule to discredit the financial standing of his competitors, or those who make pianos, whether they are competitors or not, must therefore be branded as a dangerous man, and if he does so in days like these have been we must stamp him as a criminal who should be made to suffer the most severe penalties of the law.

These reflections are due to the fact that among the Boston piano men there is one who has been at work consistently the whole time of the panic undermining the bank and broker credit of all the piano houses whose names came into discussion. To the representatives of Russell's and other commercial agencies he has been conveying the impression for years past that every piano manufacturing concern in Boston was either involved, or apt to become involved, or was doing an unsafe business, or had no adequate capital, &c. It is of no consequence what he may say regarding the quality of the pianos his competitors make, for no one takes any stock in such opinions; but when he assails the financial credit and the standing of each and every firm in its turn, as the opportunity affords it, the issue becomes determined, and the matter becomes a case of slander under the law.

Bank cashiers, bank presidents and directors who have placed documents before this piano man, who have asked him questions in reference to Western houses who do some banking in Boston, have invariably been told that all these concerns—Boston and Western—are in bad condition, and from the oldest to the youngest piano house in Boston none has escaped his malicious insinuations and his bitter enmity under the guise of a wise advice given to the banking people for their benefit. Not one firm has escaped him, although when his firm was in the market for a loan those piano houses who were consulted advised the banking people that the investment was a safe one. Had they been guided by the same malicious motives that govern his conduct his house might have had considerable trouble in getting the sum credited up.

Now this thing should be stopped without further delay. As it has been conducted it has worked a terrible injury to the whole Boston and some of the Western piano trade, for it has been a consistent and deliberate scheme and not the mere impetuous or spontaneous expression of a sudden judgment or opinion. It has been a scheme, a devilish scheme, to ruin the credits of competitors who are hard at work in fighting a fair and square battle face to face, and who are not, in some cases at least, aware of the stab given to them in the back.

We say now that this disgraceful, this narrow-minded but dangerous proceeding must at once be ended. As we learn it, several of the Boston houses have already secured sufficient evidence against this man to put him in a serious predicament, and further means will be taken to get him to commit himself. This is the only path to pursue. In order to get confirmation of his contemptible plan to ruin piano credit in the Boston piano trade, it is only necessary to offer the bait that is now being prepared, and as soon as he bites pull him up. There is more to be said about all this later on.

DINNER OR NO DINNER?

THE P. M. A. of N. Y. & V. has through its secretary, Mr. Robt. C. Kammerer, circulated a letter requesting the members to express their opinion for or against a trade dinner to take place in the near future.

Quite a number have signified a favorable response.

—Harry Rickacker, who was for some time with Steck & Co., and lately with Sohmer & Co., has taken a position as outside man for Mason & Hamlin's New York branch.

HARDMAN, PECK & CO.**Should Act at Once.**

THERE are a couple of brothers in this town who are manufacturing pianos of the lowest type and stenciling them for dealers with all kinds of conceivable and, we may say, inconceivable names, doing the great bulk of their traffic in stencil goods, their own name on the piano sufficing at once to prove that it is low grade, and hence the preference for the miscellaneous fake stencil. When the proper time comes we shall take care of all that, and shall furnish a complete list of the various stencil pianos shipped all over the country by this firm, by Mr. Jacobus Doll and other stencilers; for the present one case suffices.

A piano now sold by them is called the "Hartman." This name so closely resembles "Hardman" and in its euphony so nearly approaches to the sound of the name of "Hardman" that the contrast can only be discovered by intelligent people, or by those who are suspicious or cautious. It will be admitted that the average piano purchaser merely intent upon purchasing a piano, not particularly interested in piano lore, not too great a musician to go into quality, may readily be deceived and could without a great deal of difficulty be induced to assume that he is purchasing the "Hardman," while he is actually negotiating for the purchase of this bogus stencil fake piano, the "Hartman."

In the next place the motive of the makers of these rotten stencil pianos is at once displayed in the arbitrary selection of this name. They merely adopted it as a lever to sell their trashy product to those dealers who wish either to annoy Hardman agents or who propose to swindle the public by tacitly affirming that they are offering the genuine Hardman piano for sale.

It is about time for Hardman, Peck & Co. to take steps at once and stop all further progress in this degrading and contemptible piece of business. They have on their side the law and the moral order; they have public opinion and commercial decency with them, and they can secure a peremptory order that will end this illegitimate incursion into their domain of trade. They can also, through this paper, issue a general notice to the trade, warning dealers not to handle such a piano, and their case is good from its foundation for the very reason that no "Hartman" piano factory exists; that the makers of the piano bearing that name are merely stenciling, and if Hardman, Peck & Co. go about it in proper style they may succeed in getting a judicial opinion on this style of doing business, which would be equivalent to a judicial decision on the fake stencil. There is no time to hesitate. Stencil "Hartman" pianos are made and shipped constantly from the stencil foundry.

THE ÆOLIAN IN BOSTON.

AMONG the trade visitors to New York this week was Mr. A. Sundstrom, manager of the Æolian department in the Boston warerooms of M. Steinert & Sons Company and for years engaged in advancing Æolian interests in that city. In the course of a conversation with a representative of THE MUSICAL COURIER Mr. Sundstrom outlined in part the work done for the Æolian in Boston and other Eastern cities and the results therefrom.

"We have followed to a great degree," he said, "the plan of operations by the company in this city, by catering only to a certain class of trade—the educated class, that can appreciate the peculiar qualities of the instrument—and attracting that class to the warerooms by frequent recitals and abundant advertising. The results have justified our efforts and amply recompensed us for our work, for we have and have had a splendid trade, have placed the Æolian in the homes of Boston's most exclusive and highly educated people, and have secured for it a prestige that promises well for future business."

"We propose to give a grand Æolian concert soon, on the lines and of the scope of the one so successfully given here a few weeks ago, and part of my business in New York now is to complete arrangements for this concert. We will in all probability follow it up by bi-weekly recitals."

"Out of Boston the Æolian has had a striking success. Worcester and Providence have taken a large number of the best styles, and I am now placing it in Portland to good advantage. We have done a remarkably fine business in the Æolian music, and our

circulating library is greatly appreciated. You see we lose no chances of popularizing it in our territory. I have a force of six to assist me in pushing the trade."

"Our experience in pushing the Æolian has been that we have first to get the people to hear it, get them into the warerooms to examine it carefully and to their own satisfaction, to remove any lingering prejudice that it should be classed among the purely mechanical instruments and therefore limited in its scope. This done we find the rest comparatively easy. Music lovers after understanding the musical possibilities of the Æolian never fail to give it the most unqualified praise, and from that to purchasing is but a short step. This, I believe, is the experience everywhere. Each Æolian sold makes other sales."

Mr. Sundstrom has been for the past five years actively engaged in introducing the Æolian in Boston and other Eastern cities, and has made a marked success. He is accounted one of the best Æolian salesmen in the country.

ALBERT WEBER PIANO.

THE attorneys Mooney & Shipman, of this city, will probably apply this week for a charter of the Albert Weber Piano Company, with a capital stock of \$100,000, \$10,000 to be paid in, to manufacture the Albert Weber piano. Besides Albert Weber, W. F. Boothe and Mr. Cameron, his partner, are the other parties interested.

It is not intended to float this company in case of a rehabilitation or reorganization of the Weber Piano Company as it has existed. Naturally, if outside parties should acquire that title the Albert Weber Piano Company would also enter the field to market the Albert Weber piano.

MERELY RUMORS.

NORWALK, Ohio, February 20, 1896.

A VISIT to the factory and offices of the A. B. Chase Company disclosed that there is no truth whatever in the rumors that this company or any of its members, or any of its board of directors, has ever offered for sale any share or shares of its stock. The paid up stock and surplus of the A. B. Chase Company is \$220,000. No share of its stock has ever been offered for sale.

There is also no truth at all in the rumors that emanated from Chicago that the A. B. Chase Company was about to manufacture a cheaper instrument. The company will continue to manufacture only the same high class of artistic product for which its factory is equipped and on behalf of which the continued energies will be applied. Under the present management of the company it is in fact impossible for it to enter into any speculation in regard to cheaper pianos. The company is thoroughly identified with the highest grade of instruments, and has won its laurels in the direction in which it will continue.

BLUMENBERG.

THE sad announcement of the death of John N. Merrill that appears in another column of this issue will bring a sincere grief to the hosts of friends he had in the music trades of America and Europe. "Johnny" Merrill, as he liked to be called, was one of the most genial and popular men in the piano business, and that he should be taken away in the very prime of his life, and at a time when he was just beginning to feel the success of his first individual business project, seems a pity indeed.

ONE of the handsomest piano store windows, if not the handsomest, in the Union just now is that of the Conover Piano Company on Wabash avenue, Chicago. The piano case work of these Conover pianos is of the highest type and the styles and varieties, the veneer, versatility and the variegated views vouchsafed to visitors in the vicinity of Wabash avenue (and of which there are thousands every day) make it a spot to be remembered just now.

The Conover piano is one of those instruments that have made a deeply entered wedge into the old line and for the very best of reasons; the Conover is better as an artistic piano than some of the old, exhausted makes that have seen their days, just as this paper always and reiteratingly predicted. It is a high grade, fine, superfine piano, full of musical qualities and sure to hold an exalted position in the future music trade. In fact, it holds it right now.

MASON & HAMLIN.**Latest News.**

[By Telegraph.]

CHICAGO, February 25, 1896.

C. B. DETRICK to-day received power of attorney as manager of the wholesale business here of the Mason & Hamlin Company. James Holyer will remain here this week.

Neither John A. Norris nor J. K. M. Gill has resigned. An offer has been made for the lower floor, which was used for the retail business. A deeper significance than has yet come to the surface is attached to this move of the Mason & Hamlin Company. B.

SMITH & NIXON.**Latest News.**

[Special by Telegraph.]

CHICAGO, February 25, 1896.

THE Smith & Nixon Piano Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, as a separate concern from the Smith & Nixon Piano Manufacturing Company, is now incorporated with a capital stock of \$300,000.

The papers have been returned from Columbus, Ohio, by the Secretary of State, approved by him, and it is probable that the directors and officers are elected by this time.

The Cincinnati capitalists who subscribed to the stock did so with the understanding that no stock should be held by any piano manufacturing house, which excludes a New York and a Boston piano manufacturing concern from participating. B.

M. R. GEO. A. STEINWAY and his friend, Mr. Howard R. Burk, have cabled Mr. Wm. Steinway that they have reached Cairo, Egypt, having returned on their way home via the Suez Canal. They will remain in Egypt for two months before proceeding on their journey round the world.

IN these days, when so much is being said about the stability of old and standard piano firms and their products, it is fitting to direct attention to the fact that Boardman & Gray have passed unscathed through the financial crises of the past 58 years and are among the very few original firms in business today.

The square pianos made by this house years ago earned for them an enviable reputation, which has been supplemented and increased by their subsequent products, grands and uprights. The trade understands and appreciates the standing and stability of the house, a fact demonstrated by their increasing business.

M. R. GEORGE DOWLING, traveling representative for the Briggs Piano Company, of Boston, was seen in the Reading Terminal in Philadelphia on Wednesday last by a MUSICAL COURIER reporter and the information was obtained that Wilkesbarre, Pa., and other points would be visited before a return to Boston.

Mr. Dowling has been out about three weeks, and said that he had found trade in somewhat of a peculiar condition.

Asked to explain he said: "Well, there is no trouble in selling goods if one wants to accept the conditions offered. I am looking after our dealers in the small places—dealers who are buying a few pianos and are doing a close, conservative business. That's good enough for me at present."

**Roth & Engelhardt,
of St. Johnsville, N. Y.,**

Desire every manufacturer of pianos in this country who has not already done so to order at once a sample set of their latest improved Actions.

That's the only way the merits of these Piano Actions can be estimated. They are becoming more popular each day.

DOUBTFUL FUTURE.

It is generally known in the better posted trade circles of all the prominent points of the country that a number of speculative piano manufacturers, with an eye to the future and a desire to cast anchors to the windward, are contemplating the purchase of the Weber name at some comparatively early day, and others are similarly planning the possibility of securing the right to the title of Decker Brothers' name as applied to the piano.

We believe it to be in the interests of the piano business of the whole country to suggest to those contemplating such steps that there can be but very little money in it, if there is any money or future in the utilizing of these two names by others than those already associated with them. Mr. Wheelock's name was certainly very influential in trade circles and Albert Weber was in the corporation, and yet with capital and credit at command the Weber had to go, because the offensive weapon was in the hands of the trade that killed, the weapon that consisted of the truthful statement that the maker of a cheap or a low grade piano was at the head of the Weber Piano Company, making the Weber piano.

Mr. Decker has not been able to get his business into such a condition as to make it both a pleasure and a profit, and the Decker was not as universally advertised as the Weber, but it had a great trade value until it became subject to negotiation, and yet he could not get a purchaser the moment the surmise gained ground that the maker of a lower grade piano would control the fate of the Decker Brothers piano. Frank Lee and his syndicate would not have failed with the Decker Brothers enterprise on their hands, but they would have lost enough money to float a bank, and then they would have made the Decker Brothers a cheap piano and sold it right and left at any kind of fair profit.

There is no possibility of controlling a trade sentiment, particularly when it is so deeply rooted as the one that underlies the whole fabric of high grade piano construction, viz., the complete identification of the name and the men and the family with the instrument. This is also manifest in the cases of some of the most renowned violin makers. We all know that story (unless we happen to conduct music trade papers, for the average music trade editor does not even know what we are referring to, although Mr. Lee, Mr. Decker, the Messrs. Wulsin, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Howard Hinkle and Mr. Steinway, and the Kranichs and Louis Bach, Esq., and Karl Fink and Mr. Handel Pond, and Mr. Chas. H. Ditson and Mr. George Chickering, and Mr. Nembach and Ferdinand Mayer, and Stephan and Alois Brambach, and Henry L. Mason and the intelligent trade understand the reference).

This name identification is so complete, so indissoluble, that it forms in essence a great part of the commercial value of the instrument entirely separated from its artistic merit or value. See it in the Knabe case. Notwithstanding the fact that the Knabe piano cannot be classed among artistic musical products of this period, its name, having been identified at a previous, less critical and less scientific epoch with a piano of artistic prominence, is to-day of such value that influential houses have until now found it profitable to advertise it as a first-class piano, knowing that the statement was debatable.

The strength of the name not only depended upon its history and tradition, but upon the fact that the descendants of the original Knabe, his direct offspring, educated in the manufacture upon lines originally planned by him and subsequently modified by a succeeding generation, were making the piano. Should it become known that Mr. Keidel (who is not a blood relative of the Knabes) controls the business absolutely and that the young Knabes have no decisive voice in the management of the factory or business its prestige would at once be affected.

There is no loss of prestige in the dying out of a family, so long as the traditions continue through direct successors; this is strongly emphasized in the case of several of the greatest European music trade institutions. But the complete transfer of a piano name, body and soul, as it were, to rank outsiders, who merely purchase it either at auction or at private sale, and particularly if these purchasers are known to speculate with the name and are makers of a lower grade article, kills all chances to make any money out of that name.

It cannot be done. We therefore consider such business plans of doubtful future, and think Mr.

Lee's decision a wise one, and at the same time hope that neither Mr. F. G. Smith, with his bursting and overflowing bank account, nor the little Jacob brothers and the other stencilers will go into any scheme to purchase the Weber or the Decker name to use either or both on pianos which they are making or propose to make.

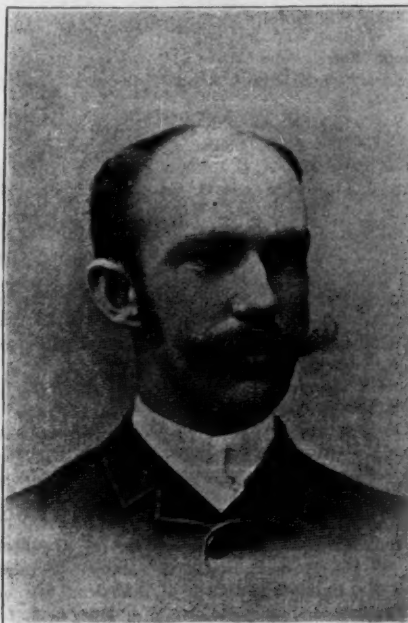
They would all lose money, and that would make us all so sad. Besides that everybody would learn through these columns that the new Webers and the new Deckers are not the old. Such information would have to be given to the world at large, and no power on earth could prevent it.

JOHN NAYLOR MERRILL.

[Special by Telegraph.]

BOSTON OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER, February 23, 1886.

JOHN NAYLOR MERRILL died February 23 at Winchester, Mass., of pleurisy and pneumonia, after five days' illness. He was born at Lawrence, Mass., and was thirty-six years old. He has been in the



JOHN N. MERRILL.

piano business since the age of fifteen, when he was a clerk with Richards, of Lawrence. At the age of twenty he entered the employ of the Smith American Organ Company, for a time being with their house at Atlanta as salesman, then their traveling man before going to London, where he remained nine years. Three years ago he started the Merrill Piano Company.

He had been feeling sick for three weeks before he gave up. The last time he was at his office was on Saturday, February 15. Pneumonia set in on Tuesday, after which time he was delirious until Sunday morning, when he realized that he had but a few hours to live. He died at 10:40. The funeral will take place from his residence in Winchester on Wednesday morning, February 26, at 9 o'clock. The burial will be in Lawrence, he having requested to be buried by the side of his father. His mother, sister and brother live in Lawrence.

He leaves a widow and two young children. He

left no will. It will take a month to get out letters of administration. No meeting of the trade has been called, but appropriate action will be taken at the next meeting of the Piano Manufacturers' Association in the near future. K.

JOHN W. MACCOY.

[Special by Telegraph.]

BOSTON, Mass., February 25.

JOHN W. MACCOY, music publisher, 165 Tremont street, died Friday, February 21, of pneumonia, after a week's illness, aged twenty-six. He started in business two years ago in West street and six months ago moved to Tremont street. Previous to that he was for some time at the music store of the New England Conservatory of Music. He was retail agent for all of Arthur P. Schmidt's publications. Mr. MacCoy was an upright, honorable young man, respected and esteemed by all who knew him. For the present the business will be continued under his name. K.

LATE NEWS.

C. A. Hyde, of the Norris & Hyde transposing keyboard piano, left on Saturday for a Southern trip as far as New Orleans.

Mr. F. S. Cable, of the Chicago Cottage Organ Company, who was to have departed for Europe this Wednesday, will leave next Wednesday, March 4.

The Meckel Brothers Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, is in a syndicate which will erect a large building on Prospect avenue in that city, and the whole lower floor, 100x145, will be occupied by the piano firm. The building is expected to be finished about October 1.

GEORGE W. BEARDSLEY, of Boston, Mass., who is an enthusiastic Hazelton Brothers representative, was in New York on Thursday of last week selecting pianos. Mr. Beardsley has been fortunate in selling grands and has some over an even dozen to his credit as having been placed within a few months. All Hazeltons, you understand!

LUDDEN & BATES have reopened their branch house in Augusta, Ga., under the management of Mr. Peter A. Brenner, of the late firm of Brenner & Solomons, and in the store recently occupied by them on Broad street, Mr. Brenner was connected with the Ludden & Bates concern for 15 years before embarking in business for himself.

THE Æolian Music Company announces that it is prepared to furnish music for Automaton piano attachments. It seems that the company has made certain machines for Mr. Emil Klüber which he has for reasons of his own declined to take, and the Æolian Company now proposes to supply the rolls at a price which will render them readily salable.

THE M. Sonnenberg Piano Company, of New Haven, has taken the agency of the New England piano for the State of Connecticut. Negotiations are in progress by which they will acquire the representation of a New York make within a few days, but the transaction is not yet ready for announcement.

Mr. Sonnenberg gave a big order for his initial stock of New England, distributing them among the Sonnenberg stores in New Haven, Bridgeport, South Norwalk and Waterbury.

SIEVEKING

writes as follows
regarding the

MASON & HAMLIN
PIANO:

Mason & Hamlin Co.

BOSTON,

NEW YORK,

CHICAGO.

Gentlemen—I have never felt so confident while playing in concerts as since I have had the opportunity to have a Mason & Hamlin grand under my hands. Since first coming to America, and in all my European tours, I have never played upon a piano that responded so promptly to my wishes. The tone is liquid and carrying, the equalness of sound is perfect, and any effort I ask this beautiful instrument, whether legato, staccato or delicacy of tone, it responds faithfully. I can assure you that I have never known any piano that could stand such severe test as playing in several concerts upon the same instrument and keep in tune, notwithstanding moving around and change in temperature. You have solved the problem that others have long tried in vain, and I call myself fortunate, at least, to have found the ideal piano.

Very truly yours,

MARTINUS SIEVEKING.

TRADE AS WE FIND IT.

Newsy Squibs, Personal, Pertinent and General, Picked Up by "The Musical Courier" Reporters.

JUST a little setback to retail business last week because of a holiday on Saturday, that is on the assumption that the retail business is generally good enough to feel the effects of a holiday, an idea several in the city are disposed to disparage.

Wholesale business is generally reported fair, the particular dullness being found in the New England States.

Mr. W. H. Turner, treasurer of the Braumuller Company, who has been seriously ill in Atlanta, was at last reports on a fair road to recovery.

Mr. J. A. Templeman, the Southern representative of the Hockett Brothers-Puntene Company, has resigned to take charge of the John Church Company's warerooms in Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mr. C. F. Shelland, of the McCammon Piano Company, Oneonta, was in the city for a short time last week en route for the South, where he will spend a few weeks.

Mr. Robert Proddow, of the Estey Piano Company, says that the February business of the house has been excellent, and considerably beyond his expectations. The Estey representatives are all having very good business and are enthusiastic over the beauty of the pianos they are receiving.

Mr. Paul G. Mehlin, of the Mehlin Piano Company, Minneapolis, is in the city, and will remain here for a short time. He will return to Minneapolis in time for a meeting of the company, at which a plan for future operations will be laid out.

Mr. Henry B. Fischer, of J. & C. Fischer, will shortly leave on an extended trip, going as far West as the Pacific Coast and visiting the principal agents of the house.

Mr. Reinhard Kochman has recovered sufficiently to be able to go out for a short time each day.

Mr. N. C. Kelley, of La Crosse, desires a correction of the statement that he will open a new store in that city. Mr. Kelley is already proprietor of the Schubert Music Company, 104 South Fourth street, that city.

There is fresh activity at the Sohmer warerooms and factory, both retail and wholesale trade showing a marked improvement. Exceptionally fine instruments are being turned out, among the handsomest on the market. Sohmer representatives who have visited the factory recently are very enthusiastic over the completeness of the plant and the extreme care in construction. The Sohmer appears to be entering on a new era of deserved popularity.

Autoharp Progress.

IN this issue of THE MUSICAL COURIER will be found a photographic reproduction of the mammoth shipment of Autoharps which went from the factory at Dolgeville, N. Y., to Lyon & Healy, of Chicago, one day last week.

This is the largest shipment of these instruments ever made to any one person or firm, and is a significant incident in the advancement and prosperity of the Autoharp. Chicago seems to be taking the lead as a distributing point.

It will be remembered that an announcement was made recently in the columns of this paper regarding a large deal for autoharps with the W. W. Kimball Company, of Chicago, for extensive sale among their agencies; this being followed by the Lyon & Healy order for thirty-three cases establishes a Western and Southern output which, with the established trade in the East, will tax the capacity of the factory. It is estimated that twice the number of Autoharps will be sold in 1896 than were disposed of last year. Although with the W. W. Kimball Company it was somewhat experimental, the introduction of these small goods to dealers handling exclusively pianos and organs, the result is most satisfactory so far. The dealers are discovering that the Autoharp is a musical instrument which is popular, and is being asked for, and that but little exertion is required in selling them. The prices are within reach of all, and the instruments themselves are so handsome and complete and musical that the customer decides quickly that the "home is incomplete without one."

In Town.

AMONG the trade visitors to New York the past week and callers at the offices of THE MUSICAL COURIER were:

W. T. Babbitt, St. Louis, Mo.
Edmund Cluett, Troy, N. Y.
Geo. W. Beardsley, Boston.
Joseph Wood, Wood Brothers, Pittsfield, Mass.
J. Kaiser, Sec. Driggs & Smith Company, Waterbury, Conn.
C. F. Hancock, Oswego, N. Y.
Edward C. Stafford, Quebec, Canada.
James Parkinson, A. B. Cattelle & Co., Providence, R. I.
A. S. Bond, Fort Wayne Organ Company, Fort Wayne, Ind.
A. A. Barthelmes, Toronto.
C. F. Shelland, McCammon Piano Company, Oneonta, N. Y.
Paul G. Mehlin, Mehlin Piano Company, Minneapolis, Minn.
O. Sundstrom, M. Steinert & Sons Company, Boston.
R. A. Tusting, Asbury Park, N. J.
Louis Kurtzman, Buffalo, N. Y.
E. F. Droop, Washington, D. C.
E. F. Droop, Jr., Washington, D. C.
Geo. J. Dowling, Briggs Piano Company, Boston.

Helmuth Kranich, Jr., Married.

MR. HELMUTH KRANICH, Jr., the manager of the Harlem branch of Kranich & Bach, and son of Mr. Helmuth Kranich, of that firm, was married on Tuesday, February 18, to Miss Mary Goff, of New York. The ceremony took place at the rectory of St. Leo's Church, and was attended by the immediate friends only of the bride and groom.

The wedding trip will occupy about ten days, and Washington and other points of interest will be visited.

Mr. Kranich has had charge of the Harlem business for his firm for some time, and has made a success of it.

—G. A. Kuhn, the Washington, D. C., dealer, has admitted to partnership his two sons, the firm to be hereafter known as Kuhn & Sons.

—Mr. Geo. W. Morgan, who was for some time connected with the New York branch of Chickering & Sons, has resigned and is open for engagement.

—Hollingshead & Shultz, the Baltimore representatives of the Gildemeester & Kroeger piano, have secured larger quarters at 109 North Charles street, and will occupy them early in March.

WANTED—Young man of ability and some experience willing to start at reasonable salary to go to one of the largest retail houses in Philadelphia as salesman. Address P. D., care of MUSICAL COURIER.

ANNUAL MEETINGS.

The John Church Company.

AT the annual meeting of the John Church Company, held in Cincinnati on the 18th, the officers re-elected for the ensuing year were:

Frank A. Lee, president and general manager; Edward Ransom, vice-president; A. Howard Hinkle, treasurer.

Messrs. William V. Hobart, E. V. Church and the above named officers constitute the board of directors.

Important Notice.

MESSRS. BLASIUS & SONS request us to publish the following from their attorneys:

"NEW YORK, February 17, 1896.

"Messrs. Blasius & Sons:

"We have this day begun a new suit in the name of Ludwig Hupfeld against the Automaton Piano Company, of New York, and probably shall discontinue the old suit against the New Jersey corporation, which was in the hands of a receiver, at once.

"Upon receipt of this letter it is of the utmost importance for your interests that you forthwith cause a notice to appear in THE MUSICAL COURIER in some form or shape to this effect, that whereas the Automaton Piano Company, as is well known, has been in the hands of a receiver for some time past, and as this corporation has recently transferred all its assets to a new corporation incorporated under the laws of New York, under the name of the Automaton Piano Company of New York, and whereas the receiver is no longer manufacturing piano attachments, and whereas it would have been of no practical value for Ludwig Hupfeld to obtain an injunction and decree against a corporation that has gone out of business, therefore Hupfeld has this day withdrawn his suit against the defunct New Jersey corporation and has begun a new suit against the New York corporation in the city of New York, and that Hupfeld's attorneys have been instructed to prosecute this corporation with great vigor.

"Very truly yours,

"(Signed) GOEPEL & RAEGENER."

Weber-Wheelock.

THERE is nothing new to report from the New York office of the Weber Piano Company. Mr. William Foster, the temporary receiver, declines to give any information to the press. A receiver's sale of the retail stock has been advertised.

The schedules of William E. Wheelock & Co. show liabilities of \$307,359, of which \$196,609 are contingent (indorsements on notes of piano concerns); nominal assets, \$728,744; actual assets, \$206,233.

Shares in five piano companies are put in at the nominal value of \$384,200; actual value doubtful. Of these shares \$241,100 are of the Weber Piano Company, of which Mr. Wheelock is president. Among the creditors are H. M. Mason, \$50,000; John W. Mason, \$24,000; M. M. Tilney, \$10,000; A. M. Chapman, \$10,000, all of Brooklyn; Mount Morris Bank, \$10,000; Gansevoort Bank, \$5,000; Twenty-third Ward Bank, \$5,000; Fulton Bank, of Brooklyn, \$5,000.

FOR SALE.

Fifteen and a half Shares of the Freyer & Bradley Music Co., of Atlanta, Ga.

For full particulars address NEEDHAM PIANO AND ORGAN COMPANY, 36 East Fourteenth Street, New York City.

OUR NEW PIANO CASE ORGAN.

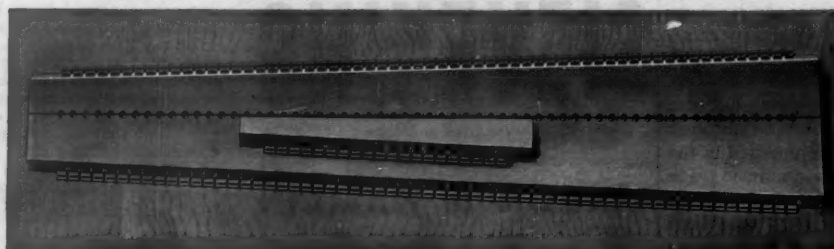


Styles A and B made in 7½ Octaves.
Styles C and D made in 8 Octaves.

THE MOST HIGHLY IMPROVED.

THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT IN REED ORGANS.

OUR NEW ACTION, No. 168.



NEWMAN BROS. CO.,

Manufacturers of Highest Grade of Parlor and Chapel Organs.

Factory and Warerooms: COR. W. CHICAGO AVENUE AND DIX STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

DO YOU HANDLE OUR ORGANS?

IF NOT, WHY NOT?

Send for Latest Catalogue of New Styles.

Peek & Son Affairs.

THE withdrawal from the firm of Peek & Son of Mr. Eben Peek, his subsequent failure, the dissolution of the concern and the assuming of control of the business by a party formerly interested financially have all occurred in the last few weeks, and in view of some published misinformation regarding the concern the following statement of the affairs of the house will be of interest as well as correct some erroneous ideas regarding it:

As the business now stands Mr. Robert Sherwood has been sole owner of this business since February 6, 1896, the entire Peek interests having been absorbed by bad debts two years ago. Mr. Sherwood, who had previously advanced considerable money to the concern, took over the assets and assumed the liabilities.

The first of this year an inventory of the business was taken under the direction of all the partners, but Mr. Sherwood has since made a new inventory on what he regards the lowest realizable figures, and which is considerably less than the first showing. It is as follows:

ASSETS:	
Book accounts receivable, wholesale.....	\$12,000.85
" " " retail.....	54,127.35
Bills receivable.....	3,586.41
Cash.....	7,158.39
Pianos on rent.....	4,590.00
Inventory of stock, raw and manufactured.....	17,895.66
Total.....	\$99,358.66
LIABILITIES:	
Book accounts payable.....	\$6,317.65
Bills payable to supply men.....	15,194.36
Loans from banks.....	8,630.00
" " private individuals.....	2,500.00
" " R. Sherwood.....	60,000.00
Capital from R. Sherwood.....	6,716.65
Total.....	\$99,358.66

Mr. Sherwood is a preferred creditor of Eben Peek, the lumber dealer, who recently assigned. He has outside capital, which he will supply the business of Peek & Son if necessary. Mr. Sherwood, who is about sixty-four years of age, has been for years interested in the lumber business and accumulated a moderate fortune from it and investments. He has been for some time interested financially in the Peek business and through his closer association it is believed to be now in a good financial condition.

Mr. Geo. W. Peek and his father still continue with the business. The former says: "It is true Mr. Sherwood has assumed financial control of the business. Mr. Eben Peek has been out of it practically for eleven months, though there was no legal dissolution until February 13. My father and I continue with it, retaining the same positions."

We understand that efforts are being made to form a stock company to take the business, Mr. Sherwood being willing to let a portion of his interest remain in such a company.

Warning.

THE Wiley B. Allen Company, of Portland, Ore., request us to publish the following:

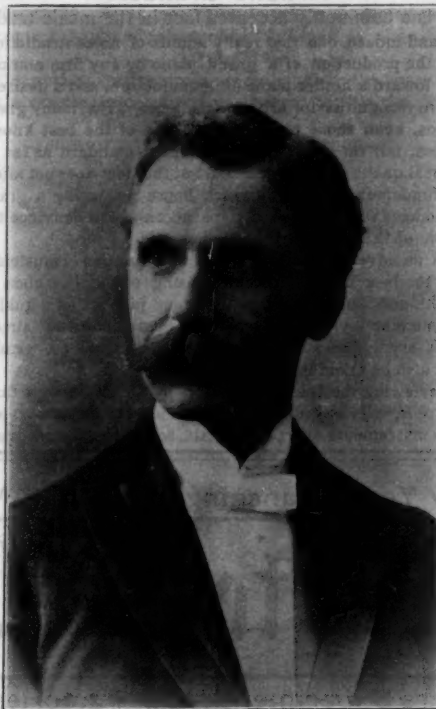
Chas. H. Moye wanted: Tall, lean and lank, light complexion, light mustache, smooth talker, about thirty-five years old, does not play piano. Last heard of in Yreka, Cal. Has some relatives in Michigan.

If discovered the trade will confer a favor by promptly notifying the Wiley B. Allen Company, Portland, Ore.

—Miss Luella Callahan has opened a music store in Litchfield, Ill.

A. D. Coe, of Cleveland.

MOST men of importance in the piano trade are personally acquainted with Mr. A. D. Coe, of Cleveland, one of the prominent dealers of Ohio. Mr. Coe has created a business which in character and tone has reached an elevated position and which has become a source of



A. D. COE.

pride to the people of Cleveland and vicinity. The Coe establishment is permeated by an atmosphere and it attracts the very best elements of the community.

Personally, Mr. Coe is one of the respected citizens of his remarkable town, a town that in wealth, in culture and progress is a pride to the whole Union. He has gained his position by dint of honesty, energy, talents and a devotion to his business.

Kranich & Bach Happenings.

"WE have some mighty loyal agents throughout the country," said Mr. Louis Bach, recently, "and the following will prove the assertion:

"HARRISBURG, Pa., February 11, 1896.

"Messrs. Kranich & Bach, 235 East Twenty-third street, New York City:

"GENTLEMEN—Allow me to say that the C X Mahogany just received is a gem in the art of piano building. The tone is superb and its appearance could not be excelled. The Kranich & Bach has always been unexcelled, but this instrument is a triumph. Excuse my feelings of enthusiasm.

but I mean every word of it. With best wishes for your merited and continued success, I remain,

"Yours &c.,

"H. C. ORTH."

Mr. Felix Kraemer, the traveling representative of Kranich & Bach, left on Monday night for a five months' trip through the South and to the Pacific Coast. Mr. Kraemer is one of the very popular road representatives, and withal a successful salesman.

An important deal was consummated not long since with the Whitney-Marvin Piano Company of Detroit, Mich., which will handle the entire Kranich & Bach line. The firm is one of the large distributors in their section, and their sale of Kranich & Bach instruments in that part of the country should be a telling factor in the trade of these manufacturers.

Detroit Items.

L. E. THOMPSON, representing the Starr piano, will probably go out of business.

The Whitney-Marvin Piano Company will, after all, not occupy the new Valpey building, as the negotiations were drawn out too long.

Grinnell Brothers are arranging to go into a new and handsome building this spring.

A. M. Van Wagoner may give up his business here, known as the Detroit Music Company, and retire to his prosperous house at Lapeer, Mich., from which place he originally came to Detroit after the Bolsin failure.

Gleitz Piano Company Asks for a Receiver.

THE announcement is made that the Gleitz Piano Company, of Bloomsburg, Pa., has applied for a receiver. This concern was incorporated about a year ago with the following officers: T. T. Hoffman, president; J. V. Willever, secretary and treasurer, and A. Gleitz, superintendent.

Weser a Nimrod.

WHO would suppose that John Weser, of Weser Brothers, the man who works about 20 hours out of 24 and gets his enjoyment within the four walls of their factory building, on West Forty-third street, was a hunter? Yet such is the fact, and Mr. Weser, accompanied by his faithful rabbit dog—said by Mr. Weser to be the best rabbit dog in the country—is in South Carolina after bunnies.

In the meantime the other Weser brothers are looking after the business and filling their many orders as rapidly as possible. For it is a fact that a shipment of pianos is made each day, and the output is steady and satisfactory.

—C. V. York has opened quarters in Glenwood, Ia.

—G. L. Cook has begun business in Ravens, Ohio.

—Frank Nixon has begun business in St. Helena, Cal.

—F. L. Liebing will open warerooms in Wilkesbarre, Pa.

—N. D. Keeley is an addition to the trade in La Crosse, Wis.

—W. V. Tasker, of Huntington, Mass., will retire from business.

—Barnard, Walker & Clewell is the name of the piano concern at Dubuque that succeeded the Grosvener Company.

WASHINGTON

has been a long time dead, but ALIVE, he would be forced to admit that the

JEWETT PIANO

IS ONE OF THE BEST SELLERS ON THE MARKET.

JEWETT PIANO CO., Leominster, Mass.

New Agency for Mason & Hamlin.

MR. R. A. TUSTING, of Asbury Park, N. J., has taken the full line of Mason & Hamlin pianos and organs and will push their sale in his locality.

Mr. Tusting has a large wareroom and is looked upon as one of the substantial dealers of the State.

Hardman.

MESSRS. HARDMAN, PECK & CO. are about sending out to the musical profession a letter dwelling on the necessity to teachers for professional use of pianos which stand in tune. The work given an instrument in the studio of a teacher of reputation is from five to ten times as great as that which it is called upon to do in a private house, and the necessity for a permanently correct intonation is, of course, far greater in the case of the teacher's piano than the amateur's. The Hardman upright has been famous for years for its wonderful power of keeping in tune, but it appears from the letter of Hardman, Peck & Co. that this inestimable advantage is possessed to even a greater extent by the new baby grand.

Among the most prominent and successful of voice trainers in th's city is Mr. Frederic E. Bristol, his work in developing artists for the stage, and in vocal teaching among the best elements of New York, such as Miss Ely's school, being too well known to need comment. Mr. Bristol has bought two Hardman Baby Grands within the

past fourteen months, one for his studio, which has been in constant use for a year, the other for his residence. His testimony in reference to the first piano, that placed in the studio, and the practical argument which furnished his reason for buying a "Hardman" for his house, was that he considered it "a marvel."

Artistic Grands.

IT is a commonly accepted fact in the music trade, and indeed one that really admits of no contradiction, that the production of a grand piano by any firm marks a step toward a higher plane of manufacture, and a desire to secure recognition for artistic excellence. True, many grand pianos, even those produced by some of the best known houses, fall far short of the accepted standard as far as musical qualities are concerned, but that fact does not affect the fundamental fact that each house producing a grand piano has taken one of the steps necessary to convince the public of the sincerity of its claims.

As an advertisement, to secure the attention of musicians and the best class of the purchasing public, the class of wealth and musical culture, the grand piano, if of a quality to command critical respect, is invaluable and almost necessary. The steadily increasing demand for grands may also be taken into consideration.

Reviewing the changes in the trade, the growth into fame and prosperity of young houses whose ambitions are to produce instruments of artistic worth, and noting the successes

of the more prominent of these, one cannot but be struck with the comparatively and relatively small success that has been attained in the production of grand pianos.

Leaving out the old-time leaders there are not so many houses in the trade whose grand pianos have stood the supreme test, the public use by the world's leading pianists. Among the few are Behr Brothers & Co., whose grand pianos have made a most admirable record in the concert field, as well as in the homes where a high grade grand piano is regarded as a necessity.

The most brilliant achievements of the Behr Brothers grands in the concert world are of too recent date to need recapitulation at this time, the point being taken to show that Behr Brothers & Co. have taken those successful steps in the production of artistic grand pianos that insure them a place among the few makers that have contributed to raising the standard of American piano manufacturing.

The same progressiveness shown by the house in the manufacture of their upright pianos is found in their production of grands, recent specimens we have seen being in advance in tone quality of their previous efforts.

It is not unlikely that the public will have a chance to hear these pianos in concert next season. At the present the house finds a ready demand for the smaller styles, a number of fine grands having been disposed of from the factory warerooms the past three months. Behr Brothers & Co. are to be congratulated upon their determination to push their grand trade.

P. J. Gildemeester, for Many Years Managing Partner of Messrs. Chickering & Sons.

Gildemeester & Kroeger

Henry Kroeger, for Twenty Years Superintendent of Factories of Messrs. Steinway & Sons.

Second Avenue and Twenty-first Street, New York.

Highest and Special Award, World's Columbian Exposition, 1893.



CARL FISCHER,
6 & 8 Fourth Ave., New York,
Sole Agent for the United States for
the famous
F. BESSON & CO.,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

Prototype Band Instruments, the easiest blowing and most perfect instruments made. Band and Orchestra Music, both foreign and Domestic, made a specialty of, and for its completeness in this line and music for different instruments my house stands unapproached in this country. Catalogues will be cheerfully furnished upon application. Musical Merchandise Department, wholesale and retail, complete in all its appointments. Everything is imported and purchased direct, and greatest care is exercised to procure goods of the finest quality only. My Instruments and Strings are acknowledged to be the best quality obtainable. Some of the many Specialties I Represent: E. RITTERSHAUSEN (Berlin), Boehm System Flutes; COLLIN-MEZZIN, Paris, Celebrated Violins, Violas and Cellos; BUFFET PARIS (Evette & Shaeffer), Reed Instruments; CHAS. BARIN and SUKKA celebrated Violin Bows.

BOURNE EST'D 1837. **TONE, ACTION, TOUCH, DESIGN and DURABILITY WITHOUT A RIVAL.**
WM. BOURNE & SON. 215 Tremont Street, BOSTON, MASS.

The World's Columbian Exposition.

V. F. ČERVENÝ & SONS,

Königgrätz, Bohemia. Kiew, Russia.

AWARD:

For superior tone quality, being rich, resonant and of excellent carrying power, rendered so by the introduction of aluminum in their manufacture. For perfection of finish and superiority of workmanship.

Deserving of special mention are the Kaiser Tuba, Carsopran, Baroxyton and Euphonium.

The SINGER.

THE BEST PIANO TO HANDLE.

—MADE BY—

THE SINGER PIANO CO.,
235 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

**"Eufonia" Zither**

has a fuller, softer and more melodious tone than all other concert Zithers in consequence of its peculiar construction. The "Eufonia" Zither has for that reason grown to be the favorite Zither in all Zither playing circles. Sole Mfr.,

JOSEF SIEBENHÜNER, Schornbach, (379) BOHEMIA.

THE CELEBRATED GRANDINI MANDOLINS



are the Best for Tone, Correctness of Scale, Easy Playing and Artistic Workmanship. Also

VIRTUOSE VIOLINS,
ARTISTIC BOWS, STRINGS,
J. T. L. METRONOMES, ETC.

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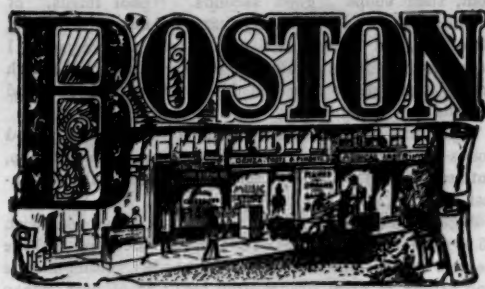


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Will not
Spring, Warp,
Twist nor
Break.
*

RECOMMENDED AND USED BY THE BEST ARTISTS.

MANUFACTURED BY

HAMILTON S. GORDON, 139 Fifth Ave, NEW YORK.



BOSTON OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER, 17 Beacon Street, February 21, 1896.

THIS short week has been a quiet one in business circles. Not only is there the legal holiday on Saturday to disturb the regular routine of business, but Monday the temperature was 13° below zero, with a strong wind blowing, so those who were not obliged to leave their homes were only too glad to remain under shelter and let the purchase of pianos go. Two stormy mornings followed that extreme weather, but to-day there seems to be a lot of people out renting and buying pianos.

One firm has rented all its stock of second-hand pianos and was sending customers to a neighboring dealer this morning.

Holidays do disturb trade seriously, and it might be suggested, now that there is a prospect of new holidays being added to the list, that an act of legislature be passed making all legal holidays fall either on Saturday or Monday, as the case may be. Everything seems possible to legislatures, now that Connecticut has passed a law making Lincoln's birthday come in October.

There has been great activity in many of the piano warehouses this week where opera tickets are being sold. At many of these special ticket offices all the tickets for the week have been disposed of at prices largely in advance of those prevailing at the regular office.

The Puritan piano in Mason & Hamlin's window could have been sold several times over, so many customers have wanted it, but as it is the only one they have in stock at present all offers for it have been refused. It promises to be one of the greatest favorites they have ever made. This particular piano has a superb case of choice selected San Domingo mahogany, and is altogether a work of art.

In spite of the storm on Tuesday afternoon there was an audience of about 100 people at the Chickering factory to hear Mr. Harry Fay, Mr. Keuntze and Mr. Giese play the Dumky trio by Dvorák. Those who heard it for the second time found it far more interesting than at the first hearing.

Chickering & Sons have shipped a carload of pianos to their agent in San Francisco, Mr. Curtaz, who recently paid his first visit to Boston. He remained here some time and expressed himself as greatly pleased with his visit.

Stock taking continues at the Emerson factory, where Mr. E. S. Payson is still spending all his days. There is such a multiplicity of small articles connected with the piano manufacture that it takes forever to handle them.

The Emerson Company says it has been deluged lately with requests from people all through the country who wish to have the agency of the Emerson piano.

The Central Congregational Church, on Newbury street, corner of Berkeley, has just purchased a Gildemeester & Kroeger grand piano for use in the chapel, where during the winter many concerts are given.

The committee on purchasing did not follow the time honored custom of accepting the lowest bid, for on this occasion the order was given to the highest bidder out of the four or five competitors.

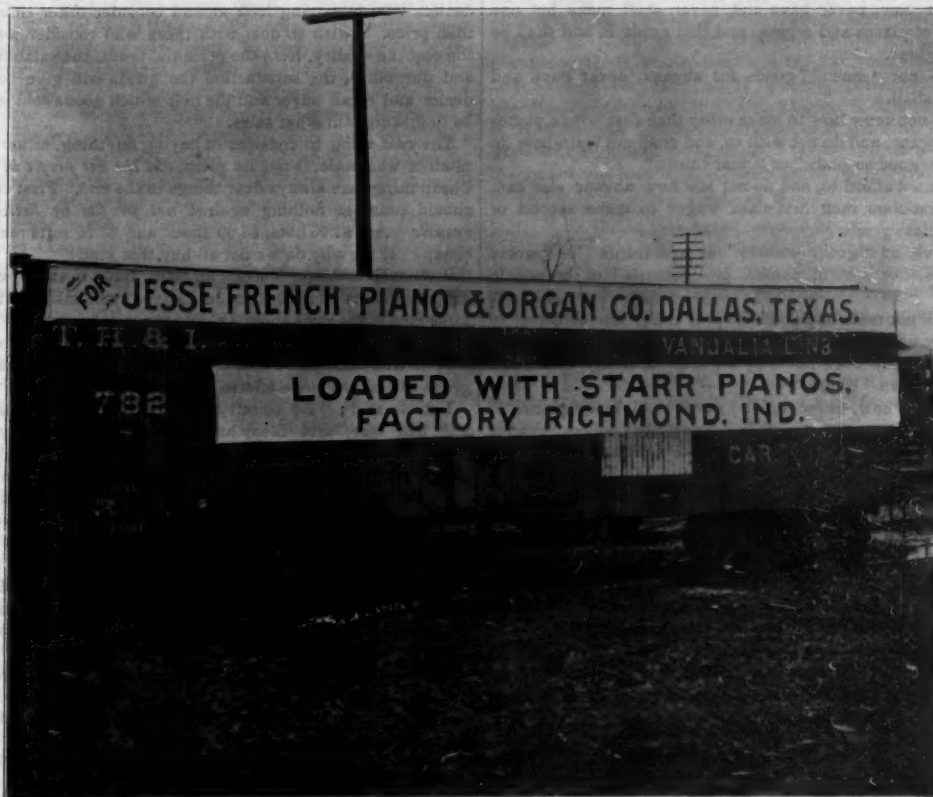
Mr. C. W. Smith has recently sold a Gildemeester & Kroeger baby grand to a musician in Lynn.

The work of tearing down the buildings on the lower end of the site for the new hotel has begun, but the New Eng-

Starr Piano Company.

THE illustration on this page shows a furniture freight car containing a carload of Starr pianos just shipped from the factory at Richmond, Ind., to the Jesse French Piano Company's Dallas, Tex., branch. This method of shipping carloads of pianos is nothing new with the Starr Company, which is in a most prosperous condition.

Ground was broken two weeks ago for the erection of a new brick factory entirely separated from the present buildings. This new building will be 45x100 feet, two stories and basement, and will be completed about June 1 or sooner. The group of factory buildings of the Starr Piano



land Piano Company has not yet made the selection of a new location. The company has still four months in which to look about for a suitable place. In answer to all questions Mr. Scanlan points to the picture of the factory, and says that he can go back there any time, having plenty of spare land to build upon if necessary.

In the meantime business rushes along, all are happy and not a bit troubled about anything.

One of the agents handles the goods in Heligoland, so they are started on the way to the North Pole.

Mr. P. J. Healy, after a few days' stay in Boston, left on Monday night, expecting to reach Chicago by Thursday morning.

The Poole Piano Company is in constant receipt of orders from Mr. Poole, who is making an extensive Western trip

Company will then be among the most imposing in the line in the whole country.

As to the Starr piano, it has advanced with remarkable strides in appearance, in finish and in the development of a musical quality of tone and a delicate touch—a touch which piano players usually delight in. In fact the Starr piano of the present period is not what it was years ago, that is, experimental. It is an instrument founded on the best acoustical laws and the results of years of labor, and tests and evolution have made of it a piano that can readily grace the musician's studio or the amateur's drawing room.

WANTED—Gentleman having 18 years' experience in piano and piano action construction, capable of managing, is open for engagement; can give satisfactory references. Address "S." MUSICAL COURIER office.

"CROWN."



PIANOS.

The Orchestral Attachment and Practice Clavier are found only in the "Crown" Pianos.



ORGANS.

The Most Modern and Salable Reed Organs now on the market.

MADE AND SOLD TO THE TRADE ONLY BY

GEO. P. BENT, COR. WASHINGTON BOULEVARD AND SANGAMON STREET, **CHICAGO.**

One Grade Only.

Editors The Musical Courier:

I N order to define my position and policy, I wish to say a few words to the TRADE and PUBLIC from this Bible text, which I deem to be "gospel truth."

No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

It is the new "fad" or fashion just now for many piano manufacturers to undertake to make two, three or more grades of pianos in the same shop; that is, they are said to be of different grades, and are given different names.

I am "old fashioned," and expect to be all my life, for I do not now, never have and never shall make but one grade of pianos and organs, and that grade is and shall be the highest.

I do not "stencil" goods for anyone, never have and never shall.

I do not know how to make other than first grade pianos and organs, and do not wish to, and shall not learn how to make "good seconds" or "poor thirds."

I cannot afford to, and do not see how anyone else can, pay first-class men first-class wages to make second or third class goods.

I have no "good seconds" or poor thirds" or "worse fourths," or special names, or "stencils" or brands to offer.

I will not make any goods so poor that I am ashamed to put my name on them, and hence you can depend on it that all the goods ever made by me shall bear my name and the "Crown" brand."

I do not now, never did and never shall, make pianos or organs for, or sell them to, department stores, grange stores, supply houses, newspapers or newspaper schemers, hucksters and advertisers who offer the cheapest trash in a way and at such prices as to often trap the unwary—in a way to fool them into the belief, long enough to get their cash, that a \$40.00 organ is as good as a \$100.00 one, or a \$175.00 piano is as good as a \$400.00 one. Such "fakirs," who "fool some of the people all the time," get their supply from the makers of goods who work continually to cheapen the quality so as to sell at lowest prices—they can never buy from me.

The victims of these "fakirs" illustrate the truth of the saying "a fool and his money are soon parted," and after the parting takes place the "fool" learns that a good piano, one which will last a lifetime and satisfy all the time, cannot be bought for a song—he learns, too late, that a good piano costs more to build than a poor one is sold for at retail with a profit to the seller, but with a net total loss to the buyer. "All is not gold that glitters," and all are not good pianos that appear to be such, and if the price is low that in itself should be the warning sign.

There are "plugs" among pianos as well as among horses. All horses have legs, but "plugs" cannot "go;" all pianos have keys, hammers and strings, but "plug" pianos do not "stay," play or sound well; a "plug" piano is worse than a "plug" horse—both will always be in the market, but their purchasers are always sold when they buy.

Other goods cost and always will cost less than mine, and if you must have that sort "there are others" from whom to buy; some even claiming to make any kind from a "thump box" up to the highest grade; but is a thing always (or ever) cheap because its cost is low?

I do not wish more trade than I can get on one brand and one name—I do not need to "stencil" goods or make, or claim to make, two or three grades in order to keep my factory busy.

I do not believe that more than one grade can be made in the same factory, and I do believe where the attempt to do so is entered into the result will be, even if honestly undertaken, that all grades will sink in that shop to the level of the lowest one.

I have been working for 25 years for a high reputation, for the "good name rather to be chosen than great riches," and I am not now going to kill all that effort by pretending that I can make any and all grades to suit any and all prices offered. I shall continue to seek the trade of all dealers who in buying look at and consider other things than price. I wish to deal with those who consider with the cost the quality, with the price the profit, the salability and durability, the satisfaction the goods will give both dealer and retail buyer and the help which goods sold will be in making still other sales.

The real thing to consider in buying anything, either at retail or wholesale, is not its price, but the net profit in it. Cheap things are always dear things in the end. First cost should count as nothing against net profits or lasting results. Are \$1.00 hats, \$2.00 shoes and \$5.00 suits really cheap? If so, why do we not all buy that kind?

"What fools these mortals be" will apply to those who suppose that two or more grades can really be made by the same men in the same shop. Oil and water do not mix. "Do ye gather figs from thistles?" or get first-class pianos from makers who claim to be able to and say they do make any grade to suit any price offered?

Lincoln said; "No country can long endure, half slave and half free," and I say and believe that no factory or firm can long hold a reputation for making high quality goods where the effort is made to cater to all demands as to prices, and to make any and all grades wanted. Say farewell to the good reputation for high quality which your goods may have earned just the moment you begin to try to make all qualities.

Confidence in you and your goods flies out of the window when you undertake to make two, three or more grades of goods in one factory by the same men, machinery, methods, materials and management.

There are many makers of good pianos and organs (I claim to be one of them, and I claim further to have in the goods I make all strictly highest quality, the greatest money and sale makers for the dealers to be found in the whole field), but there are enough other makers whose motto is, "Not how good, but how cheap" to supply all the demand there is, or may be, for "good seconds," "poor thirds" or "worse fourths," and as for me I am perfectly willing to let such makers have all the trade of those buyers who look at and consider price as counting everything and quality as nothing. I am seeking the trade of those who look at profits more than prices, at worth and value more than first cost.

I wish to declare this as my fixed and final policy, viz.: "The best is none too good," and my goods shall be the best possible to make by the employment of the best materials, best workmen, best machinery and best methods in one of the largest, best and most centrally located factories in the world. One grade only—that the highest; one price only—that the lowest consistent with the quality.

In reply to the predictions so repeatedly made that all makers of good pianos will soon be making in, and offering

from, their shops "good seconds," "poor thirds," or "worse fourths," I wish to say that I do not believe it of all others, and know it will not be true as to myself. I have worked too long and gone too far on the "one high grade" principle to now fall down to the level of "good seconds" or "poor thirds."

There will always be a demand for the lowest priced goods in all lines, though such goods are never really cheap, but are always the dearest, and always practically worthless.

A good tailor does not seek the trade of those who wish \$5.00 suits, and in most all lines the manufacturers and the dealers who succeed are either "fish or fowl," either makers and sellers of good grades—the best; or of poor, cheap grades—the worst. It has remained for certain piano and organ makers to attempt to ride two horses, to claim to make the highest and also the lowest grades; in fact, all grades so as to suit all ideas as to prices. Can it be done? I think not. We shall see.

Josh Billings said, "The time to set a hen is—when the hen is ready." "The merit in that remark lies in the application of it." I am not yet "ready to set" under agreement both to hatch out one piano of such high quality as to satisfy the buyer who looks at worth and merit first and at price second, and also to agree to hatch out from the same nest another piano—a "thump box" or "good second"—to sell to the buyer who looks at price alone. Some seem to be "ready" and are going on to the nest now to make the attempt. Please size up the brood when hatched! In my opinion the hen which saw her supposed chicks take to the water was not more surprised at the result of her setting than these manufacturers and their dealers will be at the net result of their effort.

It is safe to say that no valuable name or brand or reputation has ever been built up in any line, by anyone, in the whole history of the world, where there was not an inflexible and persistent effort made to produce only quality and that the highest. I shall continue to make one grade only, and that the best possible, no matter what others may do. I expect in the race of a lifetime to gain and win by taking this course. Very truly, GEORGE P. BENT.

—T. L. Jones has retired from the firm of Stedman, Millard & Jones, of Boone, Ia.

—It is probable that the Jennings Music Company, of Cincinnati, will soon vacate their present premises in the Smith & Nixon warehouses.

—The music store of F. R. Girard in Oakland, Cal., was robbed last week. The safe and some pianos were wrecked by dynamite and \$400 in gold and \$600 worth of jewelry taken.

A Braumuller Point.

What shall a dealer make a point on in selling a piano? Why, something that no other dealer in his town has—a patent *Tone Deflector*.

The *Tone Deflector* is a swell by which the quantity of tone may be increased or diminished at will.

Found only in the **BRAUMULLER PIANOS.**

Send for Catalogue.

402-410 West 14th Street, New York City.

BLASIVUS PIANO.

THE
MUSICIANS'
FAVORITE.

No other make so popular among the pianists and musicians. The Blasivus Piano has so many good qualities that it is almost impossible to enumerate them. The action, tone and touch so perfect that difficult technicalities in playing become easy when played upon a Blasivus Piano. The phenomenal singing qualities of the higher octaves, which in other makes is so rarely if ever attained, are a pronounced feature of the Blasivus Piano and one that in many cases has caused its selection by musicians.

S. B. Mills speaks of it in the following terms:

Messrs. BLASIVUS & SONS:

GENTLEMEN—Allow me to express my admiration for the Blasivus piano, which I recently had the pleasure of playing upon. During my artistic career I have used all of the great pianos of the world and have found but few to satisfy me like yours.

The Blasivus piano fully justifies the exalted praise given it by many eminent authorities, both in music and science. It is certainly a masterpiece in piano building and has the elements of volume, sonority, singing quality, as well as evenness of scale developed to a degree of perfection.

The repetition of the scale is excellent.

The Blasivus piano is one of the few instruments on which I can play everything in my repertoire. Its exquisite touch admits of my doing exactly as I wish and enables me to express that which I desire to express. In this respect the Blasivus piano is all an artist can desire.

Truly,

S. B. MILLS.

New York's Famous Composer and Concert Pianist.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1900.

Thomas A. Edison, the greatest living acoustician, prefers it for his delicate experiments on sound, in which instruments only can be used that are most sensitive to the ear, which is why the Blasivus Piano is especially preferred for his purpose.

The demand for Blasivus Pianos has become so great this season that we have decided to increase our output in order to supply all our patrons promptly.

WHOLESALE:

BLASIVUS PIANO CO.,

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RETAIL:

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1011-1103 & 1119 Chestnut St., PHILADELPHIA.



CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER.
226 Wabash Avenue, February 22, 1896.

THERE is an old idea which is often advanced in Wall Street by shrewd conservative speculators to the effect that the best time to buy stocks is when everybody is crazy to sell them. The only difficulty in following out a plan of this kind is in knowing just when everybody wants to sell, and then even the conservative man permits himself to become more or less imbued with the same universal feeling and neglects to act on his uninfluenced judgment. It looks as if the same feeling was prevailing in the piano business just now. We have had three years of a depressed condition of trade, which has at last culminated in a few failures, in the desire of others to curtail their expenses, and more or less of an idea by still others that things are as bad as they can be, and (to make a bull) going to be still worse.

Even the real estate holders in the usually prosperous city of Chicago have become frightened, and leases of good business property on Wabash avenue have been made this week on a basis of 30 per cent. decrease from recent years, but still not below the values of about six years ago. This has all occurred in the face of a successful bond issue by the Government, in an improved condition of trade this year over last, and in various other evidences of a better state of trade throughout the country, with the exception of a State like Florida.

It does seem a trifle inconsistent for good business men to become alarmed at a time when it would appear that a change for the better is just about to be inaugurated. Temporarily it makes it worse for the surviving houses, but eventually it will be better for them.

No doubt every business man has taken note of the fact that foreign investors are again becoming purchasers of

American securities. Our own people ought not to have less confidence than they. But the story of the bond issue will later on be told in the financial columns of the great dailies, colored always by the political tendency of each paper. Consequently we are all guessing at other's opinions, and can therefore assume that our own is as good as any. At least we know that we should be honest with ourselves. The \$50 subscribed by the Shaw Piano Company, of Erie, at 121 is a bad investment, for the bonds have not yet reached 117. Raymore is out \$2.08 so far; yet the Shaw expects to pay its usual dividend.

Clambake Is Slightly Unreliable.

Mr. Harry Freund has been in Chicago, which will be news to many of the Chicago trade. This accounts for the fact that he has just heard of the death of that eminent English musician, Sir Joseph Barnby, not to speak of the many other chestnuts which his paper contains. Of course he knows, because his paper says so, that Mr. F. W. Teeple sailed on the 12th by the steamer Majestic for Europe, but if this is the case Mr. Teeple must be ubiquitous, for he is still in Chicago, and is not going to Europe. "Her sweet face haunts me still," Harry, but this does not signify that her father kept a distillery.

In his report of the liabilities of the Manufacturers Piano Company he says, "Bills payable to banks manufacturers," whatever that may mean, \$94,619.60, and "accounts payable to manufacturers, \$14,060," which is only about \$30,000 out of the way, but quite as correct as many of Mr. Harry Freund's other statements. Harry always passes over liabilities rapidly. The facts are as stated in our issue of February 5. The Manufacturers Piano Company have assets above liabilities of about \$100,000, and not about \$68,000, as Mr. Harry Freund gives it. Mr. Freund learns lots from THE MUSICAL COURIER, but in order to make his paper more reliable he should read this paper more carefully, or get some one to do it for him.

Harry's business here was tremendous. He took blank contracts. Then he put them in his pocket, and then he took a drink, and then he took a train, but some one told us the train took him. He showed an affidavit McKee that his new paper, the "Musical Age," circulated 13,642 1/2 copies the week before he got here, and when he showed it to one of our bright Chicago paper men the latter said, "Say, John, don't show that affidavit, for it only proves that if it is true (which, of course, you know, I doubt), if it is true, it is the only time you ever were guilty of a circulation." And then Harry replied, "Say, old man with a tobacco breath, my name ain't John. John's my busted brother." "Ain't you his busted brother, too?" said the

Chicago man, and away he rushed to renew some more dealers' notes. But Harry is all right. We always liked him for the friends he has made, and we now admire him, for with impunity he can change the name of his paper, never for once taking into consideration the many subscribers he never had. (I'll bet privately out of my own little vest pocket \$50 to his \$10 that he hasn't got 500 paid subscribers. Money can now be found at the office of THE MUSICAL COURIER, New York. Let us have a little fun, boys; times are awfully irksome. His brother hasn't got 350.)

Mr. Potter Takes a Vacation.

"I am not going for my health; it is for pure fun that I leave to-night for Hudson Hot Springs, New Mexico," said Mr. E. A. Potter on Friday afternoon. The party consists of J. B. Wilbur, president of the Royal Trust Company; G. B. Shaw, president of the American Trust and Savings Company; A. L. Spalding, president of the big Spalding corporation, and Eugene S. Kimball and E. H. Keen, two Chicago capitalists, and Mr. E. A. Potter. They will be absent three weeks. On Mr. Potter's return the warerooms here will be decorated in the latest style.

Mr. Cable at Home.

Mr. H. D. Cable, looking brown and hearty, is back from his Southern trip. He says that though the failure of the orange crop in Florida has been of great damage to the business of the State, there is some money left, and some business can be done there by quick witted men of business.

Both Home Again.

Mr. P. J. Healy returned from his Eastern trip yesterday morning, and Mr. Charles N. Post got back from his Mexican tour last evening. Mr. Post enjoyed the trip immensely, and combined business with pleasure, inasmuch, as was previously stated, he arranged for the handling of a full line of the Lyon & Healy goods in that country.

The excursion left Chicago January 31 at 10 o'clock in the morning on a special train, which made only two stops between here and St. Louis. Stops of several hours were made at Austin and San Antonio, Tex., on the third day, and the next morning the Rio Grande was crossed. The fifth day was devoted mostly to an excursion from Zacatecas to Guadalupe and the sights of these ancient towns. The first Sunday was spent at Aguas Calientes, or the "Hot Springs" of Mexico.

A week was devoted to the city of Mexico, which was reached on the ninth day. Special excursions were arranged by which the tourists were enabled to enjoy the sights of the Mexican capital and its environs, but many preferred to enjoy the time in their own way. Every attention was paid to the visitors by the authorities there as elsewhere. President Diaz gave a reception in their honor. An event of their stay in the capital was the bull fights in the Toros.

A four days' trip through the tropical Gulf region followed the

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WEBSTER PIANO CO.,

No. 241 Willoughby Street,

BROOKLYN, N. Y., U. S. A.



STYLE G.

sojourn at the capital. The onyx quarries at Esperanza, the pyramids of the sun and moon, the view of Mount Orizaba, which rises to a height of 17,900 feet above sea level, and the Pyramid of Choula were among the sights afforded by this trip.

On the return trip New Orleans was reached last Sunday in time for the Mardi Gras. The Young Men's Gymnastic Club entertained the Illinois people, who were given an opportunity to see all the parades and the Proteus, Comus and Rex balls. At Mobile the excursionists were the guests of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad on a steamship excursion down Mobile Bay. By this road they returned to East St. Louis, whence they traveled home by the Alton.

A New Piano.

The Burdett Piano Company, of Erie, Pa., send us a very handsome photograph of their new Style M piano. The case, design and work were all done in their own factory. This is good work, and if the piano is as good as it looks the company may be proud of it, and Mr. John R. Brown, their manager, says they are. The Burdett concern has an excellent factory.

Washington's Birthday.

To-day is a legal holiday, but the music trade is not observing it. All the stores are open and trying to do business. An effort was made to have them all close, but the scheme was started rather too late to accomplish it. Some members of the trade are talking about making arrangements to observe all the holidays which occur during the year without having to make special provision for each one as they come about. This seems to be a sensible plan. "Push it along." A committee should take it up, handle it at once, and conclude it, for it is a nuisance to go over this question at each and every holiday.

Personals.

Mr. Theodore Pfafflin has been making Chicago his home for a week or so, and will visit Boston previous to taking his position in the Chickering warerooms in New York on March 1. He was due in Boston Monday, February 24.

Mr. C. A. Stone, of Fargo, N. Dak., has a store and warerooms which would grace a much larger city, according to the photograph recently shown here.

Mr. E. S. Conway left for a two weeks' trip to the Pacific Coast on Wednesday last.

Mr. Charles Becht, representing the Brambach piano, is again in town. Mr. Becht is jubilant over the success which has attended his efforts in behalf of this piano, and says that the loss of an agent more or less will not have the slightest effect on the concern's general business.

Mr. C. A. Hyde, of Messrs. Norris & Hyde, of Boston, who was here for several days, says he finds the demand

for the transposing keyboard constantly increasing, and feels correspondingly contented.

Mr. F. J. Woodbury, of the Jewett Piano Company, of Leominster, Mass., is on a trip, and was in the city this week. He got a good order from the house which handles these pianos in this city (Lyon & Healy), a carload, and reports a fair business elsewhere.

Mr. J. H. Wagoner, of Rochester, Minn., was in town for several days. Mr. Wagoner's standing in his community gives him the advantage, and he reports business as fairly good.

Mr. John W. Northrop has returned from a pleasant and successful trip South.

There is quite a gathering of the outside trade this week. In addition to those already mentioned we have had Mr. John A. Norris, of the Mason & Hamlin Company; Mr. James Holyer, of the same company, both brought here by the new arrangements which have already been indicated, but it can be said that definite plans for the future of the company's Chicago house have not been determined upon.

We have also had Mr. E. W. Furbush, of the Briggs Piano Company, of Boston; Mr. Edwin Miller, of Boston; Mr. A. H. Fischer, of New York; Mr. R. S. Howard, of New York. and Mr. Thomas Floyd-Jones, of New York.

A New Thing.

DOES YOUR NEIGHBOR'S PIANO ANNOY you? Tell him to offer it for sale here, and if he says nay, place an ad. here yourself and get another piano in the block. Then you will have fun and music.

In the classified musical instrument advertising column of the Chicago *Inter Ocean* the above appeared. Similar notices referring to other trades also appeared in their respective columns. It is not a bad idea, except in so far as it takes it for granted that pianos are purchased to annoy neighbors or that they are used for fun. It would be better to take as a basis for argument that one's neighbor has a piano so that his children may be educated in music, and that therefore one should do as his neighbor does, and that is, educate his children in music. We believe the only pianos that at present annoy are those for which notes have been given that are not paid, but the notes emanating from the piano do not annoy.

Rumors, rumors, rumors, fill the dust and soft coal laden atmosphere. One is to the effect that one of the leading houses is contemplating radical changes of a surprising magnitude; another that a famous piano is going to another house, not on its own legs, but with its lyre at least;

another that several changes will be made among salesmen as soon as the proprietors can get permission to make the changes.

Henry B. Fischer and R. S. Howard will start on a Pacific Coast trip next week, one taking the northern, the other the southern, route.

The Lindeman in Cincinnati.

THE Lindeman & Sons piano will hereafter be handled as leader in Cincinnati by the new firm of Otto Grau & Co., 1116 Vine street. A good shipment was made them last week.

The firm, which is a new one, is composed of Mr. Otto Grau, formerly manager of the piano department of J. C. Groene & Co., and Mr. E. G. Steincke, until recently connected with the Atlas National Bank in that city. The firm has ample capital, and each of the members numbers a wide circle of acquaintances.

Mr. J. A. Norris, traveling representative of the Lindeman & Sons Piano Company, who is now on his maiden trip for the house, is meeting with greater success than he anticipated, and has secured a number of good orders. The dealers continue to write enthusiastically of the pianos and predict excellent business with them the coming year.

Mr. Meinberg Recovering.

THE many friends of Mr. Albert Meinberg, of Wm. Knabe & Co.'s New York city warerooms, will be glad to know that he is slowly recovering from what has been a long and serious illness. Mr. Meinberg is at his place of business for a short time each day.

—Otto Grau & Co. is the name of a new Cincinnati piano and music house which has located on Vine street.

Extravagant Claims

About quality, merit, &c., have very little effect these days. An acquaintance with the Organ is what tells, if the merit is there. We have confidence in the merits of the Weaver Organs and are willing to make it an object for you to acquaint yourself with them. Shall we do it?

Please Answer.

Weaver Organ and Piano Co.,
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JOHN G. CARLISLE, Secretary of the Treasury.
WILLIAM WINDOM, late Sec. of the Treasury.
BENJAMIN F. TRACY, Ex-Secretary of the Navy.
JOHN W. NOBLE, Ex-Secretary of the Interior.
JOHN WANAMAKER, Ex-Postmaster of the U. S.
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MAJ. GEN. O. O. HOWARD, U. S. Army.
SENOR FELIX C. C. ZEGARRA, Minister from Peru, S. A.

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HON. JAMES McMILLAN, U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania.
HON. THOMAS B. REED, Speaker House of Representatives.

OUR REFERENCE.

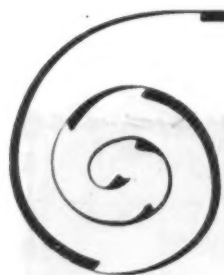


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THE AMERICAN PUBLIC

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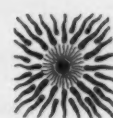
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OVER

72,000

made and sold since February, 1881,
is a record of their success.

*When Nansen revisits the Pole,
If music should enter his soul
A Piano he'll buy;
If NEW ENGLAND he try
Our Piano he'll use at the Pole.*



The "Cathode Rays," if applied to the NEW ENGLAND PIANO, will establish the solidity of their construction and show that there are no WEAK POINTS hidden and unseen.

While we have no reason to complain of our present business, we prefer to run our factories to their full capacity, and shall be pleased to hear from reliable dealers where we are not already represented. If you are in business to do business, it is for your interest to examine

New England Pianos.

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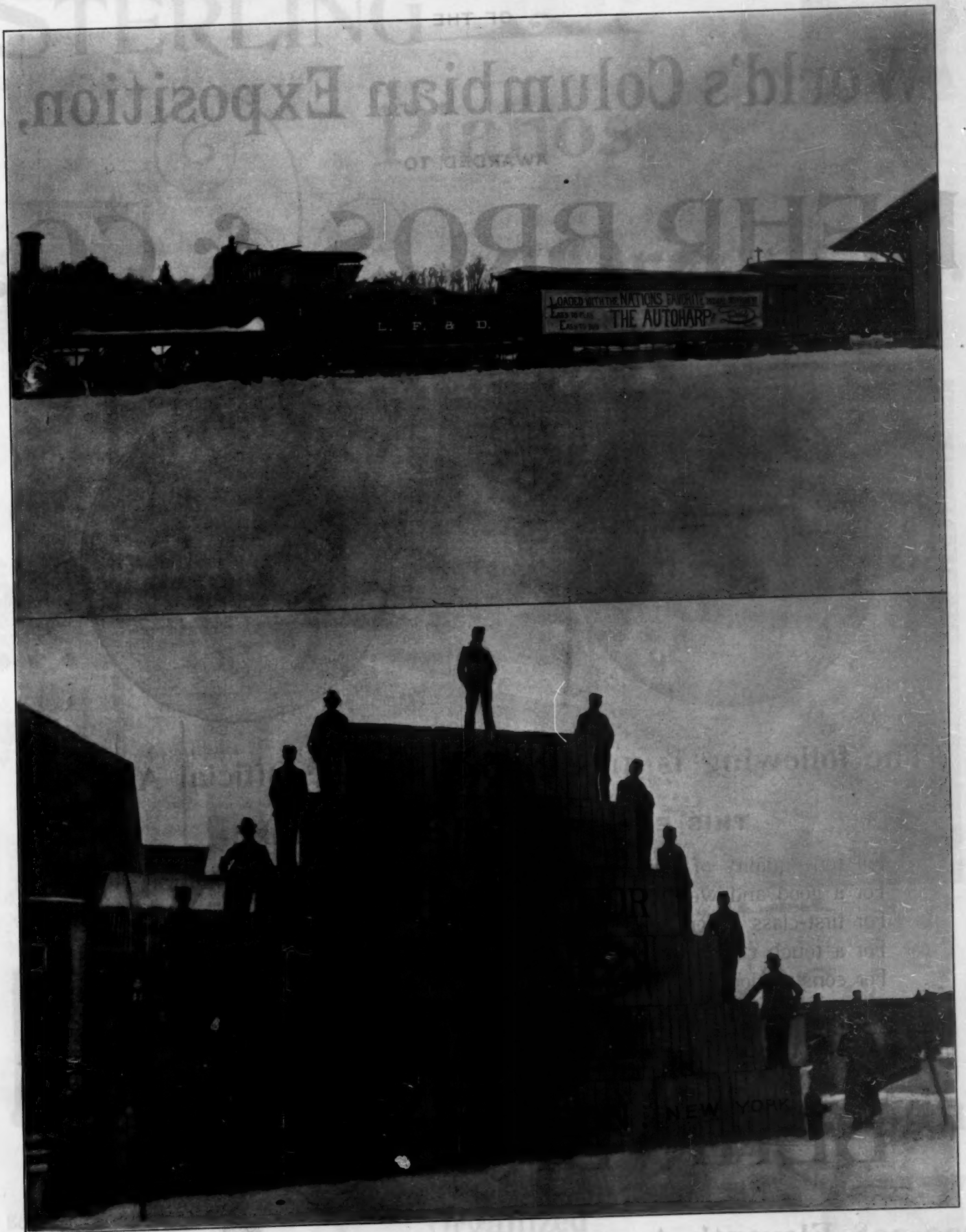
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Pianos and Organs

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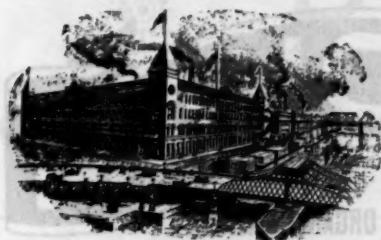
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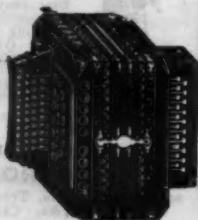
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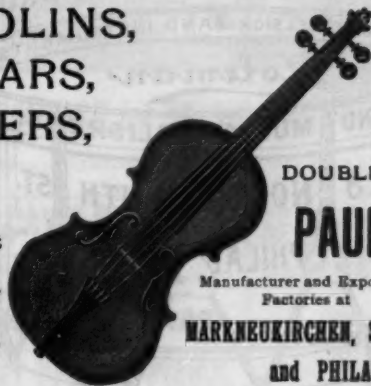
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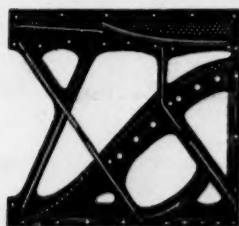
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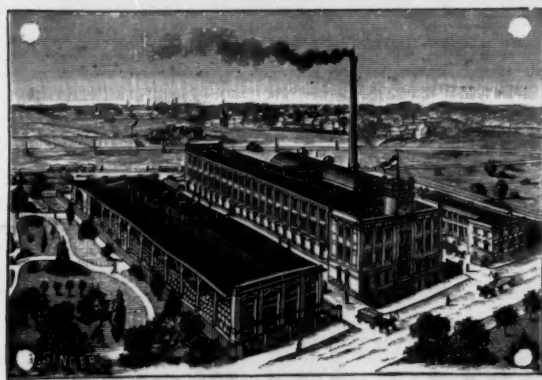
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